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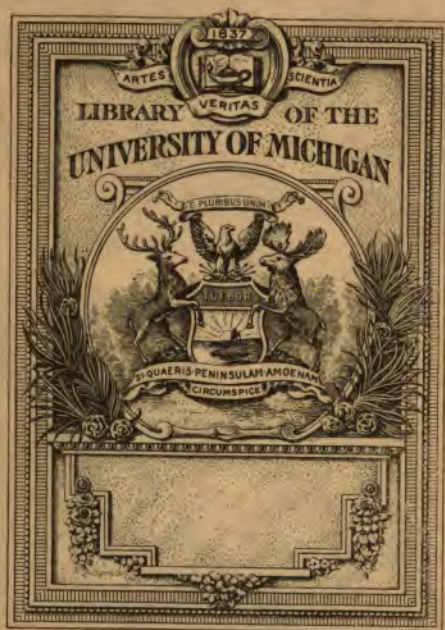
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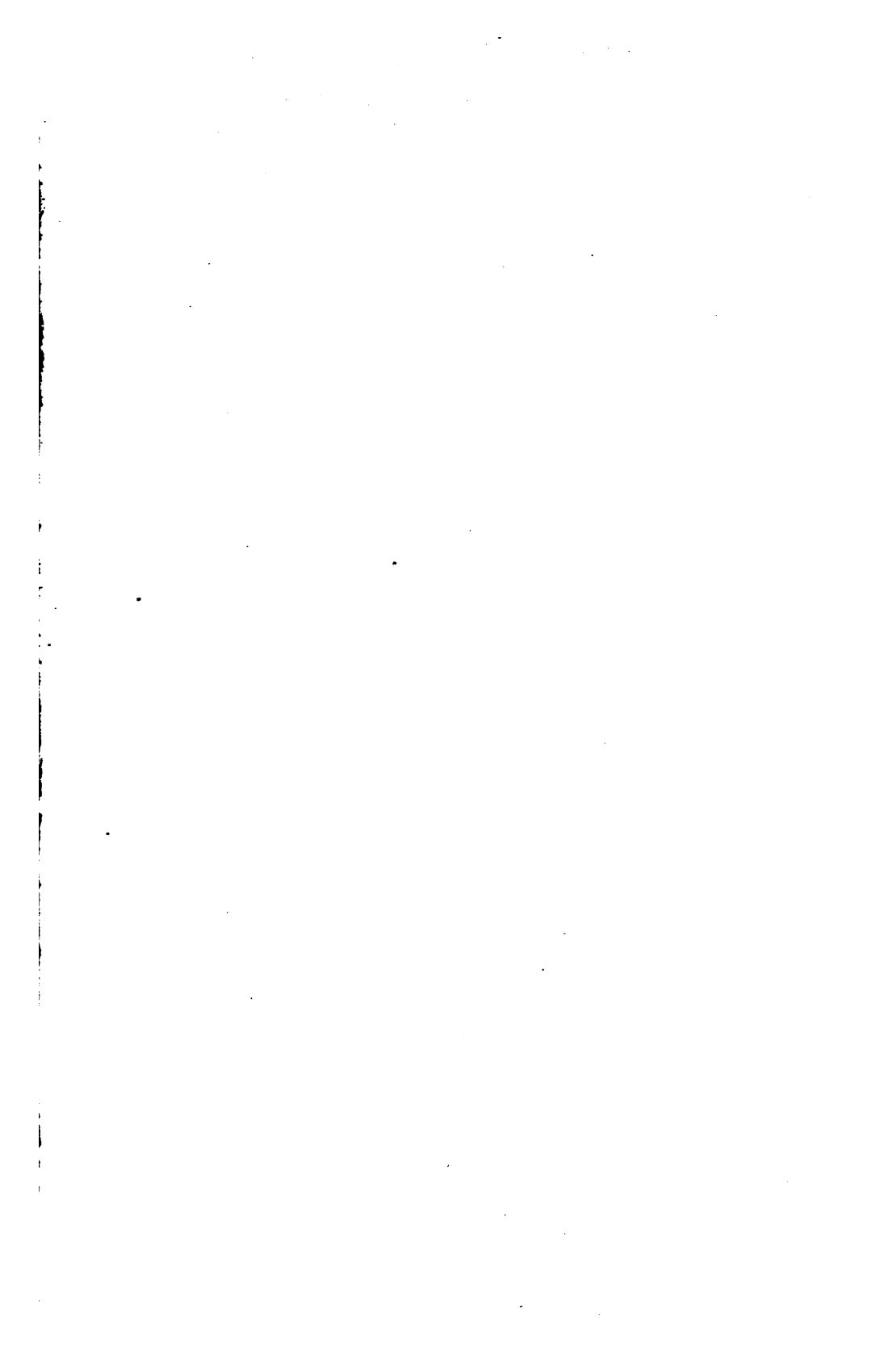
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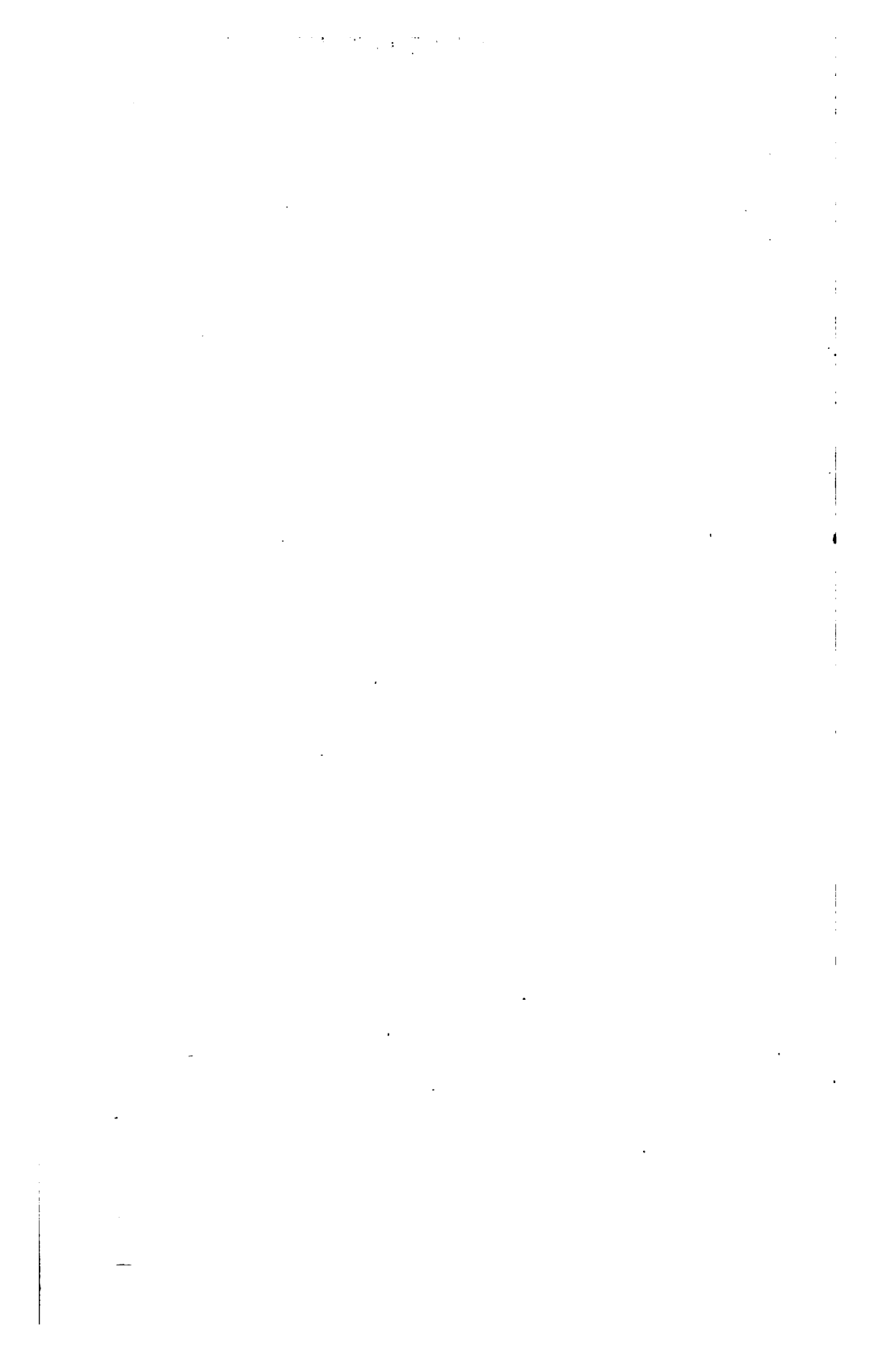
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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

GENERAL REVIEW.

VOL. XXIII.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

N^o. LXXXII.

THIRD SERIES—N^o. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

ART. I.—REACTION IN FAVOR OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.
A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY IN
CAMBRIDGE, AT THE DUDLEIAN LECTURE, MAY 10,
1837. BY JAMES WALKER.

THE subject of this lecture is thus stated by its founder, Judge Dudley: "For the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, their tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places; and, finally, that the church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that Man of Sin, that apostate church spoken of in the New Testament." These are hard names to call our fellow-creatures by, and not the most likely, one would suppose, to win them over to our way of thinking. And besides, it would not be easy, before an audience like this, to convict the church of Rome of "idolatry," or of "damnable heresies," or "fatal errors," or of being the "mystical Babylon," and "Man of Sin," mentioned by the sacred writers. The most that I should think of undertaking, under any circumstances, would be to expose its "tyranny, usurpations," and "abominable superstitions;" and in doing this, I should feel that candor, —nay, that common justice required me to concede that Protestants had not seen fit to allow the mother church to monopolize these vices.

VOL. XXIII. — 3D S. VOL. V. NO. I.

1

But with such a subject, and within the limits of a single discourse, what can be done? I have thought it would be best to turn aside, as far as may be, from the old controversy, and to look with a single eye at the reaction which is supposed by some to be now going on in favor of the Roman Catholics, and which is creating, in many parts of this country, so much real or affected alarm. What foundation is there for this alarm? And how is the alleged danger, so far as it really exists, to be met?

There is one preliminary observation, however, which I would first press on your notice. The history of the panics on this subject are such as to put every thoughtful and just man on his guard against them. It is a singular fact, that from the very beginning the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants has been conducted, in almost every instance, on political grounds. Taking up the history of Protestantism from the League of Smalkalde, in 1531, we cannot shut our eyes on the fact that the German princes, who were parties to that treaty, were much more influenced in their subsequent movements by political, than by theological or religious considerations. And the same remark holds true with still less qualification in regard to the Huguenot wars in France, and the war between the Netherlanders and Philip of Spain. And if we extend our view across the British Channel, and study the course of events in England, under Henry the Eighth, who does not see that, so far as human agency was concerned, we appear to owe it mainly to the brutal lusts of that monarch, and the rapacity of his courtiers, that the Anglican church, like the Gallican, does not recognise to this hour the supremacy of the pope. I do not mean to imply, that there were not individuals on both sides, who entered fully and sincerely into the merits of the question considered as a radical schism in the church, and who would have had every thing turn on the religious aspects of the struggle. But this spirit can hardly be said to have predominated in either party; much less among the powerful chiefs, many of whom, though they found themselves, they hardly knew how, fighting under hostile banners bearing religious names, fought nevertheless for personal or family aggrandizement, for party ends, for victory, for the spoils, or for life.

One circumstance, however, characterizing the *early* struggles between the Catholics and the Protestants, deserves par-

ticular notice in this place. They were *desperate* struggles. With each party it was often a question of life or death. And hence perhaps the best justification of the early panics, and the only palliation of the early atrocities, to which the controversy led ; — as in the case of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the persecutions of Queen Mary, on the Catholic side, and the barbarous and sanguinary proceedings under Elizabeth, on the Protestant side. It was a matter of politics even then ; but it was also, or at least it was deemed a matter of political necessity : at any rate, it was matter of honest and well grounded apprehensions on the part of the leading agitators, as well as of the rest. This is more than can be said generally of the conduct of either party in later times. Take, for example, on one side, the conduct of Louis the Fourteenth in revoking the edict of Nantes in 1685, under no pressure of immediate danger ; and, on the other, the conduct of the English Protestants, as far back as the times of Charles the First ; in charging upon the Catholics, with a view to inflame the public mind, pretended and absurd plots, one of which was to issue in the blowing up of the river Thames. Who does not now perceive, that these were political manœuvres, based, for the most part, on fabrications or exaggerations got up and industriously propagated to answer the party purposes of the day by acting on the ignorance and prejudices of the people ; and this, too, through the agency or connivance of men who knew better, and who could not, like their fathers, avail themselves, to any considerable extent, even of the tyrant's plea of political necessity.

History teaches few lessons more instructive or more impressive than that which is to be gathered from the conduct of the English nation, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, under the Anti-Catholic panic excited by what are now universally understood to be the perjuries of the infamous Oates and his associates, instigated, as many suppose, or at least abetted, by Shaftesbury and other disappointed politicians, who sought to turn the whole movement to their own account. I cannot dwell on the number or the character of the victims in this dreadful scene of mingled delusion and wickedness. Suffice it to say, in the words of Mr. Fox ; “ Prosecutors, whether attorneys-general and solicitors-general, or managers of impeachment, acted with the fury, which, in such circumstances, might be expected. Juries partook naturally of the

national ferment; and judges, whose duty it was to guard them against such impressions, were scandalously active in confirming them in their prejudices and inflaming their passions." North, in his *Examen*, is still more explicit: "Lord Chief Justice Scroggs took in with the tide, and ranted for the plot, hewing down popery as Scanderbeg hewed down the Turks. The attorney-general used to say in the trials for murder, 'If the man be a papist, then he is guilty, because it is the interest of papists to murder us all.'" And, I may add, the king, who is supposed to have disbelieved the whole of the pretended plot from the beginning, and whose personal predilections for the Catholic religion are now so well understood, never once dared to interpose his glorious prerogative of mercy. Sir Walter Scott, in commenting on this disgraceful incident in English history, observes, that from the time of the execution of Lord Stafford, who was among the last that were sacrificed, "the popish plot,—like a serpent which has wasted its poison,—though its wreathes entangled many, and its terrors held their sway over more, did little effectual mischief." Even he allows, however, that, "when long lifeless and extinguished, the chimera, far in the succeeding reigns, continued, like the dragon slain by the Red-Cross knight, to be the object of popular fear, and the theme of credulous terrorists.

'Some feared and fled; some feared and well it fained. —

One that would wiser seem than all the rest,
Warned him not touch: for yet, perhaps, remained
Some ling'ring life within his hollow breast,
Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest

Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seed;

Another said, that in his eyes did rest

Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;

Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.' * *

One word more in this connexion. The part, which the English dissenters played in the Anti-Catholic mania at this time, is full of warning to the smaller and weaker Protestant denominations of all times. To such a degree did they allow their dread and jealousy of a popish succession to be

* See Butler's *Historical Memoirs of English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics*. Vol. III. pp. 61, 113.

wrought upon, soon after the Restoration, that they were easily persuaded not to obstruct, and many of them went so far as strenuously to advocate the passage of the Test Act, though the effect of the bill, on the face of it, was to exclude *them*, if strict non-conformists, as well as the Catholics, from all offices of profit and trust, and throw the whole power of the country into the hands of the Establishment. It is true, while the affair was pending, they were amused and cajoled by assurances that the blow was aimed at the common enemy, and not at them; and delusive hopes were held out, that parliament would take measures immediately for the "ease," as it was called, of such among them as had tender consciences in regard to occasional conformity. "Thus," says Neal, "the Protestant non-conformists, out of their abundant zeal for the Protestant religion, shackled themselves, and were left upon a level with popish recusants." And what became of the pledges of their brethren of the church party? The Dissenters had to wait more than half a century even for the Indemnity Act, and that brought deliverance in the shape of an insult; for the act did not profess to operate as a justification, or even as a toleration of dissent in office-holders, but only as an annual pardon. It is now less than ten years, since, by the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, the yoke itself was thrown off. Do you say, The same artifice could not succeed again? I only ask you to pause, and look round, even in these boasted days of free schools, newspapers, lyceums, and I know not what, and see how common it is for the demagogue to begin by sowing the seeds of distrust in the community, and then, after having led the unthinking to suspect that they are in danger of being imposed upon by others, to make use of these very suspicions as the means of imposing on them himself.

My inference from all this is not, that we can have nothing to fear from the church of Rome, or that we ought not to be vigilant and active to withstand its encroachments. But I suppose that there are some among us who would not care to be made the dupes of the cry of "No Popery," now, as we see that the English Dissenters were, a hundred and fifty years ago. And, therefore, it is that I would repeat what I have said before: — The history of the *panics* on this subject is such as to put every thoughtful and just man on his guard against their repetition.

And now we are prepared to take up the question, What evidence is there to prove that a formidable reaction has been going on for some years in favor of the Roman Catholics throughout the world, and particularly in this country? I can give, of course, but a summary of this evidence; but I will try to give that in such a form as not to weaken either its real or apparent force.

It seems then, in the first place, to be agreed on all hands, that since the coming in of the present century there has been a general waking up of the Catholic mind. Catholics are as ready as any to confess that, forty years ago, their scholars and divines had fallen into a state of the most humiliating intellectual inferiority, and that a short-sighted policy, on the part of many of the Catholic powers, and of the church itself, tended to keep them in that state, from a jealousy of science considered as accessory to the innovating and disorganizing spirit of the age. But they now see their error; and so diligent have they been in repairing its effects, that they can already adduce some of the most distinguished names among living or recent authors, in every department of letters and the arts.* New life has also been breathed into the Catholic schools and universities, where, as it is now said, if they have not actually come up with the Protestants, they are gaining on them every day, in the fame of their professors, and in mental activity, and in some respects even in mental freedom. Add to this, that, during the period now under consideration, many Protestants, eminent for their genius, their virtues, or their standing in society, have gone over to the ancient faith.† All these men, for aught I know, were honest and sincere in their conversion. But let it be that they acted from policy, this would augur to my mind, at least in a worldly point of view, only so much the worse for

* It will be sufficient to refer to such as these:—Görres, Hammer, Novalis, Hug, Scholz, de La Mennais, de Maistre, Chateaubriand, Pellico, and Lingard.

† The signal for this defection was given, about the commencement of the present century, by Count Stolberg, whose example was followed soon after by Frederick von Schlegel, and among others since, by Adam Müller, by the Swiss Haller, and by Schelling. Meanwhile, as an offset to the array of distinguished converts made to Catholicism, I recollect but one of any note made from it, Blanco White.

the prospects of the cause they have abandoned. Men do not worship the setting sun, except from conviction.

Again; it is well understood that the Catholics have caught not only the general excitement of mind which prevails among other denominations, but the proselyting spirit which is so apt to go along with it.* It is curious to observe how far this

* As in the Catholic controversy in this country, frequent mention is made of the Leopold Foundation, I subjoin a brief account of the rise, objects, and extent of that charity. Mr. Frederick Rese, Vicar-General of the Bishopric of Cincinnati, visited Vienna in 1829, with a view to obtain pecuniary aid in support of the missions and other religious establishments among the Indians, Catholic emigrants, and others in that extensive diocese. At his instance a voluntary association was formed, under the name given above, "for aiding Catholic missions in America by contributions in the Austrian empire;" and the following are the three first "Rules of the Institution."

"1. The *objects* of the institution under the name of the *Leopold Foundation* are, a.) To promote the greater activity of Catholic missions in America; b.) To edify Christians by enlisting them in the work of propagating the Church of Jesus Christ in the remote parts of the earth; c.) To preserve in lasting remembrance, her deceased Majesty Leopoldina, Empress of Brazil, born Archduchess of Austria.

"2. The *means* selected to attain these ends are *Prayer* and *Alms*.

"3. Every member of this religious institution engages daily to offer one *Pater* and *Ave*, with the addition: '*St. Leopold! pray for us,*' and every week to contribute a *crucifix*; and thus by this small sacrifice of prayer and alms, to concur in the great work of promoting the true Faith. As, however, every one is free to enrol himself in this society, he may also leave at his pleasure."

After some details touching the manner in which this charity is to be collected and distributed, "under the protection of his most sacred Majesty, and in connexion with Frederick Rese, now Vicar-General of the Cincinnati bishopric in North America," come the three last Rules, which sound oddly enough in Protestant ears.

"10. The Leopold Foundation being a private religious institution, the central direction [at Vienna] will solemnly celebrate the feast of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, the universal patroness of all religious assemblies, as the feast of the Foundation; but will also celebrate the feast of St. Leopold Marchion, the given name of the Empress Leopoldina and special patroness of this institution; and also every year on the 11th of December, (the anniversary day of the death of Leopoldina, Empress of Brazil,) it will see that the solemn mass for the dead be said for the repose of her soul and all the souls of the deceased

spirit, during the last century, gradually died out of a church, whose Propaganda in Rome was once so active, and whose

patrons and benefactors of the institution called by her name, all the members being invited to unite their pious prayers with the prayers of the Direction.

"11. His Holiness, Pope Leo XII., eleven days before his most pious death, having declared his approbation of the institution, (which must serve as a great incitement to all good Christians,) did grant to its members large indulgences, in an express letter, the publication of which, being graciously permitted by his Majesty on the fourteenth of April, was made by the most reverend ordinariates, to wit: 'Full indulgence to each member on the day he joins the society, also on the 8th of December, also on the day of the feast of St. Leopold, and once a month, if through the former month he shall have daily said a *Pater* and *Ave*, and the words, *Sancte Leopolde! ora pro nobis*, and on condition that after sincere confession he partake of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and pray to God in some public church for the unity of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, and the increase of Holy Mother Church.

"12. The most serene and eminent Arch Duke Cardinal Rudolphus, Archbishop of Olmutz, has kindly taken the supreme direction of the Leopold Foundation, and appointed the most high and reverend Lord Prince, Archbishop of Vienna, his *locum tenens*. Vienna, 12 May, 1829."

Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, in a letter of acknowledgments to the Emperor for his kind offices in promoting this charity, says: "We venture here to flatter ourselves that the worthy inheritor of the virtues of St. Leopold, and the great Empress Maria Theresa, will continue to support us in our weak endeavors to extend the Catholic Religion in this vast country, [meaning his own See, which included, at that time, Michigan and the North West Territory,] destitute of all spiritual and temporal resources, especially among the Indian tribes, who form an important part of our diocese." Still the actual receipts from this fund have not been so considerable, as the auspices under which it was commenced might lead one to suppose. The author of "Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States," to whom I am indebted for the extracts given above, and whose extreme jealousy of the Catholics must have led him to make the amount as large as possible, says, p. 28, "From the best authority, I have just learned, December 1834, that \$100,000 have been received from Austria within two years!" Mr. Hughes, a Catholic, in his controversy with Mr. Breckinridge, in 1836, observes in reference to this subject: "But the '*Leopold Foundation*.' — What of it? Its members, very limited in number, choose to tax themselves about a cent a week, in aid of foreign missions in America." And again: "All that was ever received by Catholics from foreign sources together, would not equal in amount the *annual* income of

missionaries, in the palmy days of the Jesuits, were in every land under heaven. She had begun to reap the fruits of her supineness; the ground was slipping from under her feet. Accordingly, we cannot wonder at the strenuous and simultaneous effort now made in Catholic countries to rekindle a zeal for the traditionary faith, and to place the religion of the people on its ancient basis; — an effort to which the priest, the magistrate, and the philosopher is each contributing as he can. The priest, — his love of power getting the better of his love of ease, — is striving indefatigably to revive among the ignorant the superstitions of the Middle Age, to allure and bribe the popular mind through its passion for marvels and show, and to impress the imagination and the religious sensibilities of all by time-hallowed associations, and by the pomp and mystery of a worship, which, if it was invented *by* man, was also invented *for* him, and therefore most studiously adapted to his nature. The magistrate, too, alarmed at the tremendous enginery which the lifting of the gates to a flood of new and immature thought has set in motion, looks round anxiously for what remains of conservative force in a tottering institution, which still, as if to mock the mutability of all earthly things, bears the lofty pretension on its front, “I change not.” Philosophy, also, as I have said, has lent its aid to this retrograde movement. And it is remarkable that the best theories which have been advanced in defence of popery on philosophical principles, — that of Count de Maistre, for example, who argues from the necessity of a tribunal of final adjudication, and that of the Abbé de la Mennais, who argues from the necessity of infallible authority as a bulwark against universal skepticism, and that of Baron d’Eckstein, who argues from a historical survey of what is necessary to the formation of a well constituted

the American Board of *Foreign Missions*.” Discussion of the Question, Is the Roman Catholic, or the Presbyterian Religion inimical to Liberty? p. 313.

Few, I suppose, will wonder at, or blame the conduct of the Catholics in the Western States, in looking abroad for pecuniary aid, to supply a multitude of stations among the Indians and Catholic settlements, which at present are either wholly vacant, or are only visited from time to time. Nevertheless, it is obligatory on Protestants to watch the growth and application of this fund, so far, at least, as it is of an anti-republican tendency, or is devoted to purposes of proselytism.

state, — do all proceed on the highest, or Ultramontane views of the papal supremacy.*

Nor has this combination to renew the ascendancy of the Catholic faith and worship been without its effects. Thus, the colossal but ill-compacted power of Austria is understood to be continually consolidating and strengthening itself through the growing efficiency of a church, which, as it involves in itself the idea of absolutism in the highest form, is the natural ally of absolutism in the state. Even in France, out of Paris, and with the further exception of a few towns and districts where Protestantism has long existed in considerable strength, the power of the hierarchy is again, we are told, beginning to be felt. Nay, in Paris itself, the success of St. Simonianism, until it was suppressed by authority, and more recently still, that of the new French Church, (*L'Eglise Française*,) under the Abbé Chatel, both of which in their religious aspects seem to be neither more nor less than infidel parodies on catholicism, clearly indicate to what form of positive religion the people are inclined, so far as they are inclined to any. Nor has this increased activity of the church of Rome confined itself to Catholic countries. In England and Scotland, and especially in the commercial and manufacturing cities, popery, it is said, never since the final ascendancy of Protestantism at the accession of Elizabeth, has made any thing like such rapid strides as during the last fifteen years. Seventy-five years ago, it appears, from official documents, that there were only seventy Roman Catholics in Manchester; now there are fifty thousand. At the commencement of the present century they were comparatively few in number in Liverpool; in 1833, they were estimated at fifty-two thousand. In Glasgow their number was estimated, at the same time, at thirty thousand, one seventh of the entire population. And in London there were two hundred thousand.

Meanwhile, the wave, in its onward course, has reached our shores. It is within the memory of some, when a papist in the New England States would have been shunned by the less enlightened, with superstitious dread, and by all with strong religious and political dislike; and when an attempt openly to celebrate mass would have excited in many places

* *Vues sur le Protestantisme en France*; par J. L. S. Vincent. Tome II. p. 309.

a tumult difficult, if not impossible, to quell. The first Catholic priest ordained in this country, (the Rev. Mr. Badin, now, we believe, of Detroit,) is still living. In 1807, the Catholics had but one prelate in the United States, the bishop of Baltimore. Now they have one archbishop, fourteen bishops, three hundred and seventy-five priests, four hundred and forty-three churches and stations, thirteen ecclesiastical seminaries, twenty-three female religious institutions or convents, fourteen colleges for young men, and thirty-seven female academies. Their whole number we have no means of ascertaining with exactness; but it probably does not vary much from eight hundred thousand. And to this it should be added, that we are bounded on the North by the Canadas, where the Catholics are to the Protestants as four to one, and on the South and West by Mexico, where none but the Catholic religion is tolerated.*

* For most of these statements I am indebted to "The United States Catholic Almanac, or Laity's Directory for the year 1837." The Catholics are most numerous in the Southern and Western States, partly because in some of these, as in Maryland, Louisiana, Missouri, and Illinois, they were the original settlers, but still more on account of the rapid and continual ingress of Catholic emigrants from abroad. This appears from the diverse tongues in which the word is dispensed; for they not only have French and German churches, but the same church is sometimes used at different hours for preaching in both these languages, as well as in the English. Thus, in the Cathedral of St. Louis, on Sundays, besides the high mass at 10 o'clock, at which there is an English and a French sermon alternately, there is mass and a sermon in the German language at 9 o'clock. Less is done by the Catholics than is generally supposed for the conversion of the natives; but they have some Indian schools and missionary stations. A mission has lately been established among the Kickapoos, at Kickapoo village, in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, by two Jesuits, the Rev. Charles Vanquickenborne and the Rev. P. Hoecken, assisted by three lay brothers of the society; one of whom superintends a school for the Indians. Much was said a few years ago of the flourishing state of the Catholic colleges and seminaries in the West, but their glory, it is believed, is fading away before the earnest competition of the rising Protestant institutions. In reading the General Regulations of St. Louis University, we could not but wonder at the toleration of a rule like the following by the "high-souled chivalry" of that section of our country. "Violations of the established discipline of the *University* are repressed in a kind, parental manner; *corporal punishment is inflicted only for grievous offences, and by none but the President,*

The alarm, which a too exclusive view of these facts has excited in some minds, has been heightened still further by the concurrence of circumstances of a more incidental or local character. Among these I may mention the reëstablishment, in 1814, of the Order of Jesuits, after it had been suppressed for more than forty years at the instance of the Catholic powers. Then the whole history of the struggle for Catholic emancipation in England, and its final success in 1829, would

or, in his absence, by the Vice-President." But our wonder abated sensibly, when, on reading further, we found that "No student is admitted *under the age of eight years*," "*unless for special reasons* ; and in all cases it is required that he bear a good moral character, and know how to write and read his vernacular language." We copy from the Almanac the following table of Establishments conducted by different Religious Societies.

Dominican Convent, in Kentucky and Ohio,	2
Congregation of the Mission or Lazarists, in Missouri,	1
The Society of Jesus, 2 in Maryland, 2 in Missouri, and 1 in Kentucky,	5
The Redemptionists, in Ohio,	1
Society of St. Sulpitius, in Maryland,	1

Total, 10

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart, have under their care 2 institutions in Louisiana, and 3 in Missouri,	5
The Ursulines, 1 in S. Carolina, and 1 in Louisiana,	2
The Carmelites, 1 in Maryland,	1
The Sisters of Mercy, 1 in South Carolina,	1
The Sisters of Loretto, 2 in Missouri, and 5 in Kentucky,	7
The Ladies of the Visitation, 1 in Maryland, 1 in Illinois, and 1 in Alabama,	3
The Sisters of St. Clare, 1 in Michigan and 1 in North West Territory,	2
The Order of St. Joseph, 1 in Illinois,	1
The Sisters of Charity, 7 in the diocese of Baltimore, 9 in that of Philadelphia, 8 in New York, 1 in Massachusetts, 2 in Ohio, 1 in Indiana, 2 in Missouri, 5 in Kentucky, and 2 in Louisiana,	37

Total, 59

In speaking of the "Statistics of the Catholic Church throughout the World" the editors of the same work say: "From an Almanac published annually at Rome, under the inspection of local authorities, we learn that there are 12 patriarchates, 114 archbishoprics, and 556 bishoprics. The number of Catholics in the world is estimated at one hundred and eighty millions."

seem to imply that a disposition favorable to the Catholic religion, or, at least, to a removal of all restraints upon it, is gaining ground among Protestants. Their dreams are less troubled than they once were with the visions in the Apocalypse; they have come to the conclusion that the pope is not Antichrist or the Man of Sin, or, at any rate, they have ceased to fear or to hate him as they did formerly; and in either case, a principal obstacle to the spread of popery, to a certain extent, in Protestant countries is taken away.*

At the same time, some facts have transpired respecting Protestantism itself, which must operate, temporarily, to the advantage of its opponents. One is the tendency to an infidel and dead rationalism, which has manifested itself especially among the German Protestants, and which has done not a little to shake the confidence of timid or distrustful minds in the very principles of Protestantism. There is also a class of Protestants, more inclined to mysticism than to rationalism, with whom it is growing into a fashion to speak unguardedly of religion as founded on sentiment rather than on knowledge and argument, and who appear to think that symbols, and scenic exhibitions, and the fine arts, provided they act powerfully on the imagination and the feelings, have quite as much to do in regenerating and sanctifying the soul, as truth. This is certainly, though doubtless unconsciously, playing into the hands of the advocates of a communion, which unquestionably in all these respects can claim superiority over our plainer and simpler modes of worship, and of which it has been said, not

* There is, I know, another side to this argument. Where Catholics have been persecuted, as in Ireland, it is probable that many individuals and whole families have continued their adherence to the faith of their fathers, not so much from conviction or real preference on other grounds, as from the point of honor which hindered them from deserting an old cause and old friends in distress or jeopardy. Accordingly the "Irish Gentleman" begins the account of his "Travels in Search of a Religion" thus: "It was on the evening of the 16th day of April, 1829, — the very day on which the memorable news reached Dublin of the Royal Assent having been given to the Catholic Relief Bill, — that, as I was sitting alone in my chamber, up two pair of stairs, Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting 'Seven Millions' thus liberated, I started suddenly, after a few moments reverie, from my chair, and taking a stride across the room, as if to make trial of a pair of emancipated legs, exclaimed, 'Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant.'"

less truly than happily, "The Church of Rome is dramatic in all its features. It seems to be its office, and its very essence to act Christianity, and to hold out in exterior exhibition that, which, in its true light, no eye but God's can see. No wonder the Church of Rome is fond of sacraments, when the definition of one so admirably suits herself; — she is 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual church.' " * I may add that there is a deeper reaction than that in favor of the Catholics, which the exigency of the times has brought forth, and by which the latter is aided; I mean the reaction which the license of innovation in every thing has created in favor of every thing which discourages innovation. A distinguished living writer, in speaking of the remarkable analogy between the last fifty years and the era of the Reformation, observes: "In each the characteristic features are a contempt for antiquity, a shifting of prejudices, an inward sense of self-esteem leading to an assertion of private judgment in the most uninformed, a sanguine confidence in the amelioration of human affairs, a fixing of the heart on great ends, with a comparative disregard of all things intermediate. In each there has been so much of alloy in the motives, and, still more, so much of danger and suffering in the means, that the cautious and moderate have shrunk back, and sometimes retraced their own steps, rather than encounter evils which, at a distance, they had not seen in their full magnitude." †

Furthermore, it is believed that the evils to be apprehended from the spread of popery in this country are peculiarly great. Even that glorious principle of our constitution, which forbids the government to interfere in matters of religion, secures to the Roman pontiff a degree of authority here which he would hardly dare to assert in the most Catholic of the European states. Austria, for example, which stands at the head of the Catholic powers, though it acknowledges the pope's spiritual supremacy, by no means allows him to act even in that capacity within its territories, except under the control of the

* The (Dublin) Christian Examiner, cited by the author of an able article on the "Spread of the Catholics in the United States," published last year in a series of numbers in the Christian Register.

† Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe. Vol. I. pp. 498, 499.

civil authorities. All appeals to the Rota, or supreme ecclesiastical tribunal at Rome, are prohibited, and no papal bull or decretal can be promulgated without the previous sanction of the Emperor. The pope's nuncio is recognised in no other character but as an ordinary envoy from a foreign court; nor have the horrors of the Inquisition at any time been allowed to disgrace the Austrian soil. Again,—to say nothing of conversions made here, which are probably neither frequent, nor numerous, nor important,—there is a flood of emigrants from abroad, mostly Catholics, continually pouring in upon us, to recruit and swell the ranks of Holy Mother Church, whose ignorance, or desperate fortunes, or want of love or adaptation for our institutions must make them the facile tools of any who would mislead them in their political relations, by acting on their superstitions and prejudices. It is even said that the practical operation of our doctrine that majorities must govern, has awakened sanguine hopes on the part of the advisers of his Holiness, inasmuch as, so far as credulity or superstition are relied upon, they may be expected to have more influence over an ill-informed multitude, than over sovereign princes, or cabinet councillors. Certain it is, that our doctrine of majorities tends to restrain the press, and prevent public men from speaking out their real sentiments in regard to the political aspects of the Catholic question, through the operation of that cause, which is now doing so much to corrupt minds otherwise sufficiently fair and independent;—I mean, the hope of gaining, or the fear of losing, a few votes. *

* Some topics have been dwelt upon in this connexion, with more zeal, than judgment or fairness. A popular writer has said: "In the year 1828, the celebrated Frederick Schlegel, one of the most distinguished literary men of Europe, delivered lectures at Vienna, on the Philosophy of History, (which have not been translated into English,) a great object of which is to show the *mutual support which Popery and Monarchy* derive from each other. He commends the two systems in connexion as deserving of universal reception. He attempts to prove that sciences and arts, and all the pursuits of man as an intellectual being, are best promoted under this perfect system of church and state; a Pope at the head of the former; an Emperor at the head of the latter. He contrasts with this, the system of Protestantism; represents Protestantism as the enemy of good government, as the ally of Republicanism, as the parent of the distresses of Europe, as the cause of all disorders with which legitimate governments are

With these facts and statements before us, who will say that Protestants, at this crisis, have no reason for union and

afflicted. In the close of lecture 17th, Vol. II. p. 286, he thus speaks of this country: 'The true nursery of all these destructive principles, the revolutionary school for France and the rest of Europe, has been North America. Thence the evil has spread over many other lands, either by natural contagion, or by arbitrary communication.' Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States. — Preface, pp. xvii. xviii.

I have before me Robertson's Translation of Schlegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History, from which it appears that Schlegel is not so unqualified in his rejection of Republicanism as the writer just quoted would lead us to suppose. In his Thirteenth Lecture he expresses himself thus: "But more than this we should not say, — namely, that the Christian government, founded as it is on personality and on sentiment, inclines *on the whole* strongly towards the monarchical form, — a leaning which is by no means incompatible with many Republican usages and Republican Institutions of a subordinate kind. Still less should we exaggerate this idea so far, as to maintain that the Christian government is entirely and necessarily monarchical, even in its outward form; and that a Republic is objectionable at all times and under all circumstances without distinction." Again he says; "A Republican government which is founded not so much on the abstract or rationalist principle of absolute freedom and equality, but on ancient customs and hereditary rights, on freedom of sentiment and generosity of character, consequently, on personality, is by no means essentially opposed to the true spirit of monarchy; still less is it inconsistent with the Christian theory of government. But a despotism, illegitimate not perhaps in its origin, but in its abuse of power, strikes at the first principles of the Christian state, whose mild, temperate, and historical character is as abhorrent from absolutism, as from the opposite principle of unqualified freedom, and universal equality, — the revolutionary principle, which involves the overthrow of all existing rights." Vol. II. pp. 122, 123. Nay, in a series of articles, under the head "Characteristics of the Age," published in 1820 in a political journal entitled "Concordia," he is represented as expressly affirming, that "under certain circumstances, and in certain countries, the Republic, whether democratic or aristocratic, may answer that end, [that of the Christian state,] as well or even better than monarchy." Memoir prefixed to Vol. I. p. 50. In regard to the extract from Schlegel given in the "Foreign Conspiracy," it is proper to observe that he is speaking, not of the particular abuses, but of the origin of the revolutionary convulsions of modern times, — of the first effectual impulse given to this overwhelming movement. "It would be unjust," he says, "always to term this the French Revolution, or to consider it exclusively as such, — it was a general political malady, — an universal epidemic of the age. In Holland and Belgium a Revo-

concert, and for increased vigilance and activity. Still there is no occasion for a panic, or for precipitate and suspicious measures of any kind, or for fears of the final result. Notwithstanding this slight and temporary reaction in its favor, the doom of Papal Rome is as irrevocably sealed, as that of Imperial Rome. This reaction, so far as it really exists, can easily be accounted for, without supposing that society and the human mind are likely to prove false to their destiny of eternal progress. The deep under-currents, the real and prevailing tendencies of the age, and of our country in particular, are all in another direction. I ought, likewise, to observe, before passing from this topic, that the Catholic religion is daily becoming less formidable in itself, as it feels, and cannot but feel and accommodate itself to, the continual advances of light and civilization. Nay, it is but justice to add, that Austria, the leading power among the Catholics of Germany, scarcely yields to Prussia, the leading power among the Protestants, in its zeal to promote public schools. For the rest, it is only necessary that we should be true to our cause, that, forgetting our idle janglings about questions as idle, we should rally, as one man, on the great principles of the Refor-

lution had previously broken out, — the Polish Revolution occurred about the same time ; but though the Belgian, and more particularly the Polish Revolutions were of a totally different character from the French, they still presented to the turbulent spirit of the age one example more of political commotion. But North America had been to France and the rest of Europe the real school and nursery of all these revolutionary principles. Natural contagion, or wilful propagation spread this disorder over many other countries, — but France continued to be the centre and general focus of Revolution." Vol. II. p. 298.

Nothing can be more explicit and solemn than the asseverations, made by eminent Catholics of this country, both lay and ecclesiastic, of sincere and hearty attachment to Republican institutions, and of their entire and absolute independence, so far as their civil and political relations are concerned, of popes, and Councils, and every other foreign power. See particularly, Judge Gaston's Speech in the State Convention of North Carolina, and Bishop England's Sermon in Congress Hall. It is well known that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, was a Catholic. It is still more remarkable that the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, though filling an office requiring, above any other perhaps, the most entire trustworthiness, and singleness of devotion to the Constitution, is also a Catholic.

mation, and show a disposition to carry out, in all its applications and bearings, the doctrine by which we are so gloriously distinguished, that "the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants."

I am next to speak, a little more particularly, of the manner in which the alleged reaction in favor of the Roman Catholics is to be met. And here, too, you must not expect me to speak in the spirit of an alarmist, or partisan. I would consider the subject calmly and dispassionately, as I believe a Christian statesman or historian would regard it, and not as a polemic. I will not lend myself to a coarse and indiscriminate denunciation of a church, which has reared in her bosom such men as Sir Thomas More and the Chancellor de l'Hospital, and at her very altars, such men as Fenelon, and Pascal, and Borromeo. It is enough if I can say, in the words and spirit of the dying declaration of Lord Russell, who fell a martyr to his dread of the papal ascendancy: "I wish, with all my soul, all unhappy differences removed, and that all sincere Protestants would so far consider the danger of popery, as to lay aside their heats, and agree against the common enemy. For popery, I look on it as an idolatrous and bloody religion, and therefore thought myself bound in my station to do all I could against it. * * * Yet whatever apprehensions I had of popery, I never had a thought of doing any thing against it, basely or inhumanly, but what could well consist with the Christian religion, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom."*

I begin, then, by observing that little is gained in this controversy, as it seems to me, by persisting in a literal and specific application to the Church of Rome, or its constituted head, of those passages of scripture which speak of Antichrist, the Man of Sin, and the mystic Babylon. It can only be the very ignorant who are yet to learn that many of the ablest among Protestant critics put another construction on these controverted texts; that Paul's Man of Sin, for example, is made by some to stand for Simon Magus, and by others, for Caius Cæsar, or for the Emperor Titus and the Flavian family, or for the Antichristian party among the

* The paper, from which these passages are taken, was put into the hands of the sheriff on the scaffold by the noble sufferer. It is given entire in Cross's *Papal Supremacy*, pp. 53, 54.

Jews. Candid minds, of course, will be slow to lay much stress on a scriptural argument, based, as this is, on such uncertainty of interpretation; nay, they will be offended and disgusted if they see it urged at the expense of charity, and obviously with a view to take advantage of the prejudices of the uninformed. It is very probable that popery in its whole history, in all its changes, has presented every supposable form of ecclesiastical usurpation and abuse, and those forms, among the rest, which are specially denounced by the sacred writers; so that, in this view of the matter, the passages above referred to may be in some sense applied or accommodated to the papal hierarchy. Even in doing this, however, the zealous assailants of popery should beware, lest they prejudice their own cause among the better part of the community, by the very means they resort to for advancing it among the worse; above all, lest they take up with the preposterous though but too prevalent notion, that Christians are at liberty to abuse one another to their heart's content, provided only that they do it in scripture language.

Little also is gained in this controversy, as it seems to me, by charging on the Catholic church the blood of the martyrs. Alas for us, there is scarcely a Protestant sect which is not in the same condemnation, according to the measure of its power and opportunities, due allowance being made for the greater progress of general civilization in the age or country in which it has flourished. Thus, for example, though it is with a sort of traditionary shudder that the times of "bloody Queen Mary" are still referred to by many in England, and this country, it now appears, that the number of Protestant martyrs under her reign was equalled, if not exceeded, by that of the Catholic martyrs under the reign of her successor. There are writers, I know, who, blinded perhaps by their zeal for truth and liberty, think to make a distinction here, which to my mind, so far as the present argument is concerned, is neither sound nor honest. They tell us, that the Catholics, who were executed under Elizabeth, were not executed for their errors in religion, but for breaking the laws of the state. True; but what was the substantial difference between punishing them directly for their errors in religion, and passing laws which made the profession and practice of their religion, and what was necessary thereto, to be high treason, and then punishing them not as Catholics, but as

traitors? Neither can the Reformed Church of Geneva and Holland, or the Presbyterians of Scotland, or the Congregationalists of New England give a much better account of the use which they made of their power, so long as the state of society and public opinion was such as to sanction the shedding of blood to compel unity of faith.

Am I told that the Catholic church is necessarily a persecuting church under all circumstances, because avowedly exclusive; that is to say, because it denies the possibility of salvation out of its own pale? "Why," as Mr. Canning argued in one of his speeches in parliament in favor of Catholic Emancipation, "almost all the churches are exclusive on some articles; and let not those members who urge this objection forget that the Church of England holds the Athanasian Creed,—a human exposition of the great mysteries of Christianity,—and holds it with the expressed declaration, that they who differ from it cannot be saved."* I readily admit that

* Speech in support of the Bill of 1825, "for removing the disqualifications of his Majesty's Roman Catholic Subjects." Some of my readers may be curious to know how far the Church of Rome carries the doctrine of exclusive salvation. "Roman Catholics hold, 1st, that whatever be the religious belief of the parents of a person who is baptized, and whatever be the faith of the person who baptizes him, he becomes, in the instant of his baptism, a member of the holy Catholic Church, mentioned in the Apostles' creed: 2dly, That he receives on his baptism justifying grace and justifying faith: 3dly, That he loses the former, by the commission of any mortal sin: 4thly, That he loses the latter by the commission of a mortal sin against faith; but does not lose it by the commission of a mortal sin of any other kind: 5thly, That, without such wilful ignorance or wilful error, as amounts to a crime in the eye of God, a mortal sin against faith is never committed: And 6thly, That except in an extreme case, no individual is justified in imputing, even in his own mind, this criminal ignorance, or criminal error to any other individual." Butler's *Vindication of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church*. Second Edition, p. 34. That Catholics sometimes act on these principles, according to the most liberal construction, is admitted by Dr. Phillpotts himself, the present bishop of Exeter, one of the ablest as well as most implacable of their antagonists. "Not many months ago," he wrote in 1827, "at a public dinner in the County of Northumberland, on 'The cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world' being given as a toast, a Roman Catholic gentleman, Mr. Silvertop, whom I name to honor, addressed the company in the following words:—'One of the scruples stated to exist in some of the freeholders, with

the doctrine of exclusive salvation, by whomsoever held, is a dangerous error ; but I cannot see, that it is a much more dangerous error as held by Catholics, than as held by many Protestants. Perhaps, too, it is more philosophical and more in accordance with facts, as well as more charitable, to refer religious persecution in all cases to the influence of temper rather than of theory, and to bear in mind that every sect takes its temper not so much from its creed, as from the times. And if this be so, then we may conclude that not a little of the bad eminence, which the Catholic church has gained by its intolerance and persecutions, is to be imputed not to its doctrines properly so called, nor even to its constitution and discipline ; but to the single circumstance that it had the power

regard to the Catholics, is that they are intolerant, because they maintain to themselves *exclusive salvation*. With respect to this point, I cannot avail myself of a better proof than that which is offered by my learned friend who sits near me. My learned friend is descended from Roman Catholic parents, he was baptized in the Catholic Faith, and educated in its tenets ; but, in the sincerity of his heart, he has abjured that religion, and espoused that of the Reformed Church. But notwithstanding my learned friend now professes a different faith, I do not therefore think he is less likely than myself to obtain happiness hereafter ; and I should be guilty of gross blasphemy, if I thought otherwise ; for of all the gifts which God has given to man reason is the most valuable ; and if my learned friend has availed himself of that reason in coming to a determination to abandon his former religion, and I, in the exercise of mine, have adhered to my faith, I hope the gates of heaven will be equally open to us." A letter to the Right Hon. George Canning on the Bill of 1825 for relieving the Roman Catholics. Third Edition. pp. 161, 162.

Still Archdeacon Blackburne, in 1768, to the question, "How far upon Protestant principles the Papists have a right to be tolerated in Protestant communities," could reply as follows : "The Protestant principle of free, equal, and mutual toleration may be considered under the notion of a covenant, wherein the tolerating churches, as contracting parties, agree to acknowledge each other's freedom and independency, and mutually to support each other under the common protection of, and in subordination to, the civil magistrate, in the full and absolute enjoyment of their religious liberty. But a Popish *intolerant* church can plead no right to be included in such a covenant on any principle of equity whatever." Considerations on the Present State of the Controversy between the Protestants and Papists, p. 74. There would be more force in this reasoning, if tolerance and charity were not Christian virtues, obligatory on higher grounds than social convenience or mutual compact.

when there was nothing in the state of society or public opinion to restrain its exercise. I suspect that any church, in what are called, not without reason, the Dark Ages, would have been a persecuting church ; — that it would have found some plea or other, even if it did not hold the doctrine of exclusive salvation, on which to rid itself of the plague of dissent. But a better day has dawned ; the morning is spread upon the mountains ; and the light is finding its way everywhere, and beginning to show its effects everywhere. Years have passed away since the fires of the last Catholic *auto da fê* went out ; and that they will never be kindled again we have the best pledge of which the nature of the case admits, — not in the doctrines, or the protestations of the Catholics themselves, for I should not depend much on that security, but, — in the gradual progress, and in the liberalizing and humanizing power of Christian civilization. And as for the milder forms of religious bigotry and intolerance, I cannot but think it would be better for all of both parties to see to it that their own hands are clean in this matter, instead of indulging in a spirit of mutual recrimination, as if the vices in question were the vices of one particular sect, and not of individuals in every sect. “ Poor human nature ! ” Jouffroy exclaims, — “ the true source of all the evil ; because, being feeble, it perceives only a portion of the truth ; and because, being proud, it is ever ready to boast that it possesses the truth absolute and complete.”

Again, I cannot but think that those Protestants err, who propose to withstand the inroads of popery by the various means of popular agitation. I know that this is the way in which almost every thing of a public nature is attempted at the present day, and that the expedient is apt to find favor partly because it is an easy one, and partly because its results are immediate and apparent. But let the people discover that they have been trifled with repeatedly by idle rumors resting on the authority of incompetent or worthless witnesses, — let them see that their honest credulity has been tampered with by men who ought to have known better, and who had their private ends to carry, — let them feel also that they have thus been betrayed into acts involving them in serious difficulty, perhaps covering them with mortification and reproach, and is it not certain that they will begin to distrust a cause which finds it necessary or convenient to avail itself of such agents

and such weapons? If there is any real *information* to be imparted, if any light can be shed on the subject, let not the pulpit or the press be restrained, by a weak timidity or a short-sighted policy, from uttering itself freely in God's name. But let us not go about to stir up popular prejudices, and inflame popular resentments, and then miscall it — enlightening the popular mind. On the contrary, let it be understood that those who take this course make themselves responsible for the consequences, — responsible, I do not say before courts of law, but in view of conscience, before the bar of public opinion, and in the sight of the unerring Judge. Nor is it as difficult, as some might suppose, to distinguish the real enlightener of the public mind from the mere agitator and panic-maker. If he dwells chiefly on those topics which from local causes have become peculiarly and unduly exciting, — if he takes care to present a selection only of the facts, the effect of which must be to give an impression as false as if he uttered absolute untruths, — if he makes no account of the real and substantial reforms which the Catholic religion has undergone in some countries, or of the manner in which the highest living Catholic authorities speak of the corruptions of their own church, or of the explanations they put on the most offensive of its essential features, — and if, to crown all, he scatters about dark and vague intimations of plots, and conspiracies, and politico-religious movements, resting on no solid evidence, — if he does all this, or any of this, and still declaims about the sacred right of free discussion, and the duty of enlightening and directing public opinion, — is it not plain, either that he wants the power of moral discrimination, or, which perhaps is oftener the case, is willing to proceed on the assumption that those whom he addresses want it?

The strong and invulnerable positions, which we, as Protestants, are to take in opposing this partial resuscitation of popery, and this incursion of it into our own borders, are these three. We must show that its doctrines and institutions, so far as they are peculiar, are unscriptural and false; that any accidental use which some of its doctrines and institutions may have had, and may still have, in a different state of society, has passed away so far as this country is concerned, so that now and here their whole tendency is simply mischievous or dangerous; and lastly, and above all, that the great Protestant right of private judgment in matters of faith, is every-

where to be vindicated and maintained at all hazards, as an undefeasible right of the human soul.

Of course, I shall not be expected to go here into a full and distinct specification of the errors which Romanism involves. Suffice it to observe, in the first place, that these errors strikingly illustrate the singular fact, that in religion the way of corruption has ever been, not by taking from, but by adding to, the primitive doctrine. Thus the various forms of paganism grew up into the overshadowing and debasing superstitions they at length became, by adding one invention and tradition after another to the simple and childlike mode, in which the world in its infancy acknowledged and worshipped the Creator. So, too, Hindooism and Mohammedanism, as they manifest themselves at the present day, consist of little else besides a mass of inventions and traditions, accumulated in successive ages on the comparatively pure theism out of which both religions originally arose. And so it was with Judaism, every generation having done something to enlarge and corrupt it, until by a continual accession of new inventions and traditions it gradually grew up to be what it was in the time of Christ, when the whole dispensation, as administered by the Scribes and Pharisees, had become a totally different thing from what it was, as it came from the hands of Moses. The reason of this is to be found in the propensity of mankind to come at last to regard as part of their religion, what they have long been in the habit, from any cause, of associating with religion. Can we wonder, then, that Christianity, under the perpetual action of the same law of the human mind, has experienced a similar fate? Let me add, that the strength of the objection against the Catholic exposition of Christianity, as being unscriptural and false, does not consist in its including some errors; this, we suppose, is no more than what might be said of every Protestant exposition. The additions which the Church of Rome has made to Christianity, her multiplication of the sacraments, her heaping ceremony upon ceremony, making so much to depend on the intrinsic virtue (*opere operato*) of external observances, and addressing the whole to the imagination and the feelings, rather than to the reason and the conscience, have entirely changed the character, the spirit, the very genius, if I may so speak, of the institution. These additions, I repeat, have not only had the effect to mix up error with the truth, but also to modify and

obstruct the entire action of the truth, making the dispensation, *as a whole*, to be an entirely different sort of dispensation in its pervading spirit and genius. To prove this I need only remind you, that it is of the very essence of Christianity, rightly understood, to induce a perfectly spiritual faith and worship, to make every thing to depend at last on inward fealty, on the faith of the heart and holiness of life; whereas, for all I can see, the Church of Rome makes religion to be as much an outward thing, and presents it under forms as gross, and palpable, and sensuous, as did the more refined and polished systems of paganism which she supplanted. Neither does it seem to me that any reform of proper Catholicism can go any further than to accommodate a little better a spurious principle of religion, or a false mode of religious action, to an improved state of society.

Besides, it is not necessary for Protestants to deny, that the Catholic religion was better than any other would have been during the feudal times,—that in the providence of God, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, its very corruptions may have had an important mission to fulfill in the education of the human race. Sir James Mackintosh somewhere observes that we probably owe it to the celibacy of the clergy,—which is commonly and justly reckoned among the worst abuses of the Church of Rome,—that advantage was not taken of the almost unlimited influence of the priesthood in the Middle Age to impose on Christendom a spiritual despotism, far more to be deprecated than the papal, because every where watched over and sustained, as in Egypt, by the power of an hereditary caste. So, too, in regard to its doctrines respecting the corporal presence, the entire ritual, relics, images, and pictures,—when all were unlearned, these things, through their suggestive power, must have been to the great body of worshippers as books, and in this way must have answered a good and important purpose; or at least, under such circumstances, they must have come under the denomination of what Calvin calls “tolerable fooleries.” But such have been the changes in society, and the diffusion of other means of light and thought, that these appendages to worship are no longer needed; nay more, the moral associations connected with them being lost or reversed, they have become pernicious or vain, either suggesting nothing, or suggesting what prevailingly offends or repels. The Catholic religion has

had its day. In the providence of God it had a purpose to fulfill, and it has fulfilled it. It can do no more ; and it is only an obstacle in the way of faith and piety, so long as it hinders the prevalence of forms of religion that are more in harmony with advanced stages of general civilization.

But all this is mere skirmishing. The solemn call, at which Protestants should rally as one man, is for the defence of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. We must give over this babbling about "the Doctrines of the Reformation ;" we must learn that there was no set of theological tenets by which the first reformers, as such, were distinguished ; but that in this respect they differed among themselves, and were understood to differ from the beginning. They agreed only in the principles, on which they professed to come to their doctrines ; and it is over these principles, rightly denominated "the Principles of the Reformation," that the battle is to be fought. It is not enough considered that a man may hold all the doctrines of the Catholic church, not excepting those of papal supremacy and infallibility, as now explained by some Catholic writers,* and still if he holds them as matter of per-

* "The infallibility of the Church was not believed during the first centuries. Between the period of the Nicene Council, in the fourth century, and Gregory the Seventh, many traces of this opinion appear. From Gregory the Seventh until the Western Schism, in the fourteenth century, it was placed mostly in the infallibility of the Pope. From that period until the Council of Trent, the idea prevailed, that only the church collected in General Council is infallible. Since that period, the opinions of Catholic theologians have been divided on this point. Some (the genuine Romanists) make the Pope the subject of this infallibility ; others (and among these, even Febronius,) suppose the Œcumenical Councils alone infallible ; others still (and principally the French theologians since the middle of the seventeenth century) attribute infallibility only to the Church dispersed at large. At present this doctrine is wholly abandoned by some of the more liberal Catholic theologians. Vid. the excellent book, (written by a Catholic,) entitled, *Kritische Geschichte der kirchlichen Unfehlbarkeit, zur Beförderung einer freyern Prüfung des Katholicismus*, Frankf. a. M. 1792, 8vo. Cf. also the very learned and liberal work, entitled, *Thomas Freykirch, oder Freymüthige Untersuchung von einem katholischen Gottesgelehrten über die Unfehlbarkeit der katholischen Kirche*, 1r. B. Franckf. und Leipzig, 1792, 8vo." Knapp's *Christian Theology*. Vol. II. p. 490.

sonal inquiry and conviction, and *protests* against the exercise of any form of arbitrary authority, he is in heart and in deed a Protestant. On the contrary, a man may hold all the doctrines of Calvin, or Arminius, or Socinus, and still if he holds them, not because he has reproduced them in his own mind, but only as matter of tradition or dictation, he has nothing of the Protestant but the name. The Protestant Reformation has utterly failed of its great purpose, and needs itself to be reformed, if it has not abolished, I do not say the papal institution merely, but the papal spirit. It is a poor change indeed, if all that has been done has only had the effect to put down one pope in order to set up a hundred; if men refuse to prostrate their understandings before the decision of a living church, and yet do not hesitate to do this before a dead creed, which is nothing perhaps but the decision of that same church in an age of comparative rudeness and ignorance; if we have thrown off the tyranny of the "Lords Bishops," merely that we may submit to that of the "lords brethren." If usage, or numbers, or authority, or imagination is to decide the question of faith and worship, the Catholic is right, and the Protestant is wrong.

However, in our zeal for Protestantism, let us not make it, as is the manner of some, a merely negative thing. It has its conservative as well as its radical side. Let us remember that we cast off the yoke of prescription and authority, merely that we may inquire for ourselves; and that to do this with any prospect of success, we must first put ourselves, intellectually and morally, into a condition to inquire; and then be willing to bestow some labor and thought on a subject, the most interesting and profound that can engage the attention of the human mind. It is a hollow and spurious Protestantism, — that which makes liberty of conscience to consist in the mere assertion of the right of private judgment, without having the courage, or without taking the trouble, to exercise that right. There are but too many, I am afraid, who are Protestants so far as this, that they will not take any thing in religion on trust, and yet do not seem aware of the palpable obligation involved in this step, to make the subject a matter of personal investigation. Besides, let me add, that in casting off the yoke of authority in matters of faith and conscience, we are not to be understood as discarding a proper deference for that authority which is founded in nature and

reason. For, after all, there is a sense in which religion itself, under many of its aspects, and so far at least as it depends on a knowledge of history or criticism, must be taken on trust, to a certain extent, by the bulk of mankind; nor is there any thing in this inconsistent with the spirit or the letter of Protestantism, so long as we are left entirely free to choose in whom we will confide, and confide in them no further than we see just cause.

And now who will say that Protestantism, so understood and so guarded, tends to unsettle the foundations of morality or religion? It was not Protestantism but popery, in the last century, which made France a nation of infidels; and it is not Protestantism but popery, at the present day, which is making almost every enlightened and independent thinker in Spain and Italy, a despiser of revelation.* And even in those Protestant countries, in which, as in some of the German states, unbelief is understood to prevail extensively, it is not because men have been true to Protestantism, but because they have been false to it. It is because, though they did not insist on the infallibility of the Pope, they insisted on the infallibility of a creed, refusing to allow it to be revised and modified, as was required by the progress of inquiry. For this, of course, made it necessary that many of their divines should have one faith for the study, and another for the pulpit and the lecture-room; and whoever undertakes to teach others what he does not believe himself, — I care not how ingeniously, I care not how eloquently, — will make nothing but infidels; and the effect on his own mind will probably be to induce, under the mask of the popular religion, — universal skepticism. Accordingly I do not regard the explicit and frank

* "I have been enabled," says Blanco White, "to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few, who know me and that country, will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare again and again that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England." At this time he had renounced Christianity, — and was "bordering on atheism." He goes on: "The testimony of all who frequent the continent, — a testimony which every one's knowledge of foreigners supports, — represents all Catholic countries in a similar condition." Evidence against Catholicism, p. 39. The last statement, I would fain believe, is made more broadly than facts will warrant.

avowal of Rationalism and Anti-Supernaturalism on the part of some of the leading German theologians, during the last half century, as being an aggravation of their error. It is a return to honesty at least; nay, I cannot but hope, and present appearances are doing much to encourage and confirm this hope, that, if a perfectly free expression and discussion of opinion be allowed, it will prove the first step towards a return to a living and saving faith. And thus, among Protestants themselves, fidelity to Protestantism will be found the only effectual remedy for the melancholy defection which treason to it has caused.

I speak to Protestants, who are not afraid of the truth, and who mean that it shall not be restrained by mortal man. I speak to descendants of the Puritans, who have inherited from their fathers an equal reverence for liberty and law. I speak also to young men whose minds are here to be imbued and nourished with good learning; and "Learning," says Jortin, "has a lovely child, called Moderation." Be it so. For it is only by a union of zeal for truth and liberty, with a profound reverence for law and order, both being tempered and presided over by a spirit of moderation, that the youth of this land can come up "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." In this way, and in this way only can they hope to ward off the perils by which the country is menaced, see realized its sublime destinies, as the only self-governed nation on earth, and vindicate and secure to it forever the glorious inheritance of Protestantism, — "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

ART. II. — THE BOOK OF JOB.

THERE has been much discussion, in former times, in regard to the particular department of poetry and literature, under which the book of Job should be classed. Undue importance has without doubt been attached to this question; and the scope and spirit of the work have in a degree been lost sight of in the eagerness to establish its claim to a particular name,

or its place in a particular department of poetical composition. The truth is, that there is nothing that bears an exact resemblance to it in Grecian, Roman, or modern literature. It has something in common not only with different forms of composition, but with different departments of literature. Those, who have given it the appellation of an epic poem, have applied to it a term the least suited to its character, and the most unjust to its claims, as a work of art. They have made unimportant circumstances in regard to its form of more consequence than its substantial character, spirit, and design. Nothing can be more evident than the fact, that to excite interest in the personal fortunes of Job, as the hero of a poem, was not the principal design of the writer. Still less was it his design to unfold characteristic traits in the other personages introduced into the work. Some it is true have discovered, as they supposed, striking characteristic traits in Eliphaz, the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, and have pointed out the different degrees of severity which they exhibited towards their friend in his distress. It appears to me that these writers have drawn largely upon their own imaginations to make out their representations. There is no doubt some diversity in the manner and substance of the discourses of the friends of Job. The author may have put the longest and best speeches into the mouth of an inhabitant of a city, so famous for its wisdom as Teman; and to young Elihu, whom some regard as an interloper, thrust into the place he occupies by a later writer than the author, he certainly assigns the language of a young man, who has made rather an extravagant estimate of his abilities and his consequence. But I seek in vain for evidence that the author made it a principal object, to excite an interest in the actions or characters of the personages whom he introduces.

There is more plausibility in the views of those, who have regarded and named the book of Job a dramatic poem. For undoubtedly the character of Job has a tragic interest, and reminds one of the most interesting characters of Grecian tragedy, suffering by the will of the Gods or the necessities of Fate. In regard to its form there is something resembling dialogue, and something which bears a distant resemblance to a prologue and epilogue. The author has also skilfully introduced into various parts of the work hints having reference to the final issue of the fortunes of Job, similar to those which occur in

the best of the Greek tragedies. See Ch. viii. 6, 7; xvi. 19; xix. 25, &c., compared with Ch. xlii. Still, to give the name of a drama or a tragedy to this production, is to give it a name from what is incidental to it, rather than from its pervading spirit and prominent design. In fact to call it a poem of any kind fails to suggest the characteristic feature of the work, though it contains poetry, which, perhaps, has never been surpassed.

If we have regard to the main design, the substance and spirit of the work, we shall refer it to the department of moral or religious philosophy. It contains the moral or religious philosophy of the time when it was produced. It is rather a philosophical religious discussion in a poetical form, than an epic poem or a drama. It is the effusion of the mind and heart of the author upon a moral subject, which has agitated the human bosom in every age. Still the author was a poet, as well as a religious philosopher. In the mode of presenting the subject to his readers he aimed, like other poets, to move the human feelings by exhibitions of passion, and scenes of distress, and to please the taste by the sublime flights of his imagination. He aimed to give the highest interest to his subject by clothing his thoughts in the loftiest language of poetry, and arranging them in the measured rhythm, which is one of the characteristics of Hebrew poetry.

The main subject of this *unique* production is the ways of Providence in regard to the distribution of good and evil in the world, in connexion with the doctrine of a righteous retribution in the present life, such as seemed to be contained in the Jewish religion. It sets forth the struggle between faith in the perfect government of God, or in a righteous retribution in the present life, and the various doubts excited in the soul of man, by what it feels or sees of human misery, and by what it knows of the prosperity of the contemners of God. These doubts the author expresses in strong and irreverent language from the lips of Job, while the received doctrine of retribution, which pervades the Jewish religion, is maintained and reiterated from the personages introduced as the friends of Job.

The subject is one which comes home to men's business and bosoms. Even under the light of Christianity, perhaps there are few, who have not in peculiar seasons felt the strife between faith in the perfect government of God, and the

various feelings excited in the mind by what they have experienced or witnessed of human suffering. The pains of the innocent, of those, who cannot discern their right hand from their left hand, the protracted calamities, which are often the lot of the righteous, and the prosperity which often crowns the designs of the wicked, have at times excited wonder, perplexity, and doubt in almost every thinking mind. We, as Christians, silence our doubts, and confirm our faith, by what experience teaches us of the general wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, by the consideration that affliction comes from the same merciful hand that is the source of all the good, that we have ever enjoyed, by the perception of the moral and religious influences of adversity, and especially by the hope of the joy in a better world set before those, who endure to the end. The Apostle could say for the consolation of himself and his fellow sufferers, "For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed." And every Christian knows that the captain of his salvation ascended to his throne of glory from the ignominious cross. The cross is the great source of the Christian's consolation. But let us suppose ourselves to be deprived of those sources of consolation, which are peculiar to a disciple of Christ, and we may conceive of the state of mind of the author of the book of Job, upon whom the sun of righteousness had never dawned. Is it strange that the soul of a pious Jew, who lived before "life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel," should have been agitated by the conflict between such a faith in retribution, as his religion seemed to require, and the doubts and murmurings excited by what he felt and saw of the calamities of the righteous, and witnessed of the prosperity of the wicked? One of the most enlightened of the Romans, when called to mourn the early loss of the children of his hopes, was led, as he says, almost "to accuse the gods, and to exclaim that no providence governed the world."

An Arabic poet, quoted by Dr. Pococke, * writes

Quot intellectu præstantes in angustias rediguntur ?
 Et summè stolidos invenies prospere agentes ?
 Hoc est quod animos perplexos relinquit,
 Et egregiè doctos Sadducæos reddit.

* Not. in Port. Mos. C. vii. Opp. p. 214.

How many wise men are reduced to distress ?
 How many fools will you find in prosperity ?
 It is this, that leaves the mind in perplexity,
 And makes Sadducees of very learned men.

We think that many have stated too strongly the argument for immortality, drawn from the apparent inequalities of the present state. To maintain that there is little or no retribution in this part of the Creator's dominions, appears to me not the best way of proving, that there will be a perfect one in another part of them. But the sentiments referred to may serve to illustrate the mental condition of a pious man of exalted genius, who appears to have had no conception, or at least no belief, of a state after death, that was desirable in comparison with the present life.

In Ps. lxxiii. we have the thoughts which passed through the mind of another upon the same subject.

Yet my feet almost gave way ;
 My steps had well nigh slipped ;
 For I was envious of the profane,
 When I saw the prosperity of the wicked, &c.

Ps. xxxvii. may also be considered as being upon the same subject, and in fact the book of Ecclesiastes, though a more skeptical spirit seems to pervade the latter than either of those psalms, or the book of Job.

Such being the subject which filled the mind of the author of Job, the question arises, how he has treated it, or what he aimed to accomplish in regard to it. That, in his own view, he had solved all the difficulties which embarrass the understanding in regard to it, is not very probable. But that he proposed to establish some truths in relation to it, as well as to inculcate the duty of entire submission to God, and unreserved faith in him, is, I think, clear. I do not believe with De Wette, that he means to leave the subject an utter mystery, and merely to bring man to a helpless consciousness of his ignorance. The most prominent part of the author's design is, indeed, to enforce the duty of unqualified submission to the will of God. A part of it is, also, to illustrate the truth, that moral character is not to be inferred from outward condition ; that afflictions are designed as the trial of piety, and that they lead in the end to higher good than would otherwise be obtained, and thus to assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to man. And while he enforces the duty of

entire submission, he also plainly intimates that unfounded censures, and unkind treatment of a friend in distress, are more offensive to the Deity, than those expressions of impatience, which affliction may wring from the lips of the pious.

The author aims to show that in the distribution of good and evil in the world, God is sometimes influenced by reasons, which man can neither discover nor comprehend, and not solely by the merit or demerit of his creatures; that the righteous are often afflicted, and the wicked prospered; but that this course of providence is perfectly consistent with wisdom, justice, and goodness in the Deity, though man is unable to discern the reasons of it; that afflictions are often intended as the trials of piety, and the means of moral improvement; that man is an incompetent judge of the divine dispensations; that it is his duty, instead of rashly daring to penetrate, or to censure, the counsels of his Creator, to submit to his will, to reverence his character, and to obey his laws; and that the end will prove the wisdom as well as the obligation of such submission, reverence, and obedience.

In this view, I have taken the whole book as we now have it, to be genuine. I think this supposition is attended with the fewest difficulties. Those who discard the speech of Elihu, the twenty-eighth chapter, and part of the twenty-seventh, and the prose introduction and conclusion, must give of course an account of it somewhat different.

In order to accomplish the design, or express the views, which I have exhibited, in such a manner that his work should possess the highest interest for his readers, the author employs a form of composition resembling that of the drama. He brings forward a personage, celebrated probably in the traditions of his country, as distinguished for the excellence of his character, and the vicissitudes through which he had passed. In the delineation of the character and fortunes of this personage, he uses the liberty of a poet in stating every thing in extremes, or painting every thing in the broadest colors, that he might thus the better illustrate the moral truth, and accomplish the moral purpose, which he had in view.

He introduces to the reader an inhabitant of the land of Uz, in the northern part of Arabia, equally distinguished by his piety and his prosperity. He was pronounced by the Searcher of hearts an upright and good man; and he was surrounded by a happy family, and was the most wealthy of all the inhabitants of the East.

If virtue and piety could in any case be a security against calamity, then must Job's prosperity have been lasting. Who ever had more reason for expecting continued prosperity, the favor of men, and the smiles of providence? "But when he looked for good, evil came." A single day produces a complete reverse in his condition, and reduces him from the height of prosperity to the lowest depths of misery. He is stripped of his possessions. His children, a numerous family, for whom he had never forgotten to offer to God a morning sacrifice, are buried under the ruins of their houses, which a hurricane levels with the ground; and finally he is afflicted, in his own person, with a most loathsome and dangerous disease. Thus, the best man in the world has become the most miserable man in the world.

The reader is made acquainted in the outset with the cause of the afflictions of Job. At an assembly of the sons of God, or the inhabitants of heaven, in the presence of the governor of the world, an evil spirit, Satan, the adversary in the court of heaven, had come on his return from an excursion over the earth, to present himself, or to stand in readiness to receive the commands of God. Jehovah puts the question to Satan, whether he had taken notice of the model of human excellence exhibited in the character of his servant Job, and sets forth the praises of the good man in terms so emphatic, as to excite the envy and ill-will of that suspicious accuser of his brethren. Satan intimates that selfishness is the sole motive of Job's obedience; that it was with views of profit, and not from sentiments of reverence toward God, that he paid him an outward service; that if Jehovah should take away the possessions of him whom he believed so faithful, he would at once renounce his service. "Doth Job fear God for nought?" To establish the truth of what he had said in commendation of his servant, Jehovah is represented as giving permission to Satan, to put the piety of Job to the test, by taking away at once all his possessions, and all his children. But the evil spirit gains no triumph. Job remains true to his allegiance. He sins not even with his lips. There is yet another assembly of the heavenly spirits, and here the hateful spirit, the disbeliever in human virtue, will have it, that it is love of life, the dearest of all possessions to man, which retains Job in his allegiance. Satan therefore is represented as having permission to take from Job

all that can be called life, except the mere consciousness of existence, and the ability to express his sentiments in the condition to which he is reduced, by the infliction of a most loathsome disease. And yet this good man, in this lowest point of depression, is represented as remaining patient so long, that when his wife, whom Satan appears to have spared to him for no good purpose, tempted him to renounce his allegiance to God, he calmly answers, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Thus far, he did not sin with his lips.

But when the fame of Job's sufferings had spread abroad, and had drawn around him a company of his friends, who had left their distant homes to sympathize with him in his calamities, he is represented, as giving vehement utterance to his long repressed impatience, and pouring out his complaints and doubts in rash language, with which the reader is prepared to sympathize, only by the account which has been given of the cause of his afflictions in the introductory chapters.

But the friends of Job, who, of course, are not acquainted with the cause of his sufferings in the occurrences of the heavenly assembly, are thrown into amazement at the condition in which they found their friend, and the expressions uttered by him, whom they had heretofore looked upon as a wise and good man. They are silent while they witness only his dreadful sufferings; but when they hear the vehement and rash complaints, which are extorted from him by the severity of his distress, they refrain no longer from expressing their sentiments respecting the cause of the calamities of their friend. Thus commences a discussion respecting the causes of human sufferings between Job and his friends. They are represented as holding the doctrine of a strict and perfect retribution in the present life; as maintaining that misery always implies guilt; and hence, instead of bringing him comfort and consolation, they accuse him of having merited his misfortunes by secret wickedness. They exhort him to repentance, as if he were a great sinner, suffering the just punishment of his crimes.

Job repels their insinuations with indignation, and firmly maintains his innocence. He knows not why he suffers. He complains of severe treatment, and asserts that God afflicts equally the righteous and the wicked. His friends are offended at his sentiments, and undertake to vindicate the conduct of

the Deity towards him. They repeat with greater asperity their charges of wickedness and impiety, and even go so far as to accuse him of particular crimes. But the more they press their accusations, the more confident is he in his assertions of his innocence, or of the justice of his cause. He avows his conviction that God will one day manifest himself as the vindicator of his character. He appeals to him, as the witness of his sincerity; denies the constancy, and even the frequency of his judgments upon wicked men, and boldly asks for an opportunity of pleading his cause with his Creator, confident that he should be acquitted before any righteous tribunal. His friends are reduced to silence, Bildad closing their remarks by a few general maxims respecting the greatness of God and the frailty of man, and Zophar not undertaking to say any thing.

The spirit of Job is somewhat softened by their silence, and he retracts some of the sentiments, which, in the anguish of his spirit, and the heat of controversy, he had inconsiderately uttered. "He proceeds with calm confidence, like a lion among his defeated enemies." He shows that he could speak of the perfections of God, and express all that was true in their positions, in a better style than any of them. He now admits, what before he seemed to deny, that wicked men are often visited by severe punishment. But from his main position he does not retreat, that misery is not always the consequence of wickedness, and that God has a hidden wisdom in regard to the distribution of happiness and misery, which it is impossible for man to fathom. He then proceeds with a melting pathos to describe his present, in contrast with his former condition, and to give a most beautiful picture of his character and life, very pardonable in one, of whom the reader knows what has been said by the governor of the world before the angels of heaven. From this he is led to renewed protestations of his innocence, and of his desire to have his cause tried before the tribunal of his Creator.

In this stage of the discussion, a new disputant is brought forward, probably for the purpose of expressing some thoughts of the author on the design of afflictions, and for the purpose of forming a contrast in respect to style and manner, with the manifestation of the Deity which follows. Elihu is represented as a young man coming forward with an air of great consequence, though in words he ascribes the burden, with

which his breast was laboring, to the inspiration of God. "Like most inspired men of the same sort, he is assuming, bold, and supercilious." He does, indeed, bring forward some thoughts on the moral influence of afflictions, which had not been uttered by the friends of Job, maintaining that, though they may not be the punishment of past offences, nor evidence of guilt, they may operate as preventives of those sins, which the best of men sometimes commit, and as a salutary discipline, for the correction of those faults, of which a man may be unconscious, until his attention is awakened by adversity. Thus, he gives a more rational conjecture, than the three friends of Job in regard to the precise cause of his afflictions, but does not give the true account of it, as it is stated in the introductory chapters. No one thinks it worth while to reply to Elihu.

Human wisdom, the learned wisdom of age, and the unbiassed genius of youth have now been exhausted upon the subject. At length, therefore, the Supreme Being himself, is represented as speaking from the midst of a tempest, and putting an end to the controversy; the dignity of his introduction being rendered more impressive by the almost ludicrous flourishes with which Elihu had entered into the contest.*

The Creator decides the controversy in favor of Job. Jehovah does not, however, condescend to explain or vindicate to him the ways of his providence; but with overpowering force convinces him of his inability to fathom the divine counsels, produces in him a sense of his weakness and ignorance, and leads him to profound repentance on account of the rashness of his language; and thus prepares the way for the final vindication of his faithful servant. In a strain of sublime irony he requests him, who had spoken with such confidence and boldness of the ways of God, to give an explanation of some of the phenomena, which were constantly presented to his view; of the nature and structure of the earth, the sea,

* "How vast the difference," says Herder, "between the words of Jehovah, and the language of Elihu! It is but the feeble, prolix babbling of a child, in comparison with the brief and majestic tones of thunder, in which the Creator speaks. He disputes not, but produces a succession of living pictures; surrounds, astonishes, and overwhelms the faculties of Job with the objects of his inanimate and animated creation."

the light, and the animal kingdom. If he were unable to explain any of the common phenomena of nature, how could he expect to comprehend the secret counsels and moral government of the Author of Nature?

But having shown the reasonableness of entire confidence in his unsearchable wisdom, and submission to his darkest dispensations, the Supreme Judge does decide the controversy in favor of Job. He declares that he had spoken that which was right, that is, in maintaining that his misery was not the consequence of his guilt, or that character is not to be inferred from external condition; and that the friends of Job had not spoken that which was right, in condemning him as a wicked man on account of his misery, or in maintaining that suffering always implies guilt. The cause of Job's afflictions has already been communicated to the reader in the introductory chapters, namely, that they were appointed as a temporary trial of his virtue, in order to vindicate the judgment of Jehovah concerning him, and to prove against all gainsayers the disinterestedness of his piety. Finally, Jehovah bestows upon Job double the prosperity which distinguished him before his affliction, and thus compensates him for the calamities he had suffered, thereby showing for the consolation of all who endure affliction, that the end of the good man will show his wisdom.

If the general design of this wonderful production be such as I have described, the question, whether Job was a real, or a fictitious character, becomes almost too unimportant to be discussed. Truth was illustrated and duty enforced by parable as well as by history, by him, who spake as never man spake. Certainly some of the circumstances of the life of Job have the air of fiction, and may have been invented for the promotion of the moral and religious design, which we suppose the author to have had chiefly in view.

That the sentiments of Job, and of the different disputants, as well as those, which are represented as proceeding from the lips of the Creator, must all be regarded as the effusions of the poet's own mind, is also too plain to need argument. The whole structure and arrangement, thoughts and language, form and substance of the work must all have proceeded from one and the same mind.

The supposition, that so beautiful and harmonious a whole, every part of which bears the stamp of the highest genius, was the casual production of a man brought to the gates of

the grave by a loathsome disease, and of three or four friends, who had come to comfort him in his affliction, all of them expressing their thoughts in poetical and measured language ; that the Deity was actually heard to speak a half an hour from the midst of a violent storm ; and that the consultations in the heavenly world were actual occurrences, is too extravagant to need refutation.

On the other hand, it is against probability and against analogy, to suppose that no such person as Job ever existed, and that the work has no foundation in fact. The epic and dramatic poets, ancient and modern, have usually chosen historical rather than fictitious personages, as their principal characters, as being better adapted to secure the popular sympathy. It is therefore probable, that Job was a real character, at least in the same sense, in which the Adam and Eve of *Paradise Lost* were real characters. It is probable that tradition had handed down the name of such a person as Job, distinguished for his piety and his trials, his virtue and its reward. This tradition the author stated and embellished in a manner adapted to promote the chief object of his work.

A more important question at the present day relates to the integrity of the work ; whether we have it as it came from the author, or whether various additions have been made to it in later times.

The genuineness of the introductory and concluding chapters in prose, of Ch. xxvii. 7 — Ch. xxviii. and of the speech of Elihu has been denied with great confidence, by several German critics, upon what we regard as very insufficient grounds. The latest and most important writer, who has maintained this opinion, is De Wette, a scholar of great learning and fine taste, but, as I think, not of the most exact judgment upon every subject. His valuable *Introduction to the Old Testament* having been announced as prepared for publication in this country, it may be well to examine the arguments, which he has adduced against the genuineness of the above mentioned parts of Job.

Against the prologue and epilogue he urges, " that the perfection of the work requires their rejection, because they solve the problem, which is the subject of the work, by the idea of trial and compensation ; whereas it was the design of the author to solve the question through the idea of entire submission on the part of man to the wisdom and power of God."

Thus, from a part of the work, De Wette concludes what was the whole design of the author, and then rejects whatever is inconsistent with this supposed design. But there is no necessity for the supposition of such an entire unity of purpose, as De Wette supposes. Much more probable is it, that the author not only designed to establish the necessity of unhesitating faith and unwavering submission, but also to throw all the light in his power upon the subject, for the benefit of the understanding. If he has not completely solved the question, which forms the principal subject of discussion, it does not follow that he did not undertake to do it; or, at least, to remove from it all the difficulties, which he could remove. If it were even admitted, which I do not admit, that there is not a perfect consistency and unity in the views of a poet writing upon a very deep subject, he would not be the only one, who has written inconsistently on the origin and design of evil. Would it be reasonable to reject as ungenue all those parts of Soame Jenyns's work on the origin of evil, which Dr. Johnson points out as inconsistent with its main design, or with other parts of it?

Far more reasonable is it to gather the author's design from a view of the whole work; especially as there is no inconsistency in the supposition, that he endeavored to clear up the subject in view of the understanding, as well as to illustrate the necessity of the entire submission of the heart to God's will.

Besides, the prologue is important, not only as containing, in part, the solution of the subject, but as a preparation for the reader in estimating the character and language of Job. We could hardly sympathize with the imprecations, with which he commences, or with his irreverent language toward the Deity, or even with his bold assertions of his innocence, unless we were assured upon higher authority than his own, that he was, what he professed to be, an upright and good man. The whole takes a far deeper hold upon our sympathy, when we know that he, who is in a state of such extreme depression, suffering reproach and condemnation from fallible men, has a witness in heaven and a record on high, having received the praise of an upright and good man from the Searcher of Hearts before the angels in heaven.

The objection against ch. xxvii. and xxviii. is, that there is an apparent inconsistency between the language of Job here assigned to him, and what he has uttered in ch. xxi. This incon-

sistency is obvious, and was long ago observed by Kennicott. See his note on ch. xxvii. 7. And if the object of the poet was to represent merely a persevering, unbending character, like the Prometheus of *Æschylus*, there might be some force in the objection. But if the design of the work be, as we have represented it, to throw all possible light upon a moral subject, it is well that Job should retract what he had uttered in the heat of passion, and admit all that he could admit with truth, and in consistency with his main position, that he was innocent, or that misery is not always a proof of guilt. The great object of the poem is in fact advanced by such a course, and by Job's anticipating in some measure, in ch. xxviii., the arguments of the Supreme Judge. All that Job admits is not really inconsistent with what he says in ch. xxix. xxx. xxxi., and does not bring the subject to a crisis too soon.

In regard to the speech of Elihu, it is objected, that it differs in style from that of the other speakers; that it is weak, prolix, studied, obscure; that it is distinguished from the genuine parts of the book by the use of favorite expressions, and by reminiscences from the thoughts of some of the other speakers. That there is a difference between the language of Elihu and that of the other speakers, is conceded; but the answer is, that it was designed; that a different style was assumed by the author. There is some difference of manner in the speeches of the other adversaries of Job. It is more marked in the speech of Elihu, because he was a young man. Youthful forwardness was more inconsistent with Eastern feelings and manners, than with ours. See ch. xxix. 8. And it is not strange, that the poet should not give the most respectable appearance to a young man, appearing upon such an occasion.

It is rather evidence of skill in the poet, that he renders the sublime manifestation and language of the Deity more striking, by contrast with the flourish and parade exhibited in the manner and language of young Elihu. In regard to favorite expressions, and the reminiscences of the language of the other speakers, I should think they were circumstances of little importance. They may at any rate be the result of design, as part of the manner of Elihu, or they may be the result of inadvertence.

It is objected, secondly, that the speech of Elihu weakens the speeches of Job and of the Deity, in ch. xxix. xxx. xxxi. xxxviii., &c., obscures the relation in which these stand

to each other, and in part anticipates what that of the Deity contains. We have already replied to this in part, by the observation that the majesty of the divine appearance is heightened by contrast with that of Elihu. It may be observed, too, that all the speakers have anticipated more or less of the argument of the Deity, and could not well say any thing of the Creator, or his works, without doing it. But as a whole, the speech of the Deity is remarkably distinguished from any of them. As to the interruption of the connexion between the speech of Job and that of the Deity, it is not very important. But let it be conceded, for the sake of argument, that the omission of the speech of Elihu would contribute to the perfection of the work, or that it is in itself somewhat inferior to other parts of it. What then? Do not the critics and reviewers imagine that they can improve many of the productions of genius by the addition of a part here, or the subtraction of a part there? Besides, the author does give one view of the cause of human suffering in this discourse, which is not distinctly stated elsewhere. Ch. xxxiii. 14 - 28.

It is objected, in the next place, that Elihu perverts the language of Job, a thing which would have been done only by a person, who was not the author of the work. To this it may be replied, that, though the particular passages, which Elihu pretends to quote, are somewhat perverted, yet he hardly ascribes to Job worse sentiments than he had elsewhere expressed, as in ch. xxi. Besides, it is not unnatural in a disputant, especially a young one, to misapprehend a question, or to pervert the language of an opponent.

It is said, again, that Elihu receives no answer. I apprehend that it was agreeable to Eastern feelings, that such a forward young man should receive no answer.

It is said that Job is mentioned by name in the speech of Elihu, and not elsewhere. But surely so unimportant a circumstance, occurring in a speech where difference of manner was to be expected, affords very slight ground for suspecting its genuineness.

Lastly, it is said, Elihu is not mentioned in the prologue and epilogue. It is sufficient answer to this, to say, that the author thought it proper to have but three speakers in the principal part of the debate, and to give a special introduction to Elihu in ch. xxxii. His judgment on this point may not

have been as good as that of some of the German professors; but I see not why we should alter his plan on that account. As to the fact, that he is not mentioned in the epilogue, it may have been for the reason above assigned for his receiving no reply from Job, or because nothing occurred to the author, which was particularly appropriate to be said to him.

On the whole, if it were even admitted that the style of Elihu is so diverse from that of the rest of the poem, as to be somewhat remarkable, or not wholly explained by what has been said, yet when we consider the strong presumption that such a work as the book of Job would not be tampered with by his countrymen, and especially by a poet of no mean pretensions, I cannot help having a strong persuasion of the genuineness of all the passages under consideration. I can well conceive of additions being made to annals or history. But one would think, that a Jew, and especially a Jewish poet, must have had a stronger motive than any of which we can conceive, to induce him to tamper with such a production as the book of Job, and that there must have been some obstacles to the reception of his appendages to such a work, had he been disposed to make them.

As to the country of Job, or in other words, the scene of the poem, there has been a diversity of opinion amongst distinguished scholars. I was formerly inclined to adopt the opinion of those, who supposed it to be Idumea. I now think that Lam. iv. 21, which, at first view, seems to favor this supposition, in fact indicates that the land of Uz was not a part of Idumea, and that the prophet speaks of the Edomites as having gained possession of a country which did not belong to them. It appears to me, too, that Jer. xxv. 20, is also decisive of the question; else why does the prophet speak of the kings of the land of Uz, and of Edom, in the next verse, as separate nations, to whom he was to extend the cup of indignation?

I now think it more probable, that the land of Uz was in the northern part of Arabia Deserta, between Palestine, Idumea, and the Euphrates. Ptolemy speaks of a tribe in this region, called *Ἀυαῖται*, which may perhaps have been written *Ἀυαῖται*; (see Ros. Com. in Job, p. 30,) and the Septuagint renders Uz, *Ἀυαῖτις*. This country would then be near the Chaldeans and Sabeans, by whose incursions the property of

Job is said to have been lost. It is more properly entitled to the appellation of the East, than Idumea, which was nearly south of Palestine. The beautiful valley of Damascus, which Jahn supposes to have been the country of Job, could hardly have been so extensive, as to account for the expression, "all the kings of the land of Uz," in Jer. xxv. 20.

A more interesting question remains to be spoken of, namely, in what country, and in what age, did the author live?

I shall not enter into a discussion of the various conjectures which have been offered, in regard to the author of the book. Why should we seek to form an opinion, where there are absolutely no data on which to ground it? To me it seems highly probable that the author of this incomparable production was one, of whom we have no records and no other remains. The opinions of those, who have undertaken to name the author, are widely diverse. Lowth attributes it to Job himself; Lightfoot and others, to Elihu; some of the Rabbinical writers, as also Kenmicott, Michaelis, Dathe, and Good, to Moses; Luther, Grotius, and Doederlein, to Solomon; while Warburton ascribes it to Ezra.

Respecting the age in which the author lived, it might seem at first view, that some judgment could be formed on internal grounds. But in consequence of our imperfect acquaintance with the state of civilization, knowledge, opinions, and manners in ancient times, it is difficult to form a satisfactory opinion upon the subject.

Some eminent scholars, as Lowth, Eichhorn, and Ilgen, have supposed that the author lived before the settlement of the Israelites in the land of Canaan. The principal argument in favor of this opinion is the absence of allusions to the institutions, rites, and ceremonies introduced by Moses, and to remarkable events in the history of the Jewish nation. This argument would be more satisfactory, if the characters, as well as the author, of the work, had been Hebrews. But as they were Arabians, who had nothing to do with the institutions of Moses, it is plain that a writer of genius would not have been guilty of the absurdity of putting the sentiments of a Jew into the mouth of an Arabian, at least, so far as relates to such tangible matters as institutions, positive laws, ceremonies, and history. To me it seems that the author has manifested abundant evidence of genius and skill in the

structure and execution of the work to account for his not having given to Arabians the obvious peculiarities of Hebrews, who lived under the institutions of Moses, at whatever period it may have been written. Even if the characters of the book had been Hebrews, the argument under consideration would not have been perfectly conclusive; for from the nature of the subject, we might have expected as little in it, that was Levitical or grossly Jewish, as in the book of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes. The argument for the Antemosaic origin of the book seems, therefore, wholly destitute of weight. On the contrary, we find an argument against that opinion in the abstruse nature of its subject, and its speculative and philosophical spirit, which seem to imply a different stage of civilization, and a different state of society from what we suppose to have existed among the wandering Jews, to whom Moses gave the law upon Sinai. It was agreeable to the spirit of Moses to say, Thus saith Jehovah, Ye shall do this, and ye shall not do that; and to accompany these commands and prohibitions with the most terrible sanctions, rather than to indulge in such bold speculations, as are contained in this book. A very different kind of poetry, if any, seems also to be proper to the circumstances of the Jews, in and before the age of Moses. There is more uncertainty in regard to particular religious conceptions. Those contained in the following verses are supposed by De Wette to be inconsistent with the Mosaic age: iv. 18; v. 1; xv. 15; xxi. 22; xxxiii. 23, &c.; xxxviii. 7, comp. I. 7, II. 2, &c. The manners and condition of society referred to or implied in some, at least, of the following passages, adduced by De Wette, seem to point to a much later period of Jewish history, than the Antemosaic or Mosaic age. xiii. 26; xix. 23, &c.; xxxi. 35; v. 4; xv. 28; xxiv. 12; xxix. 7; xxxix. 7; xx. 24; xxxix. 21; iii. 14, &c.; xii. 18, &c.; xx. 15; xxii. 24, &c.; xxiii. 10; xxvii. 16; xxxi. 24; xxviii.

In regard to the age of Solomon, or the period which intervenes between Solomon and the captivity, which is assigned to it by some writers, there is no very decisive objection. Even if the work is supposed to have a national object, or to have been designed for the encouragement and consolation of the Jewish people, as a nation, while in a state of calamity, there are several periods before the captivity, when such a work would have been appropriate; for instance, the period of Habakkuk, whose expostulation with the Deity, and what follows in his

prophecy, have a resemblance to the subject and sentiments of the book of Job. There is no necessity, however, for supposing the work to have a national object. If this had been the case, I think it would have been made more distinctly to appear by the author. The subject is one, which the vicissitudes of individual experience render as interesting and pertinent in the highest period of national prosperity, as at the lowest point of national depression.

There is one consideration, however, which has inclined the best Hebrew scholars of late, to assign the period of the captivity at Babylon, as the age of the author of Job, namely, the Chaldaizing character of the language; for instance *ענה* to answer, applied to one, who begins a discourse. The plural form of *מלה*, *מלין*; *קדשים*, *קרשים*, the holy ones, applied to angels; *שרר*, xvi. 19; *תקף*, xiv. 20; xv. 24; *חפץ*, xxi. 21; xxii. 3; *מה*, vii. 3; *מה*, not, xvi. 6; xxxi. 3; *קצ* for *קצ* xviii. 2; *חן* for *חן* xli. 4; *ש* as a prefix, xix. 29, &c.; *אמר*, to command. From these and other instances, Gesenius,

De Wette, and Umbreit have referred the book of Job to the time of the captivity; a period assigned to it by Le Clerc, Warburton, Heath, Garnet, and Rabbi Jochanan among the older critics. But from the few remains of Hebrew literature that have come down to us, and our imperfect acquaintance with the history of the language, it follows, that it is by no means certain that the words and forms above-mentioned, may not have been in use in some parts of Judea before the time of the captivity. *ש* as a prefix occurs in the book of Judges. See vi. 17.

The introduction of Satan in the historical introduction in prose is certainly a strong argument against the high antiquity of the work. For there is no mention of such a being by the name of Satan, or any other name, in any of the Hebrew writings, composed before the exile in Babylon; and there is good reason for believing that it was from the Chaldeans that the Jews derived the conception of such a being. This argument seems to be conclusive against the high antiquity of the work. For it is hardly credible, that the Hebrews should have had the conception of an evil spirit before the time of Moses,

and that it should not once occur in the writings which preceded the exile. But it may be doubted whether this argument be conclusive against the supposition, that the book of Job was written a short time before the exile. As to the opinion of Schultens, Herder, Dathe, Eichhorn, and others, that the Satan of the book of Job was a good angel, it is now universally rejected, as untenable.

The question may be asked, whether the perfection of the work is not inconsistent with the state of Hebrew literature during the captivity. Notwithstanding the strong language of Bishop Lowth on this point, I think it may justly be inferred from the Psalms, composed during this period, that this question should be answered in the negative. See Ps. cxxxvii.

On the whole, it appears to me that there are no data, upon which one can form a very confident opinion in regard to the precise age of the book of Job. The latest period assigned for it appears to me far more probable than the earliest, and indeed the most probable; but that it may not have been written some time between the age of Solomon and the captivity, is more than any one, who has surveyed the subject carefully, will confidently assert.

One more point remains to be considered, namely, the country of the author of Job. For it has been maintained that he was not a Hebrew, but an Arabian, and that the work is a translation from the Arabic.

In opposition to this opinion, it is to be observed in the first place, that there is no external evidence in favor of it. The work is now found in Hebrew alone, in the collection of what remains of ancient Hebrew literature, a collection, which has been held sacred by the Jews, as far back as we can trace their sentiments respecting it. Nor is there any history or tradition, which intimates that the work ever existed in a different language. I doubt whether the spurious appendage to the Septuagint translation, worthless as it is, intimates, that the book was translated from the Syriac.

It is found, too, in the sacred literature of a people peculiarly proud of their religious prerogatives, and regarding with coldness, jealousy, and often with aversion and hatred, all other nations. It is extremely improbable, that any Jew would have had the inclination to transfer the production

of a heathen into the Jewish literature, or that he would have been permitted to do it.

In the next place, the work is not only in the Hebrew language, but in the best style of Hebrew composition. The parallelism is uniform and well sustained; the sentences are pointed; the style is fresh and vigorous, and bears not, in its general characteristics, the slightest mark of a translation.

In opposition, then, to the external evidence, and to the general style of the composition, what are the reasons which have induced some distinguished men in modern times to regard the work as the production of an Arabian, and as translated from the Arabic?

They are, in the first place, the words, which occur in it more frequently than in other books of the Old Testament, which are regarded as Arabic in a Hebrew dress, or which may be illustrated from the Arabic. But these words are very few in relation to the whole work, and are not the less Hebrew, because they may be illustrated from the Arabic. With the exception of the few forms which resemble the Aramæan, the book of Job is in as pure Hebrew as any other part of the Scriptures. It appears to me that the remark of Jahn is perfectly just and satisfactory in regard to this topic; "It is not at all surprising that in a lofty poem we find many of the less common words and ideas, which the Hebrew, through the poverty of its literature, has lost, while they have been preserved by the Arabic, the richest of the sister dialects."*

The other argument in support of the opinion, that an Arabian was the author of the poem, is drawn from the various allusions to Arabian manners and customs, which are scattered through it. In regard to this argument, there are two things to be observed. First, we have reason to believe that the manners of the Jews, in some parts of Palestine, very much resembled those of the Arabs. As they sprung from the same stock, why should this not be the case, except so far as the Jews were distinguished by their religious institutions?

We are apt to form our conceptions of the whole Jewish nation, from what we learn in the Scriptures of the inhabitants of cities; of Jerusalem in particular. It is to be recollected that the Hebrews were originally and "essentially a

* Jahn's Introduction, § 196.

nomadic people ; their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had ever been so ; they were emphatically Bedouins, removing with their flocks and herds from place to place, as occasion might require. In Egypt they had ever been shepherds, — their province of Goshen was adapted to pasturage, and not to tillage ; and now, when they had come out into the deserts, with their flocks and herds, they were still the nomadic race they had ever been, — a people resembling those by whom these desert plains, and valleys, and mountains are possessed to this day.”* It is not singular that the manners of Bedouins should have been in a measure retained by those Hebrews, who dwelt out of cities.

It follows from the preceding consideration that the author of Job, having determined to make his characters Arabians, and to lay the scene of his work in Arabia, would find no difficulty in suiting the manners and sentiments of his characters, and his local allusions, to the scene which he had chosen ; so that his only difficulty would be to exclude from his work obvious references to the Jewish history and religion. If, in addition to this, we suppose, what is perfectly reasonable, that the Hebrew philosopher had, like Plato, travelled into Egypt, and through Arabia, for the purpose of enriching his mind with all the knowledge of those countries, I think, we shall find no difficulty in the supposition, that a Hebrew of such genius and skill as are manifested in this work, might have been the author of it.

But this is not all. We maintain that, though Arabian manners and scenes are the superficial characteristics of the work, yet in its general spirit, and in many less obvious characteristics, the author has manifestly shown himself to be a Hebrew poet. The very subject of the work is just what might have been expected to arrest the attention of a Hebrew philosopher, educated in the religion of Moses. It is similar to that of other Hebrew compositions, as has been observed before. In fact, if we regard the spirit and scope of the work, the remark of De Wette appears not too strong, that it is Hebrew through and through.

There are also many particular sentiments, which we know to be appropriate to a Hebrew, possessing an acquaintance with the Hebrew literature and religion, which we do not

* See Biblical Repository, No. VIII. p. 797.

know to have been appropriate to an Arabian. Such are the following, which are more or less satisfactory, adduced by Rosenmüller and De Wette, which, as our article is a long one, we must trouble the reader to examine for himself. Ch. ix. 5-9; xii. 10; xv. 7; xxvi. 5, &c.; xxxviii. 4, &c.; iv. 19; x. 9; xxvii. 3; iv. 17, &c.; viii. 9; ix. 2; xiii. 26; xiv. 4; xv. 14; xxv. 4, 6; iv. 18; v. 1; xv. 15; xxi. 22; xxxviii. 7; xxxi. 26, 27; vii. 7, &c.; x. 21, &c.; xiv. 10, &c.; xvi. 22; xxx. 23; xxxviii. 17. Add to these the use of the name Jehovah in the introduction and conclusion of the work.

The following instances of resemblance to passages, in the Psalms and Proverbs, are also of weight with those, who do not believe in the high antiquity of the work. Ch. xxviii. 18, comp. Prov. viii. 11. Ch. xxviii. 18, comp. Prov. vii. 11. Ch. xxviii. 18, comp. Prov. viii. 11. Ch. xxviii. 28, comp. Prov. i. 7. Ch. xxvi. 6, comp. Prov. xv. 11. Ch. xv. 16, xxxiv. 7, comp. Prov. xxvi. 6. Ch. xiii. 5, comp. Prov. xvii. 28. Ch. xxvi. 5, comp. Prov. ii. 18, xxi. 16. Ch. xxvii. 16, &c., comp. Prov. xxviii. 8. Ch. xxii. 29, comp. Prov. xvi. 18, xviii. 12, xxix. 23. חוֹשֶׁה Ch. v. 12, vi. 13, xi. 6, xii. 16, xxvi. 3, xxx. 22, comp. Prov. ii. 7, iii. 21, viii. 14, xviii. 1. חָזָה Ch. vi. 2, xxx. 13, comp. Prov. xix. 13. חֲזָנוֹת xxxvii. 12, comp. Prov. i. 5, xi. 14, and often, Ch. xii. 21, 24, comp. Ps. cvii. 40. Ch. v. 16, xxii. 19, comp. Ps. cvii. 42.

On the whole, it appears to us, that the internal evidence alone makes it more probable that the author was a Hebrew, than that he was a foreigner; and when to this we add the external evidence in favor of this opinion, there seems to be very little room for doubt.

It may seem remarkable, that the author of a work, which, for reach of thought, richness of imagination, depth and tenderness of feeling, and skill in its plan and execution, surpasses any production of Hebrew literature, which has come down to us, should yet be unknown. But when we consider the vicissitudes through which the Jewish nation has passed, the wonder is that we retain the work itself.

“But who,” says the eloquent Herder, “shall answer our

inquiries respecting him, to whose meditations we are indebted for this ancient book, this justification of the ways of God to man, and sublime exaltation of humanity, — who has exhibited them, too, in this silent picture, in the fortunes of an humble sufferer, clothed in sackcloth, and sitting in ashes; but fired with the sublime inspirations of his own wisdom? Who shall point us to the grave of him, whose soul kindled with these divine conceptions, to whom was vouchsafed such access to the counsels of God, to angels and the souls of men, who embraced in a single glance the heavens and the earth, and who could send forth his living spirit, his poetic fire, and his human affections to all that exists, from the land of the shadow of death to the starry firmament, and beyond the stars? No cypress, flourishing in unfading green, marks the place of his rest. With his unuttered name he has consigned to oblivion all that was earthly, and, leaving his book for a memorial below, is engaged in a yet nobler song in that world, where the voice of sorrow and mourning is unheard, and where the morning stars sing together.

“Or, if he, the patient sufferer, was here the recorder of his own sufferings, and of his own triumph, of his own wisdom, first victorious in conflict, and then humbled in the dust, how blest have been his afflictions, how amply rewarded his pains! Here, in this book, full of imperishable thought, he still lives, gives utterance to the sorrows of his heart, and extends his triumph over centuries and continents. Not only, according to his wish, did he die in his nest, but a phoenix has sprung forth from his ashes, and from his odorous nest is diffused an incense, which gives, and will for ever give, reviving energy to the faint, and strength to the powerless. He has drawn down the heavens to the earth, encamped their hosts invisibly around the bed of languishing, and made the afflictions of the sufferer a spectacle to angels, has taught that God, too, looks with a watchful eye upon his creatures, and exposes them to the trial of their integrity for the maintenance of his own truth, and the promotion of his own glory. ‘Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, (the happy end which the Lord appointed for him,) that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.’” *

* Herder's Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, Marsh's Translation, Vol. I. p. 120.

In regard to the use of this book, it is hardly necessary, after what has been said of its character and design, to remind the reader, that the instruction which it contains is to be derived from its general spirit and design, as a whole, and not from particular verses or passages. Job was censured by the Deity for the rashness of his language, and his friends were condemned by the same unerring judge, as not having spoken that which was right. If we regard independent sentences or speeches, those uttered by the friends of Job must be regarded as more consistent with divine revelation, and more respectful to God, than much of the language of Job. It was in the application of their general maxims, that they were wrong; in endeavoring to prove by them, that Job was a bad man, because he was miserable; or, in general, that misery was a proof of guilt.

G. R. N.

ART. III. — 1. *A Discussion of the Question, Is the Roman Catholic Religion, in any or in all its Principles or Doctrines, opposed to Civil or Religious Liberty? And of the Question, Is the Presbyterian Religion, in any or in all its Principles or Doctrines, opposed to Civil or Religious Liberty?* By the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Rev. JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, of the Presbyterian Church. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 1836.

2. *A Debate on the Roman Catholic Religion: Held in the Sycamore Street Meeting House, Cincinnati, from the 13th to the 21st of January, 1837. Between ALEXANDER CAMPBELL of Bethany, Virginia, and the Rt. Rev. JOHN B. PURCELL, Bishop of Cincinnati. Taken down by Reporters, and revised by the Parties. Cincinnati. Stereotyped and Published by J. A. James & Co. 1837.*

THE first of these controversies originated in one of the ordinary discussions before the Union Literary and Debating Institute of Philadelphia. The question at first was, Is the Roman Catholic Religion in any or all its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty? This question proved so in-

teresting and exciting, that after the debate had continued three evenings, during which the Rev. Messrs. Hughes, McCalla, and Breckinridge, Honorary Members of the Society, were the principal speakers, arrangements were made for a continuance of the discussion between the Rev. Messrs. Hughes and Breckinridge for six evenings. It was further agreed, that at the expiration of the six evenings, the word "Presbyterian" should be substituted for the words "Roman Catholic," and an equal portion of time should be devoted to the new question.

The debate between Messrs Campbell and Purcell sprang from some remarks on the Protestant Reformation, which Mr. Campbell made in a lecture delivered before the "Western College of Teachers," an institution like the American Institute of Instruction. Mr. Campbell said, that the Protestant Reformation was the era at which the maxim, that man is a *thinking* being, was consecrated into a rule of action, and that all the happy changes in modern society are to be attributed to the prevalence of this maxim, and that the glory of them belongs to Martin Luther more than to any other man. This statement, of course, did not strike the ears of the Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati very agreeably, nor seem true or well timed. At the close of the lecture, Bishop Purcell asked leave to comment upon the offensive remark, and on the afternoon of the next day, a discussion ensued between him and Mr. Campbell upon the effects of the Protestant Reformation. Night came before the parties were satisfied with talking, and the College wisely resolved, as they should have done before, that the debate was out of place and irrelevant to the purposes of the meeting, and that they, therefore, would have no more of it. But the parties were not satisfied, and prolonged their controversy a few evenings, after the College of Teachers had adjourned, and about three months afterwards they met by agreement to debate in full the points at issue between Catholics and Protestants.

We might well expect that the Philadelphia Discussion would be the most interesting and exemplary, since there was but a single point at issue between the parties, and moreover they had liberty to write out their speeches at leisure, and make such corrections and additions as they chose. But the book before us does not justify the expectation. The Reverend gentlemen, Messrs. Hughes and Breckinridge, have said

very little that can enlighten the community, and that little is not enough to atone for their scurrilous abuse of each other. Mr. Breckinridge, indeed, states at the close of the volume, that he feels it his duty to say publicly, that he regrets having occasionally expressed himself with improper severity towards Mr. Hughes; but such an apology does not mend the matter much, while in the very next sentence he says, that nothing but the great interests at stake would ever have induced him to debate with Mr. Hughes, after he had discovered how reckless and unamiable a man he was.

The arguments between Messrs. Hughes and Breckinridge, upon the tendencies of Catholicism and Presbyterianism in respect to civil and religious liberty, serve little else than to confirm the familiar truth, that if we consider only the practices of the principal religious denominations in time past, we shall see almost every thing to condemn; and if, on the other hand, we will consider only their several systems, as they exist in the minds of their most enlightened professors, we shall see almost every thing to approve. Neither of these gentlemen shows himself willing to have his own doctrines judged according to the principles by which he judges his opponent's.

Each party accuses the other of belonging to a church that has shown itself, in many a bloody persecution, the foe of civil and religious liberty, and each defends himself on the ground, that such persecutions do not spring from the doctrines of his faith, but from the violation or abuse of those doctrines by the bad passions of the times.

Mr. Breckinridge declares in the outset, that the Catholic Religion infringes on civil and religious liberty, because it requires men to submit to a religious hierarchy, and surrender the rights of conscience to an arbitrary priesthood. Mr. Hughes replies to this by declaring, that the Catholic is not forced to be such, and if he chooses to adopt the Roman faith, and submit to its discipline, he keeps his civil and religious liberty as truly, as any one does, who submits to any law. Mr. Breckinridge again insists, that Catholicism enslaves its subjects, because all, who are baptized in the Catholic church, are compelled by physical force, according to a canon of the council of Trent, to continue under its discipline. Mr. Hughes says, in reply, that the canon in question does not declare, that all baptized persons shall be compelled by force to abide in the Catholic communion, and that the nature of

the compulsion lies merely in the power of excommunicating apostates. Mr. Breckinridge again attacks the Catholic doctrine of Auricular Confession, as dangerous to liberty. Mr. Hughes declares it to be a doctrine of scripture, and a beautiful feature in the Christian system, and argues that its abuse proves nothing against its use. Mr. Breckinridge insists upon the censorship of the press, which the Catholic church assumes, as being the destruction of liberty, both in principle and practice. Mr. Hughes avows, that the freedom of the press has nothing to do with the doctrines of his church, any more than Symmes's Theory of the Poles has ; that his church has no *doctrine* on the subject ; and that, although it may have erred in its discipline sometimes by tyrannizing over the press, yet it has done much for the diffusion of knowledge, even printed eight editions of the Bible in about as many years in a single Italian city, and in the Italian tongue alone, published forty different editions of the Bible, before the first Protestant version of Geneva. He defends the right of the church to prohibit all those, who recognise its authority, from publishing improper books. Mr. Breckinridge quotes plentifully from the records of Catholic persecution and usurpation. Mr. Hughes promptly meets him with about as plentiful extracts from the history of Presbyterianism, and declares, that even allowing all his opponent says of Catholic enormities, it proves nothing against the religion itself ; for these enormities are not a part, nor a result of the *doctrines* of the church, and never have been ; and that he does not hold his faith any more responsible for them, than he holds Christianity responsible for the sins of its professors. In this way the discussion goes on in twelve long and very unsatisfactory speeches ; assertions are made and flatly contradicted, — passages are adduced from the decrees of councils and the bulls of popes, and their authenticity denied, or their alleged import disputed. The reader finds himself at the end of the debate with little to compensate him for the trouble he has taken, and the headache, which the brawl and confusion of the controversy have given him.

Nor do we derive much more satisfaction from the second part of the debate, where Mr. Hughes in turn becomes the accuser, and attacks Presbyterianism. It is amusing to observe how entirely he runs into the very fallacies, which he had so bitterly condemned in Mr. Breckinridge. He makes Presby-

terianism guilty of all the wrong its professors ever committed, and waxes quite eloquent in his detail of Presbyterian enormities. The debate on the whole is not very flattering to either of the churches, to which the gentlemen belong. Their controversy in great part seems to partake of the nature of that between the Kilkenny cats. Take these two passages as a specimen, one from each disputant.

The first is from Mr. Hughes.

"The question returns then, how can Presbyterians obey God, who *commands them* to 'REMOVE ALL FALSE WORSHIP;' and yet obey the Constitutions, which enjoin on them to *disobey God*? This is the point which I cannot get the gentleman to meet, or clear up. He says that he has answered this question before, by showing that WE (Presbyterians) mean in the CONFESSION, NO FORCE; but *truth, moral influence, argument, the press, the Bible, &c. &c.* This is sophistry, which can deceive but few. For, the *meaning* of the 'Confession,' was determined by *those who drew it up*, nearly two hundred years ago. The object of the doctrine was to *impose* the solemn league and covenant on all men, and establish '*uniformity*' of religion throughout the three kingdoms. How? By PENAL LAWS, *sanc-tioning the use of every kind of punishment, from the stocks to the gallows and the block.* Its meaning has been determined by acts of Parliament, by ejecting the EPISCOPAL CLERGY from their livings, by 'REMOVING,' VIOLENTLY, every monument of *Catholic piety* from the *Episcopal Churches*. Was this '*moral influence*?' The gentleman need not tell us what '*he*' means in the confession. Its meaning was written in the blood of the Catholics, Episcopalians, Baptists, Arminians, Quakers, &c.; before, long before, he was born. Its meaning is a *settled point*, a '*ruled case*;' and I am astonished that the gentleman should have exposed his knowledge of history, so far as to talk of '*moral influence*,' in connexion with the propagation of Calvinism. How was it propagated? I say BY FORCE, and I challenge contradiction. It was a tyrant from its cradle, and before it was ten years of age, it had abolished the '*mass*,' and drowned the Baptists in the same canton. How did it propagate itself, in Geneva? BY FORCE. In France? BY FORCE. In Scotland? BY FORCE. In Holland? BY FORCE. In England? BY FORCE. In Ireland? BY FORCE. How did it preach itself into political power in those countries? It began by LIBELS, and ended by PITCHED BATTLES. The *exordium* of its sermon was *sedition*; — the *peroration*, *fixed bayonets*. Will the gentleman deny this? He need not; all this is public,

notorious, palpable matter of history. But after it had *succeeded* in establishing itself BY FORCE, did it then employ *only* 'moral influence?' In answer to this question, I refer the reader to my last speech, and he will see that it employed the influence of the block and the gibbet, for the purpose of 'REMOVING ALL FALSE WORSHIP.' The American Constitution abridged the *practical* part of the creed, on this subject. But since then, (like Samson in the recovery of his strength,) its *hair has grown out*, its locks have become thick and bushy, and, *impatient of the* 'PHILISTINES' by whom it is surrounded, it begins to FEEL that it is NOW strong enough to 'carry away the pillars' of the Constitution;—and judging by the fiery zeal of the gentleman and his colleagues, it is almost *blind* enough to make the attempt. ('*The Presbyterians alone,*' says Dr. Ely, '*could bring a half a million of voters into the field.*'")—pp. 447, 448.

Mr. Breckinridge returns this compliment in rather stronger terms than his opponent gave it.

"And now, as to the three hundred years of our *acknowledged* existence, where has *liberty* been found? where science? where enterprise, commerce, order, and public prosperity? Has it been in Italy? In Spain? In Catholic Germany? In Catholic Ireland? Has England, has Holland, has Scotland, have the United States of America, been *Catholic* since the Reformation? No! Protestant! Have these States been *Presbyterian*? In them Presbyterians have *abounded*. Have these States been famed for what was eminent in all that can bless and exalt a nation? *Confessedly foremost!* Let Mr. Hughes deny it if he can. He will not pretend to do it.

"But reverse the scene. Go to Spain now. There the *priests especially*, the *monks* and *Jesuits*, are ranged with Don Carlos against the party that is struggling for *liberty and light*. Go see the *monasteries*, how, in the judgment of the *people*, (they, too, called *Catholic*,) are demolished by *thousands* as the *sinks of corruption*, as *castles* of despotism, as the *strong holds* of priestly domination?

"Or will you survey Portugal? There you see the Pope denouncing, by a public appeal, the Reformation of *Don Pedro*, and giving the power of his arm to the monster Miguel. Hear him denounce the new government for daring to *interfere*, in its own territory, for the regulation of the priesthood!

"Go to Italy, and see the Pope a public despot, his throne resting on the *parks* of Austrian artillery; *collecting his taxes* in the name of the *fisherman*, as the successor of Peter and vicar of

Jesus; one day blessing the horses and the asses of the city in the name of the holy Trinity, to keep off evil spirits and pestilence; the next, cursing liberty in the name of God, and sending a bishop's ring to John Hughes, or a cardinal's hat to John, Bishop of Charleston." — p. 532.

The debate between Mr. Campbell and Bishop Purcell is far better in its temper, and far more instructive, than the discussion we have just reviewed, although it does not possess so much of the fierce, gladiatorial interest. Mr. Campbell undertook to establish these seven propositions.

"1. The Roman Catholic Institution, sometimes called the 'Holy, Apostolic, Catholic Church,' is not now, nor was she ever, catholic, apostolic, or holy; but is a *sect* in the fair import of that word, older than any other sect now existing, not the 'Mother and Mistress of all Churches,' but an apostacy from the only true, holy, apostolic, and Catholic Church of Christ.

"2. Her notion of apostolic succession is without any foundation in the Bible, in reason, or in fact; an imposition of the most injurious consequences, built upon unscriptural and anti-scriptural traditions, resting wholly upon the opinions of interested and fallible men.

"3. She is not uniform in her faith, or united in her members; but mutable and fallible, as any other sect of philosophy or religion, — Jewish, Turkish, or Christian, — a confederation of sects, under a politico-ecclesiastic head.

"4. She is the 'Babylon,' of John, the 'Man of Sin' of Paul, and the Empire of the 'Youngest Horn' of Daniel's Sea Monster.

"5. Her notions of purgatory, indulgences, auricular confession, remission of sins, transubstantiation, supererogation, &c., essential elements of her system, are immoral in their tendency, and injurious to the well-being of society, religious and political.

"6. Notwithstanding her pretensions to have given us the Bible, and faith in it, we are perfectly independent of her for our knowledge of that book, and its evidences of a divine original.

"7. The Roman Catholic religion, if infallible and unsusceptible of reformation, as alleged, is essentially Anti-American, being opposed to the genius of all free institutions, and positively subversive of them, opposing the general reading of the scriptures, and the diffusion of useful knowledge among the whole community, so essential to liberty and the permanency of good government." — pp. vii. viii.

Mr. Campbell is an acute logician, a good scholar, and an

accomplished debater, and, of course, he has said enough to refute the arrogant pretensions of Catholicism. Yet the Bishop gained many apparent advantages over him, and we are inclined to think, from what we saw of the public mind at the time, that he was thought by the majority to have borne the palm in the controversy, and enlisted the public sympathy in his favor. The cause of this is readily found in the disadvantages under which Mr. Campbell came to the debate. He appeared to be the assailant, although not so in reality, and therefore gave his opponent the advantage of seeming the peaceful defender of his own faith. Mr. Campbell, moreover, was too extravagant in the propositions, which he advanced against Catholicism, and failing to substantiate some of them, he of course appeared to many to have failed in all. It would have been better for him not to have attempted to prove the Roman Catholic Church to be the "Babylon" of John, the "Man of Sin" of Paul, and the Empire of the "Youngest Horn" of Daniel's Sea Monster. He moreover allowed the Bishop to draw him away from the main question into the fields of ancient learning, and at times found himself bewildered in regions, where his opponent felt himself quite at home. Mr. Campbell's close logic did not give him much advantage over the Bishop in the eyes of the mass of the audience; for the ridicule and eloquent declamation of the Prelate went for far more with the multitude, than any strength and clearness of argument. The Bishop would reply, for instance, to an elaborate argument against the celibacy of the clergy by asking how St. Paul would have looked with a half dozen squealing little children, running after him, in his visits to the churches of Greece; and by inquiring whether, if, as his opponent declared, it were true, that a clergyman ought to be married, in order to sympathize fully with the feelings of husbands and parents, it were not on the same principle true, that he ought to remain a bachelor in order to sympathize the more fully with a numerous class of Christians, namely, the old maids, and that he ought to have a scolding wife to sympathize with a scolded husband. In this way, the Bishop often turns the laugh upon his antagonist, — sometimes, indeed, justly, as in regard to Mr. Campbell's labored argument on the Apocalypse. Oftener, however, he treats his opponent unfairly, by answering argument with empty ridicule and declamation, and by a Jesuitical quibble, evading the point at issue. All these

stratagems are apparent in reading the debate, although they were not so obvious to the hearer. If Bishop Purcell, therefore, had the advantage before the listening crowd, he must lose it before the reading public.

The utility of controversies like these is doubtful, although much may be said in their behalf. They certainly have the effect of interesting the public mind upon religious subjects. Men will be excited by a vehement debate upon a theological point, while they would nod over a dissertation, however wisely or eloquently written upon the same theme. The interest, which such disputes create, is indeed a low kind of religious interest, but it is better than none, and may lead to something higher. Some converts were made to both parties, and we hope to religion, by this discussion.

Such controversies must surely teach liberality to the religious world, if any thing can, by showing what Catholicism is, as it exists in the minds of the enlightened believers. Bishop Purcell spoke as strongly against many of the practices and doctrines, which have been ascribed to his church, as Messrs. Campbell and Breckinridge, or Dr. Brownlee himself could have done. He denies, that the Pope is infallible, except as an expounder of the essential doctrines of Christianity, and with the consent of the bishops. He says that, although a few of the Popes erred in *morals*, none of them erred in faith; and that he should not be surprised, if these bad Popes were at this moment expiating their crimes in the penal fires of hell. He denies, that the Pope claims temporal power, and that although he has in time past claimed it, he did not found the claim on a revealed doctrine of God. The Bishop moreover denies, that the Inquisition was established by the doctrines of his church, but maintains, that the church claims only spiritual power over its members, and that all resort to physical force, all the cruelties of the Inquisition were either the acts of civil governments, or else abuses of ecclesiastical *discipline*, which the *doctrines* of the church do not sanction, and for which Catholics do not hold themselves at all responsible. His defence of his church is almost entirely grounded upon the distinction between doctrine and discipline, which he constantly urges. *Discipline* constantly changes with time and occasion, he argues, but doctrines are unchanged and unchangeable. He excels many of our Protestant brethren in liberality, for he allows that many without the pale of his own Church may

be saved, and grants salvation to the true and faithful Indian, who these people may never have heard of Jesus.

These controversies ought to make people believe, that there is a central Christianity that is entirely beyond the reach of these strifes in the outskirts of theology. It would be well if controversialists would dispute in such temper as should teach this lesson of liberality more effectually. In this view, neither of the debates before us is unexceptionable. The parties speak as if the whole of religion depended on points of doctrine, that are to be decided by verbal disputes, and by the voice of majorities. A skeptical mind must derive much amusement from the conduct of the parties and their friends after the discussion. Mr. Campbell's friends assembled and voted, that he had gained a glorious victory for Protestantism. The Bishop's friends sent to him an elegant silver pitcher in token of his triumphant defence of the Holy Church. The Bishop replied in an arrogant letter, in which he said his antagonist repented ever meeting him, and specified twenty or thirty points, in which he had signally defeated Mr. Campbell and put him to shame. To crown the whole, Mr. Campbell publishes a pamphlet, in which he states thirty-one points, as having been established, and the enormities of Popery fully exposed. Where in the midst of such discussions shall we find that wisdom, that is hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes?

Neither these debates nor the whole crusade, which is carried on against the Roman Catholic Church have tended to injure her influence. As far as we can judge by observation, as well as reflection, all such attacks have helped Catholicism. They have roused the indifference of the Catholics themselves, and converted many nominal believers, who went to church merely to accompany their wives, into ardent champions of the faith. They have also shown the people, what was before unknown, that there is a rational side even to Popery, and that it can be defended, almost, if not quite as well, as some other hierarchies in our land, that look on Roman pretensions with pious horror. These attacks, moreover, make Catholicism conspicuous, and give it opportunity to work on the superstitions of the multitude. In the tone of certainty, which the Catholic uses, there is a charm and authority, which addresses itself with great power to the credulity and latent superstition of the human heart. In listening to the Bishop

of Cincinnati, we felt an influence from the undoubting tone of the eloquent champion of Mother Church, which all of his opponent's logic was hardly able to resist. It is generally the case that the greatest dogmatist finds the most followers, — he, who is most firm in his own convictions and assertions, is surest of convincing others.

There is, however, a tone of charity and toleration, which has more power against Catholic domination, than any abuse or narrow dogmatism can have. If, instead, of attacking the Catholics we allow them to walk their own way, and give them quietly a place among other denominations of Christendom, we take away from them the plea of injured rights, with which they so enlist the public sympathies, and we moreover thus diffuse a broad Christian spirit, which is entirely at war with all ecclesiastical usurpation. Many, indeed, think, that the mild toleration, with which so many regard Catholicism in our country, is opening the way for her domination. But it is quite the reverse. She has no greater enemy to her tyranny, than the spirit of universal charity, which is willing to see good in all forms of religion. Dr. Channing's truly Catholic Letter on Romanism has done more to undermine the Papal power in the West, than all the dogmatism and calumnies of Beecher, Brownlee, and the whole school of Anti-Popery plotters. The Catholics are well aware of this, and while they cannot but admire Dr. Channing's spirit, have in all their journals denounced the doctrines of his letter in the strongest terms. They well know that such liberal views must, if suffered to prevail, be the death of Roman exclusiveness.

This leads us to remark, in closing this hasty notice, that neither of the champions of Protestantism in these two debates seems happily chosen. A successful champion against Romanism should be either an Episcopalian or a Unitarian. — Either an Episcopalian, and able to meet the Catholic on his own ground, and be able to do battle on the nice points of patristical learning, — or else a Unitarian, and able to drive the Catholic off his ground among the dusty folios of the Fathers, and to base Christian freedom on the inalienable rights of man and the eternal truth as it is in Jesus. Neither Mr. Breckinridge nor Mr. Campbell seem much at home in the fields of ancient learning, and thus give their opponents great advantages. Mr. Breckinridge, moreover, cannot well show the

absurdity of transubstantiation, as long as he maintains the trinity, and allows his antagonist to defend the former, by the analogy of the latter. Mr. Campbell cannot refute the claims of Catholicism to be the only true church, as long as he has no better answer than what he gives to the Bishop's question, If the Roman Catholic was not the true church, what was the true church before the Protestant Reformation? Instead of looking for the true church among all faithful followers of Jesus in all communions, he enters into a long argument to prove that the Cathari, or Novatians, or Donatists, or Paulicians, or Waldenses, as they were successively called, were the true body of the faithful, the real church of Christ. Mr. Campbell we hoped was too liberal a man to resort to such expedients, and too wise a man to allow his opponent to bewilder him by voluntarily resting his argument on some vague and disputed passages in ecclesiastical history. A better reply to the Bishop's question might be found in the answer which the celebrated Fox made to one, who proposed a similar question. "If you deny the claims of Catholicism, where then was the true church, before the Reformation?" "Where was your face this morning before it was washed?" was the witty reply.

From a year's observation in the West, we are not led to think, that Catholicism is making any alarming progress in the Great Valley. Nearly all the additions to their numbers are made by immigration from abroad. Popery will die of itself, if bigots can be content to leave it to itself, and cease to provoke its energies, and to enlist the public sympathy in its behalf, by their virulent attacks.

S. O.

ART. IV.—THE WORD: OR AN EXPOSITION OF THE POEM OF THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

THE "Word" is here used in a sense far removed from its common import as an element of articulate speech. In the exalted significance given to it by John, it has no place among our habitual associations. It presents itself to us as a

mere arbitrary sound, without a popular meaning. It is no wonder, therefore, that we should find some difficulty in drawing forth the idea wrapped up in it. And yet we think that the ordinary signification of the term may help us to conceive how it obtained its peculiar force in Hebrew usage. We may see the germ of the idea in the earliest account of the creation. As a human being thinks in language, and gives utterance to his will or purpose in audible speech, so the speaking of God was naturally regarded as the putting forth of his power. It was the expression of an omnipotent will. "And God *said*, light be, and light was." "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

It is not necessary to conceive of his command as audibly pronounced; for with him, thought is power; to will is to do; to determine is to execute. Yet, notwithstanding, we may have this more philosophical conception of spiritual power, it seems natural enough for men, in the infancy of human language, to represent the Maker as clothing his purposes with speech. Accordingly, almost every thing is said to be done by the Word; and its significance is often the same with that of hand, or power, or spirit. "By the *Word* of the Lord were the Heavens made, and the whole host of them by the breath (spirit) of his mouth."

If we should apply the same term to a human being, we should say that his Word is his spirit, his character, his internal self. Whenever the Deity expresses himself in any mode of action, his Word appears. The manifested Word then is a bodying forth, in some intelligible form, of a portion of God's self. The Word is that portion of the divine nature which is thus bodied forth. The Invisible has placed himself in a condition to be known; he has sent forth a spirit-form. It is the only way in which he is known, or can be, by his finite creatures.

We have for a long time been dissatisfied with the polemical methods of treating this subject. We believe it may be made more intelligible than it is to most minds by a free and simple paraphrase of some verses in the beginning of St. John's Gospel. We have only to disengage it from ancient learning and modern controversy; and look at it as it stands in the page of the sacred writer, apart from all those systems of human thought into which it has been forced.

"*In the beginning was the Word.*" Before creation ex-
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isted, — before there was any working of Divine Power and Intelligence, the Word was. It was not made, but the Maker of all things that afterwards had being. It was not finite, but infinite, — not effect, but cause. It was the incomprehensible, mysterious, all-pervading essence, cause of all causes, source of all being, and life, and power, dwelling alone in eternity, — the Divine Self. This was no other than the Infinite Mind, uncreated, self-existent, eternal, — the Word."

"*And the Word was with God.*" The morning stars had not yet sung together, nor the sons of God shouted for joy, at creation's birth. There was nothing but God in His wide domain. Nature was unborn. No sun, nor moon, nor stars were hung up in the silent firmament. No light was yet in the dark, unfathomable all, — save the mysterious glory of the Divine Presence. Then the Word was with God, for it had not gone forth in producing power. He had made no image of himself in the universe. His uncreated wisdom and energy were hidden and inactive in his own being. No thought or power of the Divine Mind had been manifested. No spirit-form had appeared. "*The Word was with God.*"

"*And the Word was God.*" It was himself, — his spirit, — his mind. The Infinite One was alone. No idea or form of his being, had been embodied into a separate existence. All finite things, not yet formed into creations, existed only in his thoughts. There was but one being in the boundless vast, and that was God. He was not yet the *Father*; for he had produced no image of himself. He had not given utterance or expression in any mode to his solitary thoughts. The Word then was his everliving self, — the unmanifested God, — not another being or production of his power; and so it was through the eternal, incomprehensible past, until thought expressed itself in action, and creation appeared. The Word began then to be manifested.

"*All things were made by it, and without it, was not any thing made that was made.*" The Divine Mind conceived within itself manifold forms of things yet unproduced. Thoughts embodied themselves into shapes and appeared. The cause produced effects. Substance exhibited itself in phenomena. Nature was born, with an everliving, ever-working energy, "*weaving for God the garment thou seest*

him by." The wisdom, power, and love of the Divinity, gave birth and form to the magnificent creation. The stars looked out as eyes of God from the serene heavens; the mountains were brought forth; the hills were made; the wide and deep sea rolled upon the solid earth, the product was the manifested Word. Every created thing was an image of some conception in the Divine Mind, as a marble block, under the cunning hand of the statuary, reveals his ideal forms of beauty and grace.

All successive productions were so many apparitions of the Creator. Images of his thoughts they were, pictured on the frame work of the Universe he had made,—living, moving, and being in him, the all-producing all-sustaining One; for every finite creature is a figure woven upon the ground work of the Immeasurable All. Every product of his handiwork was the expression of a spiritual idea. So that we may conceive of the universe as composed of the thoughts of God, carried into activity and embodied in the forms of divine art. Creation was the Art of God, in which he made his first manifestations.

But there were other and nobler manifestations, which reveal his moral nature and perfections. He made man in his own likeness,—a spiritual offspring of his mind, with spiritual forces and perceptions. Whatever in human nature bears any resemblance to the Divine, is a showing forth of God. Spirit, life, power, intelligence, goodness, love,—all that is capable of becoming great or Godlike in the human soul, is a revealing of the Divine Mind, or Word. Every conception of the beautiful, the good, the true, or the perfect, is the offspring of the Infinite One, in which he has reproduced some finite image of himself. And so the Great Spirit of the universe became the Father, when he had made beings in his likeness, who could revere, and worship, and love, and obey him.

"In the Word was life, and the life was the light of men." The author of all being was also the source of life and intelligence. "The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." "The Father hath life in himself." "In him we live, and move, and have our being." From him also, we have free force, activity, and intelligence. That living and working mind, which is the offspring of the

Highest, is but a ray of light from the inexhaustible fountain of light. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding."

"*That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*" The uncreated mind was no longer alone in the universe, for he had surrounded himself with other minds, and made them partakers of his own nature. They were to be moral manifestations of himself; and he preadapted them to their great mission. He wrought into the texture of their original constitution, the fundamental elements of a moral character. He gave them the faculty of moral discrimination, a taste for the true, the beautiful, and good, and the power of choice. This inwrought, unwritten revelation, is the necessary condition of religious life. It is the indwelling Word, "which," says the apostle, "is the true light which lighteth every man, that cometh into the world." It is a portion of the uncreated reason, "which from the beginning was with God and was God." Thus the finite is pervaded and inspired by the Infinite. Humanity even in its lowest state was never without some revelation of the Father, — some inspiration of wisdom and truth. And this divine element is that which makes us moral beings, subject to law and accountable to authority.

But we must *have* a law, and *know* an authority. The spiritual faculties are blind. They qualify us to believe in spiritual truths, but they do not inform us what to believe. We need divine teaching; we need communings with a higher wisdom. Accordingly, when children of God with immortal capacities and destinies appeared on earth, new manifestations of the Father were made for their sake. They were already placed in communication with the outward universe, to be educated by the senses on that side of their being. They had bread for the support of animal life; "but they could not live by bread alone." They were spirits, and must have something for the nourishing of spiritual life. They were immortal, and must be sustained by immortal food. They were children, whose peculiar glory and happiness were to consist in reverence, and worship, and love of the Father, and they needed to know him better than the visible universe declared him. They were moral beings, designed for the discipline of sore trial, and wrestling passion, and the fire baptism of sorrow, and the victory of faith, and goodness and

self-sacrifice. Accordingly, he gave them instruction and law. The divine Word was put forth in a new kind of utterance. It became articulate speech adapted to the comprehension and use of men. He spoke to them by intelligible signs, and by living voices. His inspiration gave wisdom to the wise, to law its sanction, to virtue its hope. Every communication of spiritual truth was a new image of his thoughts, revealing more of his paternal character. And every revelation, by whatever messenger it was sent forth, was a manifested Word. Thus there were many imperfect Words, each showing forth but a portion of the Infinite Mind. "At sundry times, and in divers manners he spake to the fathers by the prophets." And through the inanimate symbols of his presence in the holy of holies, his Word appeared.

And yet the Father was but imperfectly known to his children. They needed a more vivid apprehension of Infinite goodness and paternal love; and a holier, more powerful, and more trusting faith, which should reveal the spiritual world to their souls, as a present and felt reality. They wanted a deeper insight into the mysteries of their own being and destiny. Then,

"*The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*" The fullness of time was come for the final dispensation of pardon, and life, and God's mercy and infinite love. The Messiah appeared. The Word was incarnate. In one sublime specimen of perfect humanity, God had a representative of himself; and the manifestation of the Father was finished. Through the man Jesus, the Eternal Spirit was revealed as he had never been before. For "to him God gave his spirit (word) not by measure."

And here, perhaps, we may find the broadest distinction we are capable of perceiving between the inspiration of Christ and all other inspirations. We conceive of all spirits as of one species, differing from each other in power, wisdom, and holiness, from the lowest finite intelligence, up to the Infinite, but still having a common nature. We see not in the Christ, therefore, another nature, with which we could have but an imperfect sympathy; he owns his kindred,—he belongs to our family. Though raised unspeakably above us by his divine office, and his divine virtues, he differs not in kind, but in degree from those "whom he is not ashamed to call his brethren." And the word of truth,—the fountain of spiritual

wisdom, and light to him, and to us,—is one, everlasting, unchangeable. But from the beginning, it had been communicated partially and in fragments, until, “that which is perfect had come, and that which is in part was done away.” Christ is the revelation of the perfect. He bodied forth the idea of humanity as it existed pure and holy in the mind of God before man was. And the Son of Man was also the manifestation of the Father, for he represented man in his purity, as he was made in the divine likeness and Godlike. In him the image of God revealed itself unbroken, undefaced in its original and glorious beauty. Other men have possessed the mind of God in part and imperfectly; but “in him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily.” The Word filled and inspired all his faculties and affections, and was coextensive with his whole being. It was the central light of his mind, the moving principle of his life, and the supreme law to which his whole nature was obedient. He had no error, or sin, or selfishness; no passion could obtain dominion over him; no temptation could divert him from his righteous purpose; for in him all that was human and personal was completely subordinate to the divine. The individual will was wholly subject to the universal reason, or eternal Word. And so “God was manifest in the flesh.” He was revealed to his children through a brother of their own race. And as the representative of the Father, he spoke to them in tones of profoundest sympathy; and lived, and acted, and taught, and died among them in overflowing love of humankind. His affections and virtues were his own, natural, simple,—human without human infirmity. But his wisdom and power were supernatural, miraculous, the revealing of the indwelling God. His inspired wisdom was the utterance of God’s mind. It was the Word of eternal truth which sends its quickening and sanctifying energy through the human spirit, and forms it in the likeness of the divine. His supernatural deeds were the working of God’s power,—the same power “by which all things were made, and without which was not any thing made that was made.” He was the incarnate Word.

This paraphrase gives us an outline of the history of the Word, which, “in the beginning was with God, and was God.” It is that which is put forth in every indication of supreme power and goodness. It is that which is revealed in every divine thought, which was carried out into activity, and im-

pressed an image of itself upon the universe. And it was the same Word that spoke through many ages, and in many voices of inspired wisdom and truth, warning, teaching, and turning men to righteousness and true spiritual worship. That same "Word became flesh and dwelt among us," revealing God's will and purposes of love, grace, and redemption to souls that sin has darkened and ruined. That same Word comes into the very depths of our souls with a quickening force, opening the dark chambers of iniquity within, to the light of God's truth, and offering peace, and spiritual freedom, and life.

The Messiah is the last and complete manifestation of the Word. No fuller or clearer revelation of God is possible to us in this stage of our being; "for it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." Long and earnest must be our spiritual endeavors, and deep our experience, before we can exhaust that fullness. More, much more of the Divinity is manifested in Christ, than we have understood or felt. We strive to lift ourselves up to the contemplation of a divine humanity, which overgoes all finite conceptions of excellence. Our souls may expand, and grow in knowledge and holiness for centuries, before we can comprehend the height, and depth, and riches of this perfect manifestation of the Father in the perfect Son.

But clear as this manifestation is, it may be all in vain to us. For if the very spirit of Christ is not in our hearts, dwelling there as a reality, a power and a living presence, he is not truly revealed to us. We are yet strangers to him. We know nothing of the divine beauty and power of his religion from our consciousness and experience. We are dwelling among dead and cold traditions, instead of living and quickening realities. We have never comprehended and lovingly embraced his sublime moral idea and made it the central principle of a holy life. There are conditions to be fulfilled on our part. There must be not only the Divine Teacher, but a ready pupil of the heavenly wisdom. All effectual influence is the flowing in of spiritual forces upon the willing soul. "To as many as believed on him, to them he gave power to become sons of God." These "have received with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save their souls," — into the depths of their hearts have they received it, and made it a part of their own being and life.

And having so received Christ, as a revelation of spiritual power and law, with fervent love, and trusting faith, his moral image is reproduced in themselves. So every true believer has an indwelling Word, which, being manifest in his dutiful and earnest life, shows his divine parentage.

In the foregoing account of the Word, one topic has been brought into view, which requires more illustration than could then be given it, without breaking the continuity of thought. We said that the divine Word, or Infinite, universal reason, "was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Wherever there has been a mind, there has been a law of the mind. "They who have not the law," St. Paul said, "are a law unto themselves; their conscience bearing them witness, and their thoughts meanwhile accusing or excusing one another." When God made a moral being, he placed a judgment seat in his breast, and the judgment is forever going on.

All living creatures have faculties wonderfully adapted to their preordained way of life. The patient camel, — the ship of the desert, as he has been called, — whose lot it is to travel over burning wastes, where no water is found, and no green thing grows, has the power of living many days without food or drink. The fierce beast of prey, — the terror of the forest tribes, — is furnished with strong and sharp weapons to seize, and hold, and tear in pieces his living and struggling victims. We look with wonder upon the little bee, whose instincts direct him, without teaching of schoolmaster, to construct his convenient cells with the accuracy of a Divine geometry! And while all humbler creatures have their fine adaptations to their special modes of being and enjoyment, we could not easily suppose that God would leave his rational children worse provided for. We too have our peculiar destiny to which he has preadapted our capacities. As we are made for working upon the earth, — the cradle and nursery of our being, — we have eyes to see by the light that shines upon it, and hands for labor, and feet for motion. But we are made, also, for an invisible world, and an immortal life; and, accordingly, we have faculties to bring us into communication with the unseen and the future.

If we had no capacity to apprehend the invisible and spiritual, we should be as ill-fitted to work out the great re-

sult of life, as an ant to live without instincts, or an eagle without wings. There are spiritual truths which derive their evidence and power from within a man's own soul; and *there* must be the original capacity to discern and feel them. When he becomes somewhat acquainted with his own spiritual nature and wants, he hears a voice speaking to him from the depths of his being, and confirming God's revelations of the invisible. When truth presents itself to his mind, in its glorious beauty, it is seen by its own light to be holy and divine; and it is welcomed by a faith which comes not so much from logic, as from intuition,—not so much from the understanding, as from the heart.

There are fundamental faculties of the soul, without which no revelation and no religion could be possible. Every manifestation of God to men presupposes the existence of a capacity to perceive it. In vain would the sun shine upon us from the bosom of the heavens, if we had no organs for its light, or sensibility to its warmth. And equally vain would be the shining of the Son of Righteousness, if we had been gifted with no discernment of spiritual beauty and truth. The different feelings wakened in us by the perception of moral good and evil are not the result, but the foundation of religious culture. Education does not create,—it only develops our spiritual nature. The knowledge is imparted, but the discriminating spirit is inborn. We are not educated, but *made* to distinguish sweet from sour, beauty from ugliness, and good from bad. And our preferences follow our perceptions, whenever there are no disturbing forces.

Accordingly, the broad distinction between right and wrong is no where laid down and defined, save in the structure of the soul itself. All divine teaching takes for granted the faculty of moral discrimination among the fundamental principles of our nature. God speaks in his works and by his word; but to whom does he speak? To an intelligent being, certainly, who is capable of understanding the terms and spirit of the communication; and "judging of himself what is right." He does not explain what is just and what is unjust, what is holy and what is unholy; but he appeals directly to our inborn moral consciousness, without which we should not be men, nor accountable. He does not send the truth into a dark cavern where no eye could read it; but into the chambers of the soul which he originally illuminated by "the light which lighteth every man

that cometh into the world." He sends it into minds, to which he had given a portion of the infinite reason, by which its excellence and divine beauty are intuitively discerned. It is only by this indwelling light, this inwrought revelation of God through the faculties of the soul itself, that any spiritual communication can reach us.

The inward, unwritten law of the mind then, is the primary revelation; and the condition of all other revelations. It is the light, not of a chosen few, under peculiar circumstances, but of "every man that cometh into the world." Inasmuch as we are moral beings, the offspring of the Infinite Spirit, we have the power of knowing good and evil, and of choosing between them as good and evil. It is utterly impossible for us to conceive of robbery, ingratitude, and murder, as being, under any circumstances, objects of moral approbation. In no conceivable state of society could a sane individual be found, who does not regard truth, mercy, and fidelity as right; and falsehood, treachery, and cruelty as wrong, — morally wrong, — wicked, not merely hurtful. And this sensibility to the good and the bad is not the product of education, but antecedent to it; no false training can wholly do it away. Every mind has its spiritual law, asserting with more or less force its rightful supremacy, even where it is not obeyed. And this law is recognised to be holy and divine; the human will may refuse allegiance to it, but the mind still acknowledges that allegiance is due. The wild savage, in the rudest form of forest life, perceives something which ought to be done, and something which ought not to be done. We believe that there is no human language, in which a deep significance is not given to some word equivalent to *ought*.

Here, then, in the universal heart of mankind, — among the profoundest elements of all moral being, we may see gleams of that divine "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And it is this light, from the uncreated fountain of wisdom, that makes man in the likeness of the Father. It is in this inborn capacity to receive his instructions with intelligence, and sympathy, and love, that we discern the signatures of God written upon humanity, and by this original gift has he qualified us to receive new and clearer communications from himself. In proportion as the spiritual faculties are developed into a right activity and aim, do we become, in

the words of an apostle, "partakers of the Divine Nature." It is not a mere form of words that we use, when we say that men are children of God. There is a glorious significance in the words. They mean that mind is the offspring of mind, and that the parentage of the children may be traced by the lineaments of the Father, — that he reproduced his image in them, by giving them a portion of his uncreated reason.

This original inspiration is not to be regarded as the only, or the greatest revelation. It is no more than the condition by which other revelations are possible. It is the faculty without which we could not be religious beings, worshipping the Great Spirit, and looking for the blessedness of an unseen and far off spiritual future. This is the interior light by which the soul sees its invisible objects of faith, hope, and love. Without it, we should grope blindly in a universe filled and rejoicing with manifestations of God's presence and glory, and all would be cold, dark, and chaotic, as our own minds.

It may be necessary to repeat distinctly, that this universal light or Divine Word, which God has imparted to all moral beings, is not religion ; but the foundation, the possibility of religion. It is the power of discerning and choosing between good and evil ; and of receiving with intelligence, and faith, and love, and obedience, such further revelations of truth and duty, as the Father is pleased to make. This finite portion of the divine reason is infallible within its own finite sphere of activity. It will never mislead us if we follow it steadily. It is not *our* reason or *your* reason, not *human* reason even, of which we speak ; but the *universal reason*, or "Word which in the beginning was with God and was God ;" and which is communicated with measure, and limit, to all finite minds. It is the light of the universe by which spiritual realities are discernible. If we walk in this light, we obey the law of the mind, and the law of God, — not a law of our choice and making.

It may be asked, then, whence come error and sin, if God has written an infallible rule of right on every human soul ? The question is pertinent, and must be answered. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." It falls among the mists of earthly passion, and is seen only in dim and disastrous eclipse. Error and sin spring not from the universal reason, but from our individual personality, — the freedom of our will, — from that internal force, by

which God has made us capable of controlling our thoughts, and directing our activity. The divine element is not the whole of humanity. There is a part which is of the earth, earthy. We have passions and desires which hinder the operation of the higher reason, and set at nought our moral intuitions. Within the ordained sphere of our activity, we are as free as the God who made us. We *can* follow a perverse will and do wrong; and we do it. But we do not approve it; we put in some plea for ourselves at the bar of conscience. We are free to shut our eyes upon the light and "walk in darkness, because our deeds are evil." We may obey self-love, more than reason; we may love a flattering error, more than a stern and heart-searching truth; we may prefer gain to godliness, and sensual pleasure to immortal good; we may care more for earth than for heaven, and the infinite well-being of our souls.

All this we may do by the free force of a will which refuses the universal reason its rightful supremacy. And hence come the manifold forms of sin and error, which hide and disfigure the divine image, by which we are marked as God's children. There is often a fierce struggle between the earthly and divine elements of which we are compounded. "The law in the members wars against the law of the mind." This personal force, this freedom of will opposing itself desperately against the teaching of God, will account for all human misdoing.

Nor have we said any thing inconsistent with the assertion that the divine reason, originally communicated to us, is infallible within the natural sphere of its judgments. We may disregard it, its voice may be stifled, and its decisions disturbed by the agitation and uproar of fierce passions, and clamorous inrerests. But such is the condition of all spiritual power and excellence; they can be obtained only through the strife of antagonist principles. There is a warfare within; we are made for spiritual conflict; great is the joy, and glorious the crown of victory.

We cannot close this article, without noticing the very important bearing of the principle we have endeavored to illustrate upon the evidence of the Christian Revelation. Spiritual truths are spiritually discerned. There must be something within us by which we may apprehend and measure what comes from without. No new truth can take its place

in the mind, unless it approves itself to something already there, and makes harmony with it. The Christian revelation could never have been made to men, had not men been "pre-configured to its influence." Every teaching of a higher wisdom, every hitherto unknown or unfelt spiritual truth, would come to us in vain, unless it found answering sympathies within, and some affinity with our previous thoughts and affections.

By pursuing this line of thought somewhat farther than our limits will allow, we shall arrive at a philosophy of revealed religion, by which we may *know* that the mission of Christ was divine, and his doctrine true. We may know it, because we see not only the handiwork of God in his miracles; but the mind of God in his teaching. All he taught was in perfect harmony with the Word which reveals itself in the moral nature of "every man that cometh into the world." It was holy, divine, Godlike. "They who do his will, shall know of the doctrine, that it is of God." They know it by their living experience and consciousness. They enter into the feelings of the loved disciple, when he declared, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Yes, full of grace and truth! For they discerned the moral features of the Divinity. In that meek and suffering man, they saw the most luminous manifestation of the Father's moral perfections. All who loved the truth, owned his divine authority. Every true man becomes subject to him as a spiritual king whose reign is over the heart and mind. There is internal evidence of his heavenly mission which cannot be gainsayed. In receiving Christ as our master and teacher, we yield to a twofold authority; first, to the unwritten Word which God originally imparted to every rational soul; and next, to the same Word, uttered in more distinct and audible tones by his perfect representative. These two modes of revelation mutually confirm each other. Every truth which approves itself to our hearts, claims our faith, and binds us to our duty by the authority of this twofold revelation. The spiritual faculty within bears witness to the truth revealed from without. God speaks to us in manifold voices of wisdom and warning; and his universal reason within us, if we reverently listen, will echo these voices with convincing power.

ART. V.—THE DOCTRINE OF THE UNIFORMITY OF CAUSATION NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH A BELIEF IN MIRACLES.

IN a note to a discourse on miracles, inserted in the *Christian Examiner*, for September 1836, reference is made to an essay, published some years since, on "The Fundamental Principle of all Evidence and Expectation;"—a paper written by a Mr. Bailey of Sheffield, England, and published in connexion with essays on "The Pursuit of Truth," and "The Progress of Knowledge." It is of this essay, and its bearing on miracles, that we wish to speak.

The essay is written with great clearness, and makes what is commonly a dark subject beam with light; but the writer stops short of the application of his argument to the credibility of miracles,—just short of it, leaving us to grope for the truth on that point, not only in the same shadows as before, but under the belief that we still see as clearly, as when he made our path plain. The result has been that many have been satisfied by his essay, that no evidence can prove a miracle, though he neither, in terms, says this, nor lays down principles that fairly lead to such a conclusion. Whether Mr. Bailey disbelieves Christianity, and framed his argument with a view to act upon the faith of others, we have no means of knowing; but certain it is, that it has so acted, and shaken the trust of not a few, not by its logic, but by leaving the subject at that point where we are led to apply its logic illogically. Even in the note referred to, the essay is spoken of as intended to prove the impossibility of miracles, though the word "miracle" is not used by the writer at all.

The main idea of the essay is, that we instinctively, and always believe, that like causes will produce like effects: this, it is argued, is always assumed in our reasonings, both on physical and moral subjects. When we doubt what may be the result of any act, it is not because we doubt that the same results will follow from those causes which we see at work, that have followed them heretofore, but it is because we think other causes may be operating upon the subject-matter.

And this belief is not the result of argument, it precedes, and is the ground of argument; nor is it the result of experience; experience we go to, to learn what the effect is which

follows any cause, but our faith, that this will always follow, is as firm, if we learn it from the experience of an hour, as if we spent a life-time in learning it.

This belief applies both to the future and the past. But we must discriminate clearly; the belief spoken of, does not teach that because the sun has risen and set regularly, as far as our experience and all history tells us, therefore, it *always* has done, and will do so; but it teaches that the causes which now produce the phenomena of morning and evening, always have produced them when in operation, and always will produce them so long as they continue to operate. But as there is nothing which prevents our believing these causes, (that is, the motion of the earth, &c.,) to be the results of other causes, so we may believe that there was a time when the sun did not rise or set. On the same ground, the instinctive belief referred to does not forbid our faith in the creation of the world, though another article of instinctive faith, to wit, that every effect must have a cause, leads us, and has led all men, to refer its creation to a preëxistent Being.

This principle, that like effects will produce like causes, is also, as our author argues, the basis of evidence. We learn from experience, that, as men are made, they speak the truth, unless led by habit, temptation, or other cause to lie; we find those most trustworthy, who state facts to their own injury, but for the good of others, whose characters are high, whose conduct is fair and frank, and who lay themselves open to detection, if they misstate; these and various other marks of good witnesses we learn from experience; but having learnt them, apply them, under our instinctive belief as to causation, to all cases. But it is clear, that as regards the causes which will act upon any human mind, we must be much in the dark, and though our faith in the results of those causes, which we see at work, will not be shaken, yet there is always a chance that other and stronger causes are acting which will neutralize those that are visible. If, then, at any time, testimony is brought forward to prove some new phenomenon at variance with all previous experience, we have first to ask, whether it seeks to prove that a cause has produced an effect, different from that hitherto produced; if it does, we must logically, reject the proof, for it would destroy itself; and, in point of fact, we should reject it, because such is our instinct. But it

does not, necessarily, seek to do this, for there is always the same chance that some unseen cause may modify the physical effect, as that some unknown motive may affect the evidence. For instance, a coal placed upon the naked skin of the tongue, burns it ; we learn this effect to follow that cause from experience. Once learnt, we believe it will always follow, and no proof could make us believe that, all things being the same, it did not, in some particular case ; but evidence can, and does lead us to believe, that some new and counteracting cause may come in, unknown to us, and prevent the tongue from being burned by the coal : the evidence of our eyes, which see the fire-eater, or the evidence of a friend that has seen him, satisfies us. It is not true, then, as Mr. Bailey states, that it follows from the belief in constant causation, that no possible evidence can make us believe that a piece of ice was exposed to a temperature of 200° for an hour, without melting ; if we saw it, we should believe it, nor yet doubt at all that like effects followed like causes ; for we should certainly think some new cause at work ; and if our senses can satisfy us of this, the evidence of others can. And this, as we think Mr. B. must have seen, makes the principle of constant causation of no effect, as regards miracles. We think he was aware of this ; for here it is, that he has left the subject, after suggesting the likelihood of new, but unknown causes or motives coming in to affect evidence, but leaving entirely out of view, that strong evidence to a seemingly new effect following a well-known cause, makes it quite as probable that a new and unseen cause is producing the new effect, as that a new and unseen motive is affecting the testimony.

Let this be applied to miracles ; no one ever supposed the miraculous effect to result from the old causes alone, but from a new, and, to us, mysterious cause. When the water changes to wine, no one supposes either the speaking of the words, the filling of the vessels, or the drawing from them, to have been the cause of the change ; from these causes, the same effects followed as ever ; the servants did the bidding of Jesus as told by his mother to do ; the jars were filled with liquid, and the liquid in them flowed out again ; but from a new cause followed a new effect. And in every miracle a new power, unknown to common experience, comes in as a new cause to produce new consequences.

The true philosophical course, then, under the principle of

constant causation, is, when evidence is offered of a miracle or a new phenomenon, (such as Jane Ryder's power of seeing in the dark, &c.,) to ask whether there is most reason to think a new cause acting on the witness sufficient to produce mistake or falsehood, or a new cause acting on the subject-matter, as to which he testifies, sufficient to produce the phenomenon in question; and as we see reason one way or the other, we shall believe or not.

We do not, then, think that from the doctrine of uniform causation, as taught in the essay before us, can be drawn any logical argument against the credibility of miracles; though from the mode in which the argument is developed to a certain point, and then left, we fear it has answered all the ends of a direct attack.

The truth is, that before miracles can be argued against, as impossible, the existence of God, and of all power more than human and natural, must be denied, for if there be such power, it may come in to neutralize the operation of the common laws of nature, as the power of life, in every living being, neutralizes the laws of chemical decomposition, gravity, and the transmission of heat; not that these laws are suspended, but they are overpowered. That Lazarus, living, should walk, be warm, and resist the laws of decomposition, was as much a miracle, — so far as the existence of some power superior to the usual laws of nature is concerned, — as that Lazarus should rise from the dead.

Miracles, to him that believes in a God, then, are possible, and may be proved. With the arguments as to the probability of their use, we have now no concern; our sole purpose being to speak of the tendency of an essay, which has been much admired, quoted, and read; which is close, clear, unimpassioned, and, we trust, meant to serve the cause of truth in all fairness, but has, in fact, blinded many eyes by its very excess of light.

J. H. F.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Essai Politique sur l'Isle de Cuba; par ALEXANDRE DE HUMBOLDT. Avec une Carte, et un Supplément qui renferme des Considérations sur la Population, la Richesse territoriale et le Commerce de l'Archipel des Antilles et de Colombia.* 2 Tomes, 8vo. Paris. Gide Fils. 1826. pp. 364—408.
2. *Historia Económico-Política y Estadística de la Isla de Cuba, ó sea de sus Progresos en la Población, la Agricultura, el Comercio y las Rentas.* Por DON RAMON DE LA SAGRA, Director del Jardín Botánico de la Habana, &c. Habana. 1831. 4to. pp. 386.

In these two works we are presented, it is believed, with the most correct and valuable information which the general reader can obtain concerning the population and wealth of the noble island of Cuba. The Spanish work is considered as somewhat more trustworthy in its details, than the other, and its facts are of more recent date; but as it consists almost entirely of facts and figures, it is deficient in that moral and literary charm which distinguishes the volumes of Humboldt, and in those reasonings and inferences from facts and figures, which cannot fail to interest the reader, whether he agrees to them or not.

Every thing relating to Cuba, by far the largest island of the West Indies, and nearly as large as England proper; an island communicating readily with the other Antilles, with South America, and with our own coast, and lying across the very mouth of our Mississippi; an island enjoying a heaven-blessed climate, capable of producing almost all the known fruits of the globe, and of sustaining in comfort ten times its present population,—must needs be interesting. But there is one topic which is especially so at the present time, and in no country so much so as in our own. This is the topic of domestic slavery, which is treated of in both the works before us, in the one statistically, in the other both statistically and feelingly, under the head of Population. It is a topic which is not only interesting, but agitating our country to its depths, and engaging the thoughts, and dividing the sentiments of many of our best and wisest men. It is, therefore, impossible to speak of slavery in Cuba, without drawing attention to slavery in the Southern States of our Union; and the

facts which may be substantiated concerning that condition or institution in the one country, cannot fail to have some bearing upon it as it exists in the other.

With slavery in Cuba, the writer of this article has had some opportunity to be acquainted, during a late visit to the south-eastern part of the island. What he is to say of it, though he will speak in the usual style of reviewers, he will say from his own observation and on his own responsibility; not as a partisan, but, he trusts, as a lover of truth, liberty, and peace.

We are fully aware that the subject of slavery, in any of its aspects, is an exciting one, but it is not our purpose to produce excitement, and we do not believe that our remarks will have that tendency. We believe that the path of our duty lies in an opposite direction, and that we should do all the little that is in our power to assuage, rather than promote the angry feeling which has pervaded the community, and threatened the stability of our internal relations. But though our earnest desire is conciliation, we cannot deviate from our own convictions, to gratify the slaveholder on the one side, or the abolitionist on the other.

In order to prevent misapprehensions, however, which may arise from taking insulated portions of our remarks, apart from their proper connexions, we may as well state beforehand, and in brief, what our convictions are with regard to slavery. They coincide, we believe, substantially, with what may be called the great northern opinion and feeling on the subject; the opinion and feeling entertained by the great majority of the people of the free states. We say, then, that we are no friends, defenders, or excusers of slavery, and that we would not willingly live where it exists. We believe it to be contrary to the natural and inalienable rights of man. We believe it to be unpropitious to the character, mental development, and moral well-being, both of the enslaved, and of those who hold them in slavery. Believing this, and consequently believing that the abolition of slavery is desirable, we also believe that in countries where it has long existed, its removal must be a work of time, of preparation, of care, commenced and carried on with the utmost judgment and discretion; that in this country especially, it behooves us to avoid as far as possible, all sectional conflict on the subject; that slavery is not, and cannot fairly be called a national insti-

tution, but only an institution of some of the states composing the nation, with which the other states have engaged by original compact, implied if not expressed, not to interfere; and that it is neither the right, the duty, nor the interest of those other states to interfere with it, even by the proffer of their advice and assistance, when the proffer is uncalled for, and found by experience to be universally disagreeable, irritating, dangerous, and useless.

The sentiments which we have just expressed concerning slavery in general, we used to express as freely in Cuba, whenever the topic of slavery was introduced to our attention, and always without offence. We never introduced the topic ourselves; for to dispute about slavery, was not our purpose in going to the island; but when the topic was presented, and our opinion regarding it was asked, or only seemed to be expected, we gave it with candor, and with candor it was always received. We are sure that we were quite as much respected for saying what we thought, as we should have been, had we pretended that we had no objections to slavery, and that opposition to it was a mere northern prejudice. Nay, we well remember that one gentleman, a planter, and the captain of the quarter in which we were at the time residing, had the delicacy and magnanimity to take for granted, that, coming from the north as we did, slavery was not agreeable to our ideas of right, and, framing his conversation on that supposition, went on to give us such information as he thought might be valuable. This, in itself, was hospitality, of the most generous kind. Where there is moderation on both sides, and mutual respect, conversation may be easy and improving, even on the subject of slavery.

With these introductory remarks, we proceed to state some of the results of our observations, on that subject. We shall be able to state but few, and these will not be methodically arranged; but we shall produce as many as can be brought within the ordinary compass of a review in this work, and in the order in which they come to our mind.

A state may be bad in itself, and yet have its alleviations, and admit of much comfort and happiness. Such is the case with slavery; and it is of some of the alleviations of this state that we shall first speak.

How is a stranger impressed by the appearance and behavior of the colored population, when he lands in St.

Jago, a city of forty thousand inhabitants? It will be impossible for him to distinguish by any outward signs, between the colored slave, and the colored free man. One is like the other, and the general aspect of both is that of hilarity and light heartedness. If slaves are pointed out to him in the street, they will probably be the gayest looking people whom he sees, and in the house he will be likely to find that but little work is required of them, that they have plenty of idle time, and that when they are punished, they deserve correction. We acknowledge, that this is but a superficial view of the condition of slavery, but it is not unworthy of notice, that even in the first and superficial view of it, there is nothing repulsive; and it is certainly some alleviation of any condition, not sinful, and not self-incurred, that it does not preclude cheerfulness.

It is much more to the point to declare, which we do distinctly, that the condition of slavery does not appear to the slave in the same light of injustice and degradation, that it does to us. The native born African was born and brought up in a country where slavery is, and has been for ages a common thing, a not unusual condition of his fellow-beings and equals. He has been accustomed to see captives taken in war held, as a matter of course, to perpetual slavery. He has been accustomed to see an insolvent debtor sell his children, or be taken himself into slavery, for the payment of his debts. He has been accustomed to feel that he was liable to be brought at any time, and by his own countrymen, into the same condition, and that he might bring others into it likewise, without wrong done or suffered. He would not, indeed, choose to be a slave, but he has always regarded it as a not improbable event, and one also that, under common circumstances, he would have no right to complain of. This may not be the case in every part of Africa, but it is in those parts from which slaves are generally brought to the western world. And we have the fact, not from the whites alone, but from the lips of the slaves themselves. On the plantation where we resided nearly three weeks, there was a slave, who himself had sold slaves in his own country, and what was more curious still, there were on the same plantation two negroes whom he had sold into slavery. Neither he, nor they, seemed to think that there was any thing wrong in the transactions which had thus thrown them together. They entertained no feel-

ings of enmity toward him, nor he toward his master. Their lot was unfortunate, but there was nothing wrong in it. Now we do not mean to say that slavery is all right and proper, because *they* thought that there was nothing wrong or improper in it, but that it is a great alleviation to the state, that no idea of injustice or degradation is connected with it by those who are in it, and who have only what may be called their native ideas on the subject. It is devoid of *that* sting, which would pierce like a serpent's tooth the heart of a white man.

There is yet another alleviation to the condition of slavery. The slave is elevated, — we speak advisedly, and after conversation with the slave himself, — we say the slave is elevated in the scale of being, by being brought to the country where he is held in bondage. He is introduced to a more civilized scene of things than that which he has left. He sees that his master is superior in knowledge, and generally superior in virtue, to himself and his countrymen; and he cannot help respecting him accordingly. He sees that the religion, little as he may understand it, of his master, is a much superior one to that in which he was brought up. He feels that the God whom his master worships, imperfectly as he may know him, is a better Deity than the terrible shadows to which he has been kneeling in darkness and fear. There are influences about him, which are of a much higher character, than those which had surrounded him in his own country, and he cannot fail to be affected by those influences. He perceives, that, even his fellow-blacks hold themselves above him for a time, because they are more civilized than he is, and their ideas are more enlarged than his own. Consequently, one of the very first things which he desires, which he begs for, after his arrival, is baptism, initiation into the religion of his new country; and after he is baptized, he feels that he occupies a higher position than before, and his companions acknowledge that he does. This being so, how unfair it is to compare, as some disputants on this subject have compared, the state of slavery as it appears to the negro, and the same state as it would appear to a civilized, Christian white man, and thus endeavor to make the white man angry, through his sympathies. The negro, as I have said, confesses himself inferior in resources, in mental acquirement, in moral habits, in religion, to him whom he calls master, and he, therefore, obeys him without a

sense of degradation. But let one of our Christian readers be taken as a slave to the interior of Africa, or to one of the Barbary states, and how will *he* feel on the same points? He will despise his master's habits, his master's morals, and his master's religion. Master will be a choking word for him to pronounce, in relation to a savage Pagan, or a half-civilized Mahometan. So far from seeking, as a boon and privilege, reception into the bosom of his master's faith, he will die rather than embrace it; and a constant sense of his superiority to those whom he is obliged to serve will eat into his life. The food which he consumes, the treatment which he receives, the quantity of labor which he is required to perform, may be the same which is measured to the negro slave; but how different the slavery which the former suffers, from that which is borne by the latter; how different, in the main respect, in its effects upon the mind and the soul.

Nor would we be misapprehended upon this head. Although the negro slave is elevated as a human being, by his situation in a country more enlightened and civilized than his own, it is not slavery which elevates him, for it has no such power, but it is the civilization and the religion with which he, as an intellectual and moral being, comes in contact, which elevate him. Let them have the praise, and not slavery. We did not mention the elevation as a justification of slavery, but as a mitigation of it, which has been ordained to attend it by a merciful Providence. Neither is this improvement in the negro's condition to reflect any credit upon the slaveholder, or to be pleaded in his excuse, because it was not to improve the negro's condition, that he sent for him, and bought him, but to cultivate his lands, and raise sugar and coffee for him, and help him to amass his fortune; that is, from the operation of a motive, not philanthropic, but wholly selfish. This will be readily allowed by the planter himself. We repeat then, that the elevation of the negro slave's condition is not a justification, but a mitigation of his slavery.

Besides the general alleviations which we have mentioned, and which attend the condition of slavery wherever it exists in civilized countries, there are some which belong to it especially in a Spanish colony. For instance, the Spanish laws and customs relating to slaves, are particularly righteous and humane; we might say paternal. An industrious slave can almost always obtain his freedom in a few years, if he desires

it. He can earn money in a variety of ways, and when he has accumulated the common price of a new slave, from three to four hundred dollars, he may come with it in his hand to his master, and, though he may be valued at three times that sum, his master is obliged to take it and set him free. The slave in Cuba can be only punished to the extent of a certain number of lashes, twenty-five, by his master. If his crime seem to demand a heavier chastisement, the law takes him into its own hands. The slave in Cuba can be a witness in a court of justice. He can stand up, as a man, before the tribunal of his fellow men, and give his free testimony, as in the presence of that Judge, before whose tribunal we must all stand, and that soon. It is unnecessary to contrast such privileges as these with the slave laws of our own slave states. A New Englander, who hears the former enumerated to him, while he rejoices at such proofs of a wise humanity, may hang his head in sorrow as he remembers the latter, and wonder at the policy which established, and the sentiment which sustains them.

There are some customs connected with religion, which must be regarded as alleviations of slavery in Cuba, because they bring master and slave together on that broad and common ground. It is the practice, so common that no man thinks of bringing it into question, for black and white, bond and free, to occupy promiscuously the open floors of their churches, and to stand or kneel together, in the closest proximity, before the altars of God. The fair and richly clothed lady goes quietly through her devotions, undisturbed by the features of deepest jet which are composed into seriousness at her side; and the slave dreams not that he is guilty of any intrusion or impropriety, even though he should happen to take a place immediately before one whose skin declares him of the Caucasian race and a freeman. Here is a practical illustration of the Christian doctrine of the equality of souls, and the negro cannot but feel its sincerity and beauty.

Again, it is worthy of mention, that every Saturday evening, and in many cases, every evening, on both the Spanish and French plantations, it is customary to assemble the negro children, and sometimes all the slaves, before the door of the house, and teach them their prayers. A circle is formed; the master, his son, or an overseer, stands in the midst; they kneel around him, and all together, and in the sight of

that Being who is thus acknowledged as the common Master and Parent, they repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and a General Confession, in the vernacular tongue. The hum of their voices, as we heard it night after night, on the smooth, white *glacis*, and under the calm moonlight, is even now in our ears.

Another custom which we incidentally witnessed, though slight in itself, seemed to us important in its indications. It is observed chiefly among the Spaniards. We were standing one day with our host in the country, who, though a Frenchman by birth, was a Spaniard by adoption, and well acquainted with the Spanish language and customs, when a decent looking negro from a neighboring Spanish plantation came to him with an errand. As the conversation was carried on in the Spanish language, we could not understand it; but we observed that it appeared to be prefaced by a few words on both sides, which were uttered with unusual solemnity. When the slave was gone, we inquired of our friend the import of those two serious sentences. He replied, The man asked of me a blessing, according to the Spanish custom, and I gave it to him in the usual form. And what is that form exactly, we inquired again. He then repeated to us the words, and we shall never forget them. The slave said to him, "A blessing, my master! (*Un benedicion, mi amo!*)"—and he answered, "May God make you a saint! (*Dios ti haga un santo!*)" In these few simple and beautiful words, bringing to the mind the manner of the patriarchs, was contained all that words could express, to enforce the recognition of a common humanity, and the value of all souls with God. The negro, as one whose religious rights are fully acknowledged, demands a blessing. The white man, in the invocation that he may become a saint, confesses, that slave though he is, he may be made his own spiritual superior, and shine among the saints in the kingdom of heaven.

We have adverted to some of the alleviations of the condition of slavery in Cuba, which must also be, in some respects, its alleviations elsewhere, as we have ourselves observed them. We have dwelt upon them at some length, because they form the pleasantest side of the picture. We shall enter into no details of the evils of the condition, because they form an unpleasant side of the picture, on which others have dwelt sufficiently. If they assert that it has no side which con-

tains the least pleasantness or relief in it, but that it is all unpleasant, dark, and horrible, we promptly deny the truth of the assertion, and regard it as one of the greatest extravagances which can be put forth in language. But to show that we are not disposed to wink out of sight any of the practical evils of slavery, we shall observe in this place, that we were pained to witness in Cuba the manner in which the new slaves were regarded and treated, so very different as it was in general from the consideration in which other negroes were held. The newly imported slave is called a *Bosaal*, or, as Humboldt spells the word, *Bozale*, and this is a word of contempt and reproach, used often by the negroes toward each other to express a high degree of ignorance and awkwardness. The Bozales are, indeed, very ignorant and awkward; but they who tore them, or through whose means they were torn from their homes, should have some pity for the pangs of expatriation, for the sufferings of a long voyage in a crowded vessel, and some thought of the newness and strangeness of everything which meets their eyes and hands in the land to which they have been transported. Instead of this, no allowance seems to be made for the many disadvantages under which they labor, and they are left to find their place, and form their character, and acquire new habits as they can. In the course of a year, to be sure, or even a less time, they are commonly assimilated to their situation, have fallen in with the great mass of civilized negroes, and have gained a value in the eyes of their masters, and a place in their affections. But if they do not long survive their landing, and die before the term of their isolation is completed, they seem to be considered only as so much lost money, and are buried, as we have witnessed in the city of St. Jago, with the burial of dogs, without a coffin, and without a prayer.

We might dwell longer on this, but we repeat that it is not our object to enter into any details of the evils of slavery. If such had been our purpose, we might have classed those evils under three heads; the essential injustice of slavery; its liability to great abuses; and the injuries which it inflicts, whether they be felt or unfelt, on the free population of the countries in which it exists. But we trust that we should have said nothing, under either of these heads, unnecessarily or unjustly to irritate those, who, with whatever advantages they may derive, or think they derive, from slavery, are charged with all its heavy, very heavy responsibilities.

How long the institution of slavery may be continued in Cuba, is known only to Omniscience. We believe, however, that if *the slave trade* were effectually stopped, slavery in Cuba would, from the operation of several causes, come to an end and die a natural and peaceful death, before the lapse of many years. And there is good hope that the slave trade will be stopped, ere long, through the exertions which England is making to that end, and through the influence of English counsels on Spain and her dependencies. "It was stipulated between England and Spain," says Baron Humboldt, "that the trade should be prohibited, on the north of the equator, from the 22d of November, 1817, and that it should be entirely abolished on the 30th of May, 1820. The king of Spain accepted from England (posterity will one day with difficulty believe it) a sum of £400,000 sterling, as a compensation for the damages which might result from the cessation of this barbarous traffic." The slave trade, therefore, is no longer openly allowed by Spain; but she still secretly permits it, as advantageous to the planting interest in Cuba, and slaves are constantly imported under Portuguese colors. The English cruisers are so much in earnest and so vigilant in their pursuit of slave vessels, that they capture, as we were told, three quarters of the whole number which are fitted out; and yet so large are the profits realized by the remaining quarter, that the risk of the trade continues to be taken. No less than three slavers, bearing Portuguese colors, with three hundred slaves in each, discharged their cargoes in the neighborhood of St. Jago, in the course of the two months we staid there. The practice is, for the vessel to land her slaves a few miles above or below the city, and then to enter the port with false papers, which can be done in perfect safety, though every body knows what is going on, because the whole thing is winked at by the authorities.

But this cannot continue long; and when it has ceased, when the slave trade is actually abolished, slavery itself cannot, as we have said, survive many years. It is observed by Humboldt, that "persons who are well acquainted with the interior regime of the plantations, think that in the actual state of things, the number of black slaves would diminish one twentieth annually, if the fraudulent slave trade were to cease entirely." This diminution is assuredly very great; and it arises chiefly from the facility of obtaining freedom by

self-purchase, and otherwise, as we have already intimated, and from the amalgamation of the races, which, whether right or wrong, is extensively going on, and resulting in freedom; for a mulatto is not often a slave, and still less frequently is a quadroon in that condition. With regard to the former of these two causes, the facility of obtaining freedom, Baron Humboldt has the following observations. "In no part of the world where slavery is established, are enfranchisements so frequent as in the island of Cuba. The Spanish legislation, far from hindering them or rendering them onerous, as the English and French legislations have done, favor liberty. The right which every slave has *de buscar amo* (to change master,) or to enfranchise himself, if he can restore the price of purchase; the religious sentiment which inspires many of the masters who are in easy circumstances with the idea of giving a certain number of slaves their liberty by will; the habit of keeping a multitude of blacks for house service; the affections which arise from this near intercourse with the whites; the facility of gain for the slave mechanics, who pay their master but a certain sum by the day, for the privilege of working for themselves; these are the principal causes, through which so many slaves pass, in the towns, from the servile state into that of free people of color." It may be added, that the blacks or mulattos who become free on the plantations, commonly repair to the cities and villages, and become mechanics and small shopkeepers. Some also live in cottages in the country, raise fruits and vegetables for market, and otherwise support themselves in comfort. While others, the most intelligent and enterprising, become planters, are highly respected, and take a rank only below that of white overseers.

If we are asked whether this increase in the numbers and moral strength of the free colored people does not endanger the safety of the whites, we answer, not at all, but the contrary. This was our conviction from all that we saw, and this is the opinion of the author from whose work we have already made translations. "The whites," he observes, "and above all, the enfranchised, *whose cause it is easy to bind to that of the whites*, are taking, in the island of Cuba, a very rapid numerical increase. The slaves would have diminished, from the year 1820, with much rapidity, had it not been for the fraudulent continuation of the trade. If, by

the progress of human civilization, and the firm will of the new states of free America, this infamous commerce ceases altogether, the diminution of the servile population will become more considerable for some time, by reason of the disproportion which exists between the sexes, and the continued enfranchisement; it will not cease, except when the relation between the deaths and births of the slaves shall be such, that even the effects of enfranchisement shall be compensated. The whites and the enfranchised form already nearly two-thirds of the total population of the island, and their increase marks at the present day, in this total population, at least in part, the diminution of the slaves." There is, indeed, no doubt that it is easy to bind the cause of the freed men to that of the whites. The freed men feel already a common interest with the whites, under the mild influence of whose laws and customs, they have become free, and what is even of more importance, respectable. When the slave trade is stopped, emancipation going regularly forward, step by step, will soon reach the plantations, where the blacks will become by degrees free laborers on the soil, as their brethren have become free laborers in the cities, while many of their number will be landholders and planters themselves. As all will thus acquire a stake in the country, there will be no violent revolution, unless it is stirred up by factions of the whites.

Or, put interest and attachment out of the question, still the whites in Cuba have nothing to fear from the blacks, because the blacks do not constitute so overwhelming a majority, as they do in the other large islands. A great misapprehension is apt to be entertained respecting the proportional numbers of the white population of Cuba. The truth is, that while the free persons of Cuba, white and colored, constitute, as stated in the above extract, nearly two-thirds of the whole population, the whites alone want less than an eighth part of being equal to all the colored people, both slave and free, and considerably outnumber the slaves alone. The census of 1827, as given in the work of Sagra, states the number of whites to be 311,051, of free colored 106,494, and of slaves 286,942. Thus we see, that, in a total population of 704,487, the whites want but 82,385 of being equal to all the colored, and that they outnumber the slaves by 24,109. Let us add to this, that, in the Central Department of the island, the number of whites more than doubles the number of

slaves, and greatly exceeds the whole number of people of color, the numbers being, of whites 98,223, and of slaves 42,028, while the number of free colored is 24,246,—and we shall see that a servile revolution is so improbable, as to be next to impossible, unless, as was observed before, it should be brought on, and helped through, by quarrels and divisions of the whites themselves. What a difference do these numbers show between the strength of the whites in Cuba, and what it was in St. Domingo, before the rebellion! In Cuba, as we have seen, the whites outnumber the slaves; in St. Domingo, in the year 1788, the whites were in proportion to the slaves, as *eight to eighty-seven* in a hundred, while the free colored formed the remaining *five* per cent! It is stated, that in Jamaica, in the year 1812, the number of whites was 40,000, of blacks 319,912!

We have observed that amalgamation is going on to a great extent between the two races in Cuba. This is a simple matter of fact. A single glance at the complexions of the inhabitants, will prove it to be so. In two, or at farthest, three generations, it is, however, impossible to detect the effect of this on individuals by the eye, or the ear. The men and women of the mixed descent are by this time as white, as graceful, and as intelligent, generally speaking, as those of unmixed descent; and some are among the wealthiest. There is pride in a light skin, and thus the tendency is always to whiten, and not to darken. It is these mixed creoles who have, almost equally with the white natives, an interest in the country, and in its tranquillity. They are considered as in an advanced state by all, both white and black, and treated accordingly. As a body, they would oppose themselves to any hostile movement among the slaves, at the same time, that every degree of increase in their body is a step toward general emancipation.

It is, therefore, from the facility existing in Cuba of obtaining freedom directly by self-purchase; from the extent of amalgamation, which terminates in freedom; and from the cessation of the slave trade, which cannot last long, that we look for the gradual, but sure and bloodless abolition of slavery in that large and fruitful island. That we are not alone and unsupported in our opinion, we will make another extract from Baron Humboldt's work, to testify. "The population of the island of Cuba, which, in fifty years [from 1826] will probably

exceed a million, may open, by its results alone, an immense field to indigenous industry. If the trade in blacks ceases entirely, the slaves will pass by degress into the class of freemen, and society, recomposed of itself, without being exposed to the violent shocks of civil dissensions, will reënter the paths which nature has traced for all societies, which have become numerous and enlightened. The culture of the sugar-cane and the coffee-tree will not be abandoned, but it will remain no more the principal base of the national existence, than are the culture of cochineal for Mexico, that of indigo for Guatimala, that of cocoa for Venezuela. An agricultural, free, and intelligent population will succeed progressively a slave population, without foresight and industry." So may it be. Every judicious friend of humanity will rejoice at the prospect of such a consummation. So may emancipation take place, naturally and quietly. This must be the prayer of every philanthropist, whose precipitancy of temper does not outrun his reason and benevolence. But what if the people of one or two of the provinces of central Cuba, in which there is a large majority of freemen, should write, and talk, and hold meetings, and advise, and threaten the other provinces, on the crime of slave holding, and thus keep their neighbors in a state of continual fear and irritation? Is it most likely, that the day of freedom would be hastened or postponed by such a course? Is it most likely, that the condition of the slave would be meliorated or rendered worse?

In the mean time important influences are at work, and great effects are in a course of preparation in the two other principal islands of the West Indies, Jamaica on the south, and St. Domingo on the east; both of which are so near, that they may, on a clear day, be seen from some parts of Cuba, which has itself been called the "Metropolis of the Antilles." In Jamaica there is nominally no slavery now, apprenticeship having taken its place; and even apprenticeship will soon be extinct there, and all will be free. In St. Domingo, as the world knows, slavery was brought to a swift end, in horror and blood, near the close of the last century; and the world knows, too, that the catastrophe was precipitated by the whites on their own heads. If you would ascertain whether the grand experiment of emancipation, which the British government are carrying on in Jamaica, is likely to have a favorable or unfavorable issue, it is necessary that you should go

and make your own observations, and settle the question for yourself. You can hardly expect an unprejudiced answer from those persons in Cuba, whose interests are supposed to be in danger from the emancipation of the slaves in an island so near their own ; nor can you be satisfied by those persons at home, who speak from hopes or theories rather than from facts. The former will tell you, as a matter of course, that the value of estates in Jamaica has greatly diminished, and that there is dangerous insubordination among the apprentices ; but you need not render full credence to the statement. The latter will tell you, in general terms, that the experiment is going on gloriously. We inquired concerning this subject, of one gentleman in Cuba, however, a planter, a holder of slaves, an advocate of slavery, but withal a sensible, strong-minded man, and he answered, that it was impossible, from the nature of the case, the novelty of the experiment, the multitude of interests and considerations involved, to speak with absolute certainty on the point, and that we must wait somewhat longer for time to show indications of the result. He allowed, moreover, that the Jamaica experiment was a most important one ; and we could not forbear respecting him, situated as he was, for the candor and moderation of his opinion. To ourselves it has long seemed manifest, that the main obstacle to the full success of the emancipation which Great Britain is so happily enabled to effect in her West India colonies, would be the natural, but still impolitic, opposition of many of the planters themselves, blindly arrayed against their own best interests, as well as the will of the home government, and trying to make all the trouble in their power. That this opposition, however far it may have been carried, is on the wane, may be gathered from the following documents, copied from a Jamaica newspaper, which we accidentally met with in Cuba. They are an Address of the Parish of St. Andrew, to His Excellency, Sir Lionel Smith, Captain General and Governor in Chief of Jamaica and its dependent territories, and the answer of the Governor thereto. No dates are appended to these documents, but the paper which contains them was published in March last.

ADDRESS OF THE PARISH.

“ We, the Custos, Magistrates, Freeholders, and other Inhabitants of the parish of St. Andrew, take this opportunity of offer-

ing to your excellency our congratulations on your recent appointment as Governor of this important colony. The talent and integrity which have distinguished your public life in near, as well as in distant climes, give us the cheering assurance of enjoying, under your excellency's rule, an able, upright, and impartial government, and lead us confidently under your guidance to hope for a happy issue to the eventful experiment now in progress in this colony.

"We also embrace this opportunity of expressing our earnest desire to cement the social compact by conciliating and encouraging our peasantry, and to advance them in a knowledge of the duties and comforts of civilized life, by giving them the advantages of religious and moral instruction.

"We trust that all classes will unite in supporting your Excellency's government, and we anxiously wish that you and your amiable family may long enjoy health and happiness.

(Signed)

JOHN MAIS, *Custos*,

on behalf of the Meeting."

ANSWER OF THE GOVERNOR.

"Gentlemen, let me assure you that I receive this address with real pleasure, not because the kind congratulations of such a meeting of independent gentlemen might justly gratify my vanity, but it is acceptable as a sound demonstration in tone and principle, of those conciliating feelings which I early invoked, as the first object of my public policy, that I might endeavor to heal the previous unhappy dissensions of society.

"I cherish with heartfelt welcome your desire to improve the happiness of the peasantry through the means of moral and religious instruction.

"I hear with great pleasure from all quarters that there is a return of that confidence and good understanding so essential to the advantage of masters and apprentices, for this is the surest course to secure the future interests of both parties, and to realize the happy issue of the great experiment in progress.

"Receive, gentlemen, my thankful acknowledgments of your kind wishes towards my family, and my sincere assurance, that my best exertions will be faithfully devoted to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of all classes of his majesty's subjects under this government."

This is cheering. We like the sound of the word "*peasantry*." We have the best hopes of "a happy issue to the eventful experiment now in progress" in Jamaica and the other English Antilles.

In St. Domingo the negroes have been free for many years. If you ask what is the operation of their freedom on their present condition, you may receive but a discouraging reply from a white West-Indian. He will tell you that the state of the island and its inhabitants is most wretched, for, that where millions of pounds of coffee were formerly raised, hardly thousands are now produced. The fact on which this opinion is based, may be quite true. Indeed we do not doubt it. But it may not justify the opinion. It certainly will not justify it to the minds of those who do not believe that happiness and prosperity are in a direct ratio to the quantity of sugar and coffee produced. The negro himself might perhaps say, that he raised coffee enough when he was obliged to raise it; that he was tired of raising coffee, and that now he would raise what he pleased. There is a passage in Humboldt's work, which appears to be a hint of the truth. "These blacks of Hayti," he says, "more devoted to the culture of the *alimentary plants* than to that of the colonial products, increase with a rapidity which is only surpassed by the increase of the population of the United States." Liberty is sweet; and though the external condition of the Haytian negro may be little or no better than it was before the revolution, still, in his own hut, and with his own bananas and yams about him, he may be much happier. He may want industry, knowledge, refinement, religion. Can we wonder at these wants, or is it unreasonable for us to hope that they may be gradually supplied?

What a fund of valuable information might be brought to us, by one, in whose good sense, impartiality, humanity, and independence we could trust, who would go to Cuba, where negro slavery exists in perhaps its most mitigated form, to Jamaica, where it is passing away, and to St. Domingo, where it has passed away, — those three great islands lying in a group together, and within a day's sail of each other, — and see, and hear, and judge.

For our own parts, and with regard to our own national relations with this subject, it becomes us best, we think, not to dogmatize or denounce, but to inquire, to hope, and to pray; and, when we are called on to help our southern brethren, to act, and help them. If they are too irritable on this point, it is not our part to be too severe or hasty. Influences are in operation, and have been, which may be only marred by our

meddling. While we love and honor freedom, and insist upon it for ourselves, and sincerely desire it for all who live, whether they are white or black, let us not push before time and occasion, and in our zeal for liberty, endanger liberty and life, and destroy union and peace,

F. W. P. G.

ART. VII. — *Letters of* LUCIUS M. PISO, *from Palmyra, to his friend, Marcus Curtius, at Rome.* Now first translated and published. In 2 volumes. New York, C. S. Francis. Boston, Joseph H. Francis. 12mo. pp. 243 and 256.

THESE letters are a modern fiction; although from the classic calmness and purity of their style, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that they are not genuine monuments of antiquity. They remind us of the letters of Pliny. So absorbing is the interest of the tale they unfold, so complete its unity, so thoroughly consistent and harmonious in the fitting together of its parts, that evermore as we read we relapse into a dream, and are carried along, quite unconscious of ought but the scenes described, our whole being dissolved and permeated, as it were, with their classic spirit. A still air of reality pervades them. That hush of awe comes over us at times, which we feel with one of nature's sublime revelations of beauty spread before us, all whole, harmonious, one, wrapped in that tranquillity which always conceals the highest and most perfect vital action. No straining for effect, no forced adaptation of incongruous half-thoughts and crumbled images which will not be fused into a whole, no breaking through of the self-consciousness of the writer, from any want of the *ars celare artem*. Indeed, there seems to be no art to conceal, so like nature is it. It is rather the warm, living, unconscious, outpouring of a mind filled with what it describes, and yet lifted above it into a calmer atmosphere, whence it may comprehend it all in its just proportions and

relations, and see in it a beautiful portion of the great universe. Nor does it show any want of interest in particulars; any slighting of individual things; justice is done to the humblest details. And yet the artist never loses sight of the whole in the particular. Details of joy or woe never betray his pencil into undue agitation. There is ever the same calmness, which looks down upon it all at once, and sees the smiling and the terrible, the lovely and the loathsome, blended into the general beauty. This is the grand charm of the book, as it is of every true work of art. In this, art approaches nature. Calmness without indifference is a sure characteristic of genius. True, we too often see it restive and rebellious, in its struggle to burst the conventional fetters of the world, losing its dignity, and uttering the boldest, wildest extravaganzas. But genius in its glorified state, when it has produced something worthy of itself, is ever calm.

We will not call the work before us a work of genius. We dare not give that high name to anything, until the world's sure and irrevocable judgment has gone before us. Genius does not appear to its contemporaries. We are content with admiring, and with trying to tell others what it is we admire, that they may join us. But the one characteristic above mentioned these letters do certainly possess. They are never dull, and yet always calm. In this respect Goethe might have owned them as a fair illustration of his own principles of art. They describe the thing always *as it is*, and do not adduce it to support a doctrine, or clothe a moral. The story is told for its own sake, and not for effect. It does not profess to teach, and for that very reason teaches the more effectually. Just so it is with the great book of nature, a lesson, read it as we may; and yet no lesson obtrudes itself upon us; no design is any where declared; it is impossible to point to this or that phenomenon or law, and say it was intended to teach chiefly this or that. It seems to exist for itself, and only incidentally to enlighten man, equally perfect, though it should stand all unobserved, with none to astonish by its wondrous beauty, and by its endless contradictions, which, as we look at them, melt and run into harmony. Whatever is perfect, not only perfectly answers the end of some other, but is an ultimate end in itself, has a unity of its own. A picture, a poem, a romance, may be perfect as a work of art, without aiming to exert any moral influence; and at

the same time the moral influence which it will actually exert, will be the greater, because of its truth. It represents life and nature as they are; and we cannot question its moral influence, without in the same breath questioning that of nature. A true reflex of nature ought not to pass judgment upon nature. The moment it does, it fails to reflect nature with truth, and is false as a work of art. Historic romance, then, of the kind contained in these volumes, has generally failed, from its being made the mere dress or medium of conveying some lesson, or from its passing judgment upon the events and characters which itself describes. Suppose an artist were to set out with *malice prepense* to show the superior loveliness of virtue to vice by means of a group upon canvass; would his figures speak? would they wear the uncompromising truth of nature? or would they not rather receive a false coloring from the ready sophistry of his good purpose, and neither virtue nor vice look like ought upon earth? And yet, every great monument of poetry and art teaches this lesson, without having ever designed it. Homer, who never dreamed of being a preacher, has left us an immortal homily. No one can tolerate a story in which he thinks he can see a concealed purpose. The unconscious minstrel, who "sings but as the wood-bird sings," he knows not why, is sure to win listeners, go where he may.

Wherein, then, shall the true moral power and beauty of a work of art consist? In the all-pervading moral spirit of its author, unconsciously breathing through all his creations, part of his own life, and of every life kindled from his. None but a pure and lofty spirit *can* create anything perfect, can copy nature with truth; for to do this, it must purge itself of passion, and rise above indifference. The keen, never failing, impartial insight of a Goethe, the sleepless curiosity of a Walter Scott, are not mere matters of temperament. They bespeak a high-degree of spiritual culture, tell of noble victories of the soul over the petty experiences which would narrow or deaden. So we may be sure, that whatever commends itself to us as a work of art, whatever steals away our hearts and the painful consciousness of self, must be good in every Christian sense, and worthy to be preserved and cherished. Not every moralist can be a poet. Let him not try to be. But every true poet, who loves his art, loves truth, and beauty, and God, and is in a very high sense religious, whether he knows it himself or not.

From what has been said, it is evident that no fanatic, or violent partisan can produce a true historic romance. The artist must stand aloof from parties; he belongs to the universal and not the particular; and has a catholic taste, so that he can tolerate all characters, and love the peculiar beauty of each.

We have described the general impression which the *Letters from Palmyra* have left upon us; and at the same time taken occasion to hint at some principles of art, which we deem important, and according to which we would judge of their construction, after having first attempted some sort of analysis of their contents. And yet we cannot but shrink from the violent work of analyzing and sundering such a living whole. We would not destroy the pure, unbroken impression they have left. We fear to solve a pleasing mystery. An abstract can give but a faint idea of the life and beauty of the book. Yet it may serve to show out of what materials it is wrought; it may disclose some of its hidden excellencies, and teach us something in the art of construction.

These letters profess to be written by a young Roman noble, Lucius M. Piso, residing in Palmyra, to his friend at Rome. They describe the glory and the downfall of that splendid city and its famous queen Zenobia, queen of the East, and the most formidable rival of the emperor Aurelian. The narrative may be separated in several distinct threads, each forming a complete history in itself, so woven together as to increase the variety and interest, without destroying the unity of the whole.

The principal thread is the public history of Palmyra, or rather of Zenobia;—for the city sprang up at her bidding,—her spirit pervades it all; it lives in her. She is the central point of interest, not nominally alone, as are most of the dull kings and queens, whom obsequious historians feel bound to celebrate, but vitally and spiritually. She is the presiding genius of the place. She governs all in perfect peace, not more by force of intellect and resolute execution, than by love. All hearts swell in unison with hers, as countless waters heave to the moon, calm mistress of the tides. Her senates, her armies, her circles of private friends, think and act together as one; and she is the soul of them all. She is ambitious to rule; but she rules to bless. Her genial smile

expands all hearts, tempts forth to light genius of every form, fosters philosophy, poetry, art, and science, protecting, cheering, and refining all, and blending all in a common love of the beautiful and Godlike, of which she stands forth the highest personification, the very Minerva of this Athens, new risen in the desert. Her capital might move the envy of the gods, rich as it is with every ornament of art, every luxury of commerce, and every convenient provision of a good government, at the same time that nature lavishes her blessings upon it, and breathes over it the very air of Paradise. Here stands the magnificent temple of the Sun, with its innumerable pillars of white marble; here runs the long portico of Grecian columns, far as the eye can reach, within which crowds of merchants and idlers congregate, and artists display their works, and philosophers of every school harangue the multitude, eager for some new thing. Here are proud palaces, and monuments, and gardens filled with fountains and statues. Here every Grecian muse has found a home; her favored living sons open here their studios, while the choicest relics of the older masters hang around the walls of the palaces of the nobles, and the banquet of the gods laughs from the ceiling of their dining halls. Here Pindar is sung, and Sophocles recited, and Plato studied in shady retreats, by the murmur of fountains. And *here* too Zenobia is queen; Minerva alike in war, and in the realm of art; Diana in the chase. Sages, world-honored, are her counsellors, none sager than herself. The young and the beautiful cling around her, none the less beautiful or feminine, though nerved with her own warlike and patriotic spirit. All are ready to die for her. The love of country with them is but another name for the love of Zenobia. The fame of her arms had filled the world. She had driven the Persian Sapor to the gates of his capital, and dearly revenged upon him the insults heaped upon the unfortunate Valerian. For this Rome had given her the title of Augusta. Conqueror of Egypt, victorious more than once over the Roman legions, she had united the scattered tribes of the East under her sceptre; it was all hers, from Egypt to the Euxine, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. With all her virtues, her ruling passion was the love of power; and it proved her ruin. Ill could the enterprising Aurelian brook so formidable a rival to his otherwise unbounded empire. He had vowed to restore it to its limits, which

it had in the best days of the Antonines. Little heeded she his haughty summons to abate her high pretensions and to shrink within the narrow limits of her own Palmyra, leaving the East to Rome. Her ambitious soul burned to encounter the lords of the earth. Her sanguine people, grown almost fanatical in their faith in her and in their own prosperity, seconded her daring, and said, "Why not Zenobia to rule the world?" But sober minds were already predicting her fate. The days of Palmyra are numbered. It must fall with her who gave it life, and the sands of the desert sweep over it, hiding up its ruins for the astonishment of some traveller in distant times.

The writer reaches Palmyra in its most palmy period; and his first letters describe its dazzling glories. But soon come rumors of warlike preparations on the part of Aurelian, and a thousand speculations as to the direction he will take. They become more and more distinct and confirmed; he is bent upon recovering the East. It is joyful news to most of the confident Palmyrenes; they burn for the encounter. Suddenly, in the midst of the games and rural sports, most glowingly described, in which the queen and her young female knights display all the courage and strength of trained warriors, ambassadors from Rome are announced. For a few days they are detained, in order to preserve a show of deliberation, and then are dismissed with an answer of defiance. The war is now begun. Aurelian's armies stand ready to march to the East at the first news. Then come confused gatherings in the streets and markets, all exulting in the promised victory, for they believe their queen omnipotent. The queen at the head of her army, splendidly appointed, sets out to meet the legions on the coast of Asia Minor; but is there twice defeated and driven back. The city is besieged, and after exhausting all its means of defence, and finding its queen betrayed into the hands of the enemy, is surrendered, and its nobles and senators beheaded. Nothing can be more spirit-stirring than the description of the siege; it equals the best pictures in our old chronicles.

The last letter is from Piso, after his return to Rome, and describes the triumph of Aurelian, graced by Zenobia and other royal captives, and ends with her retirement, by the favor of the emperor to his palace at Tibur, there to waste away her days in silent sorrow, too late convinced of the folly of

ambition, soothed only by the presence of a few old friends and the memory of her former greatness.

The next distinct history is the personal adventure of Piso himself—the cause of his being at Palmyra, and the occasion of his writing these letters, though Zenobia forms their principal subject. In the first letter he delightfully describes his voyage from Rome, and the medley group of passengers with whom he found himself. Among these he becomes acquainted with some, afterwards conspicuous as the plot of his adventure thickens; particularly the saint-like Christian, Probus, a noble Roman convert, and the Jew pedlar, Isaac of Rome, a strange compound of superstition and shrewdness, of a benevolence which is his own, with the avarice of his tribe. He makes good use of his time in disposing of his wares among the group; he has wares for all, even a manuscript of the Christian Scriptures, which the austere Probus cannot resist. To Piso he sells some rings, on which are exquisitely engraved portraits of Zenobia and Odenatus. Thus is the presence of the great queen already felt afar off. Arrived in Palmyra, he is heartily welcomed by the old friend of his family, Gracchus, a noble old Roman of the true Cato stamp, now a devoted counsellor of Zenobia, and by the beautiful young Fausta, his heroic daughter, the playmate of his boyhood at Rome. To these he unfolds the object of his journey; which is to seek a lost elder brother, Calpurnius Piso, who with his father had followed the fortunes of Valerian into the East, and had been made captive with him by Sapor, and reported dead; but whom he had since learned to be yet living. The good old Roman and his daughter assist with counsel and active aid, while the latter cheers his spirits with Hebrew and Pindaric songs to the harp, and inspires him with the most glowing accounts of Zenobia and her city, herself a kindred spirit, the inseparable friend and sharer of all the labors, counsels, and joys of her divine mistress. Thus much is discovered, that his brother lives at the court of Sapor, the honored friend, though none the less the slave of the prince Hormisdas. It is concluded to be unsafe for Piso to undertake his rescue in person; and the Jew, Isaac, is fixed upon as a trusty and shrewd person, well fitted for the expedition. He is not slow of course, to set forth the difficulties and dangers and cost of the journey before consenting to serve the enemy of his tribe, and to stipulate for a good

solid price of gold, wherewith he hopes with pious zeal to contribute to the rebuilding of the holy Jerusalem. Isaac is successful in his mission. We wish we could quote his long letter to his employer, detailing his journey and subsequent operations. It is full of adventure and magnificent description of the terrors of the desert, relieved ever and anon by bright little oases of human tenderness; and it exhibits the character of the Jew to perfection. Calpurnius is found. By the cunning of Isaac he makes his escape to Palmyra, eager to meet a brother; but he returns no more a Roman. He cannot forgive his ungrateful country, which would not interfere in his behalf; he joins the army of Zenobia, and takes active part with her against Aurelian. In the end he marries Fausta.

This finished, let us take up another thread. The little plot just related is shortly told, but of course is somewhat slow of execution; and, besides, most of it is going on at a distance, while our correspondent is at Palmyra. This leaves room in the intervals of action for a beautifully varied Intermezzo, constantly reappearing; a series of sketches of characters, conversations on philosophy and religion, and literature and taste, views of scenery, rides, games, and a thousand little casual glimpses of the manners and spirit of the age and place. All this is woven in like the orchestral symphonies in a drama, filling up the bare interstices, and giving life, and warmth, and color to it all, till the illusion is perfect.

At the amphitheatre Piso sees the queen for the first time; all eyes are withdrawn from the cruel sports of the arena to her dignified and gracious bearing, her more than mortal beauty. It is a sublime sight, that of a vast multitude of faces, all beaming with eloquent devotion to her. Almost he forgets his Roman allegiance, he is carried so along with the universal current of admiration.

He is soon invited with Fausta and Gracchus to the palace. Here, surrounded with every external charm of nature and art, we find ourselves in the midst of a chosen circle, hanging upon the honeyed lips of the learned and true-hearted Longinus, the queen's minister of state, the worthiest living disciple of Plato, the critic of the Sublime and Beautiful, alike at home in the council, the closet, the grove, the gallery of the Graces, or the social banquet. Here, too, is the lovely princess, Julia, the bosom friend of Fausta, less sanguine and ad-

venturous, but with equal moral courage, of a more tender and serious beauty, which wins the heart of Piso. Here, too, lies stretched out in a stupid sleep, the dark, stern Egyptian, Zabdas, the queen's general, little amused by philosophic discourses, but dreaming of battles, and shouting to the charge ever and anon in his sleep. There are several beautiful conversations on the immortality of the soul, in which Longinus sets forth his belief in it, drawn from the light of nature, the internal cravings of the soul, and the incomplete fulfilment of man's destiny here, &c., but not quite to the satisfaction, as it seems, of all his hearers. They, too, long to feel its truth, but ask a confirmation, an authoritative revelation of a doctrine so hard to realize at all times. This leads to the mention of Probus and the Christians. Julia is herself almost a Christian by profession, wholly so at heart. The simple life of the Christians, the ennobling power of their faith, their disinterested devotion to it, and their tolerance to all religions, are spoken of with respect and admiration, for we are here in a circle of liberal spirits. Julia warmly defends this religion from the objections brought against its divinity, on account of the unfaithfulness of some of its followers, as the ostentatious Paul of Antioch, and of the rancorous sectarian and mystifying tendency already seen in many of them, who are eager to make it conform to the scholastic dogmas of perverted Platonism. Sadly is the insufficiency of all other religions confessed in this circle of aspiring spirits, each seeking for some eternal rest, and bearing a presentiment of it within. These dialogues are quite Platonic in their style, except that there are no sophists to show up. So also is the visit to Longinus and Gracchus in prison, awaiting their execution. Gracchus is prepared to meet death with a stern, stoical resignation, not to Providence, but to what he calls the order of things, cheered more by the purity of his own conscience, than by any vision of immortality, and looking more at the past than at the future. Unexpectedly he is pardoned by Aurelian, and left governor of the ruined city. But Longinus dies with a cheerful faith, without any stoical pride, acknowledging the weakness of the flesh, and the reality of pain, setting the last seal to his favorite doctrine of the all-enduring, undying power of the soul. His conversation with his friends in prison reminds us of the death of Socrates.

Again we mingle with the crowds in the Portico. Here we are attracted to one side by a knot gathered round a loud, showy declaimer, exulting as they hear his subtle sophistry do away, satisfactorily to them, every creed which checks their selfishness. It is Critias, the Epicurean, preaching that philosophy, not as it was embodied in the person of its pure and temperate founder, but as followed out to its legitimate results in the weaker minds of his school. In another quarter we hear a Platonist mystifying and orientalizing the sublime poetry of his master. Here is the germ of the one half of Gnosticism; the other half is made up by Platonizing Christians, making a forced union of two incompatible systems. Farther on a yet larger and more earnest crowd are receiving into their very heart of hearts the sincere tones of our old friend, Probus, whom we met in the Roman vessel, and whom Isaac has cautioned us against so often, as a cunning knave of a Christian. In the evening, Piso, more and more interested in Probus, repairs to the retired hall where he conducts the simple Christian worship. Beautiful is this scene, and beautiful its effect upon the young Roman. Another of these Christian episodes is the visit of Piso and Fausta with Julia to an old Christian hermit, who had retired to spend the last days of an active life with nature and his God. He makes them more acquainted with the sacred books, of which Piso becomes a careful and candid reader.

Then there are other more careless and lively social scenes, revealing by a few slight touches worlds of realities both within and without. The following is very animated, — a scene in the house of Gracchus a few evenings before the army of the queen goes forth.

“ ‘And now, Fausta,’ said Gracchus, ‘bring your harp, and let music perfect the harmony which reason and philosophy have already so well begun — music, which for its power over our souls, may rather be held an influence of the gods — a divine breathing — than anything of mortal birth.’

“ ‘I fear,’ said Fausta, as she touched the instrument — the Greek, and not the Jewish harp — ‘I shall still further task your philosophy — for I can sing nothing else than the war-song, which is already heard all through the streets of Palmyra, and whose author, it is said, is no less than our chief spirit, Longinus. Lucius, you must close your ears.’

“ ‘Never while your voice sounds, though bloody treason were the only burden.’

“‘You are a gentle Roman.’

“Then, after a brief but fiery prelude, which of itself, struck by her fingers, was enough to send life into stones, she broke forth into a strain, abrupt and impassioned, of wild Pindaric energy, that seemed the very war-cry of a people striking and dying for liberty. Her voice, inspired by soul too large for mortal form, rang like a trumpet through the apartment, and seemed to startle the gods themselves at their feast. As the hymn moved on to its perfect close, and the voice of Fausta swelled with the waxing theme, Calpurnius seemed like one entranced — unconsciously he had left his seat, and there, in the midst of the room, stood before the divine girl, converted to a statue. As she ceased, the eyes of Calpurnius fell quickly upon me, with an expression which I instantly interpreted, and should have instantly returned, but that we were all alike roused out of ourselves by the loud shouts of a multitude without the palace, who apparently had been drawn together by the far-reaching tones of Fausta’s voice, and who, as soon as the last strings of the harp were touched, testified their delight by reiterated and enthusiastic cries.

“‘When Zabdas and Zenobia fail,’ said Calpurnius, ‘you, daughter of Gracchus, may lead the armies of your country by your harp and voice — they would inspire not less than the fame of Cæsar or Aurelian.’

“‘But be it known to you, Piso,’ said Gracchus, ‘that this slight girl can wield a lance or a sword, while centaur-like, she grows to the animal she rides, as well as sweep these idle strings.’

“‘I will learn of her in either art,’ replied my brother. ‘As I acknowledge no instinct which is to bind me to an unjust parent, but will give honor only where there is virtue, so on the field of war I will enlist under any leader in whom I behold the genius of a warrior, be that leader man or woman, boy or girl.’

“‘I shall be satisfied,’ said Fausta, ‘to become your teacher in music, that is, if you can learn through the force of example alone. Take now another lesson. Zenobia shall teach you the art of war.’

“With these words she again passed her fingers over her harp, and after strains of melting sweetness, prolonged till our souls were wholly subdued to the sway of the gentler emotions, she sang in words of Sappho the praise of love and peace, twin-sisters. And then as we urged or named to her Greek or Roman airs which we wished to hear, did she sing and play till every sense was satisfied and filled.

“It needs not so much sagacity as I possess to perceive the effect upon my brother of the beauty and powers of Fausta.

He speaks with difficulty when he addresses her, and while arguing or conversing with me or Gracchus, his eye seeks her countenance, and then falls as it encounters hers, as if he had committed some crime. Fausta, I am sure, is not insensible to the many rare and striking qualities of Calpurnius. But her affections can be given only where there is a soul of very uncommon elevation. Whether Calpurnius is throughout that which he seems to be, and whether he is worthy the love of a being like Fausta I know not yet, though I am strong in faith that it is so. In the mean time, a mutual affection is springing up and growing upon the thin soil of the fancy, and may reach a quick and rank luxuriance before it shall be discovered that there is nothing more substantial beneath. But why indulge a single doubt? only, I suppose, because I would rather Rome should fall than that any harm come to the heart of Fausta." — Vol. II. pp. 55 — 58.

We cannot refrain from giving another grotesque and playful scene which occurs among the games above mentioned — the frolic of the children in the court-yard of the queen's palace with a young elephant, nick-named from the Persian monarch, Sapor, who seems to have been the Santa Anna to frighten the children of those days.

"As we stood thus, Julia gazing upon the objects around us, or lost in thought, I — must I say it; — seeing scarce any thing but her, and thinking only of her — as we stood thus, shouts of merry laughter came to us, borne upon the breeze, and roused us from our reverie.

" 'These sounds,' said I, 'cannot come from the palace; it is too far, unless these winding walks have deceived me.'

" 'They are the voices,' said Julia, 'I am almost sure, of Livia and Faustula, and the young Cæsars. They seem to be engaged in some sport near the palace. Shall we join them?'

" 'Let us do so,' said I.

"So we moved toward that quarter of the gardens whence the sounds proceeded. A high wall at length separated us from those whom we sought. But reaching a gate, we passed through and entered upon a lawn covered as it seemed with children, slaves, and the various inmates of the palace. Here, mingled among the motley company, we at once perceived the queen, and Longinus and Fausta, together with many of those whom we had sat with at the banquet. The centre of attraction, and the cause of the loud shouts of laughter which continually arose, was a small white elephant with which the young princes and princesses were amusing themselves. He had evidently

been trained to the part he had to perform, for nothing could be more expert than the manner in which he went through his various tricks. Sometimes he chased them and pretended difficulty in overtaking them; then he would affect to stumble, and so fall and roll upon the ground; then springing quickly upon his feet, he would surprise some one or other lurking near him, and seizing him with his trunk would hold him fast, or first whirling him in the air, then seat him upon his back, and march gravely round the lawn, the rest following and shouting; then releasing his prisoner, he would lay himself upon the ground, while all together would fearlessly climb upon his back, till it was covered, when he would either suddenly shake his huge body, so that one after another they rolled off, or he would attempt to rise slowly upon his legs, in doing which, nearly all would slip from off his slanting back, and only two or three succeed in keeping their places. And other sportive tricks, more than it would be worth while for me to recount, did he perform for the amusement of his play-fellows. And beautiful was it to see the carefulness with which he trod and moved, lest any harm might come to those children. His especial favorite was the little flaxen-haired Faustula. He was never weary with caressing her, taking her on his trunk, and bearing her about, and when he set her down, would wait to see that she was fairly on her feet and safe, before he would return to his gambols. Her voice calling out 'Sapor, Sapor,' was sure to bring him to her, when, what with words and signs, he soon comprehended what it was she wanted. I myself came in unwittingly for a share of the sport. For as Faustula came bounding by me, I did as those are so apt to do who know little of children — I suddenly extended my arms and caught her. She, finding herself seized and in the arms of one she knew not, thought, as children will think; that she was already borne a thousand leagues from her home, and screamed; whereupon at the instant, I felt myself taken round the legs by a force greater than that of a man, and which drew them together with such violence that instinctively I dropped the child, and at the same time cried out with pain. Julia, standing next me, incontinently slapped the trunk of the elephant, for it was that twisted round me, with her hand, at which, leaving me, he wound it slightly round the waist of the princess, and held her his close prisoner. Great laughter from the children and the slaves testified their joy at seeing their elders, equally with themselves, in the power of the elephant. Milo being of the number, and in his foolish exhilaration and sportive approbation of Sapor's feats having gone up to him and patted him on his side, the beast, receiving as an affront that plebeian salutation, quickly turned

upon him, and taking him by one of his feet held him in that displeasing manner—his head hanging down—and paraded leisurely round the green, Milo making the while hideous outcry, and the whole company, especially the slaves and menials, filling the air with screams of laughter. At length Vabalathus, thinking that Milo might be injured, called out to Sapor, who thereupon released him, and he rising and adjusting his dress, was heard to affirm, that it had never happened so while he was in the service of Gallienus.

"These things for the little Gallus."—Vol. i. pp. 122–124.

The story of the Christian, Probus, is very affecting.

"I am the son of a priest of the Temple of Jupiter—son of a man, who, to a mildness and gentleness of soul that would do honor to the Christian, added a faith in the religion of his fathers, deep-struck and firm-rooted as the rocks of ocean. I was his assistant in the duties of his office. My childish faith was all he could wish it; I revered a religion which had nurtured virtues like his. In process of time, I became myself a father. Four children, more beautiful than ever visited the dreams of Phidias, made my dwelling a portion of Elysium, as I then thought. Their mother—but why should I speak of her? It is enough to say, she was a Roman mother. At home, it was my supreme happiness to sport with my little ones, or initiate them into the elements of useful knowledge. And often, when at the temple preparing for the days of ceremony, my children were with me; and my labors were nothing, cheered by the music of their feet running upon the marble pavements, and of their merry voices echoing among the columns and arches of the vast interior. O days thrice happy! They were too happy to last. Within the space of one year—one cruel year—these four living idols were ravished from my arms by a prevailing disease. My wife, broken hearted, soon followed them, and I was left alone. I need not describe my grief; I will only say, that with bitter imprecations I cursed the gods. "Who are ye," I cried, "who sit above in your secure seats, and make your sport of human woe? Ye are less than men. Man though I am, I would not inflict upon the meanest slave the misery ye have poured upon my defenceless head. Where are your mercies?" I was frantic. How long this lasted I cannot tell, for I took no note of time. I was awakened, may I not say saved, by a kind neighbor whom I had long known to be a Christian. He was a witness of my sufferings, and with deep compassion ministered to my necessities. "Probus," said he, "I know your sorrows and I know your wants. I have perceived that neither your own thoughts, nor all the philosophy of

your venerable father, have brought you peace. It is not surprising; ye are but men, and ye have but the power and the wisdom of men. It is aid from the Divinity that you want. I will not discourse with you; but I will leave you this book, which I simply ask you to read." I read it — and read it — again and again; and I am a Christian. As the Christian grew up within me, my pains were soothed, and days, once days of tears and unavailing complaints, are now days of calm and cheerful duty; I am a new man." — Vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

Such is the subject-matter of these Letters. Are they true to the principles of art above stated? The first impression they leave upon the mind is, we have said, decidedly favorable. And we may safely say that a closer analysis of them does not materially disturb this impression. The first instincts of the reader are true. The examination, instead of disposing us to fault-finding, only surprises us by the complication of elements which we see working together to produce an effect so simple. What has the most perfect unity is the most complex. Every thing in nature's works is so. And every work of art, in proportion as it gives unity to the greatest variety of complex materials, approaches nature. Indeed this is but repeating that the artist should have a catholic taste, should look from a lofty point of view, and that a central one, upon his object, and contemplating particulars through the universal, see differences reconciled, and each part, however unlike its neighbor, yet helping to fill out the harmony of the whole.

How is it with these Letters? The writer seems to be without prejudices. He is of no party; sets forth no system by his tale, except that he every where recognises and claims kindred with the highest and purest, find it where he may, in the despised Jew, the Christian, the Platonist, or the Stoic. Justice is done them all. He writes, to be sure, in the Christian spirit, the spirit of love and toleration; but it is a spirit broad enough and simple enough to reverence and trust all that is good, under any form, however opposed to its own. Thus in the conversations on religion no great pains is taken to make the weight of argument lean to the side of the Christian advocate. Longinus talks as well, lives and dies as well, as many a Christian martyr. Gracchus, though a materialist in theory, we cannot but reverence, trusting that his heart is better than his head, and that he has the germ of a blissful immortality well planted within him. All minds at once feel

the truth of such a picture. Let this rebuke that narrow zeal of opinion, which would leave out of a picture all that does not make for itself. Nature, in her uncompromising course, takes no pains to conform her manifestations to our one-sided opinion, be it ever so much better than another's. She holds up every side. So does the artist. He judges not, but only tells what he sees; and in being able to do this, shows in how calm and pure a sphere his spirit dwells, removed alike from bigotry and from indifference, from passion and from dulness. The zealot frets himself that the world will not go as he would have it. Who can help him out of his trouble?

Again, the work does not seem written for effect. It professes to prove nothing. We are left to draw what inferences we can from it. It starts not from its classic repose to explain itself to us. Therefore we love it the more, we yearn to it, and are filled with it, and find we have been taught much, when we did not know it. Not more presumptuous would it be to suppose the external world created solely to educate us, than it would be to arrange the historic events here given, so as to teach chiefly this or that moral lesson. The work seems to propose to itself no object, but simply to grow into full consistency and truth. What it is, it seems to be for its own sake. The artist binds himself to tell no one what he wrote it for; and by keeping to himself this privilege, being competent to use it too, he has produced what must find readers; what the human soul cannot but trust and accept cordially, as it does nature. We cannot label this book: The evil effects of ambition, as shown in the fate of Zenobia;—for how comes it, then, that Aurelian, equally ambitious, and less worthy, is allowed to triumph. We cannot call Christianity its great end. Many pious writers, who think they can produce a romance as easily as a sermon, would think themselves successful in a story founded on the events of this time, provided they made it show that the fulness of time had come, and that light had risen to the Gentiles, &c. Here, on the contrary, Christianity is not made the all in all. It comes in beautifully and naturally as a mere incident; just as it came in in the course of things, known only in an obscure corner of the world, although the greatest fact in the world's history. But on the face of the times Christianity was not then the greatest fact, nor is it so yet. A true picture of the nineteenth century should not make too much of Christianity,

unless it be a picture merely of some little religious community. There religion would be the ruling idea ; but on the world's face it is gain.

As the natural result of what has been just pointed out in these Letters, their style is calm. The repose of ancient art is thrown over every scene. It just satisfies, but does not disturb the mind of the beholder. The creative spirit of the work seems not anxious about consequences, but goes calmly on creating. No apologizing self-consciousness obtrudes itself upon us. It never thinks to ask, "*Am I right,*" for the very reason that it *is* right. And yet this is not the calmness of indifference. There is plenty of life here ; there are tremendous energies at work ; momentous events are woven into the plot, and they are not trifled with ; proud natures are struggling betwixt self-love and destiny. Nay, true love struggles against destiny. Our Piso himself, in love with the divine Julia, (what passion can be purer ?) has to hear his suit denied by Zenobia, and to see his angel sacrificed, like most marriageable princesses, to the policy of nations ; and yet small stir enough does he seem to make about it : his letters flow on as calmly as before. Here is a sin which most modern novelists would have feared to commit, and thereby spoiled their book.

This is certainly not an exciting book. It does not thrill us as we read. We see all through a calm medium of contemplation, which softens down every harsher feature. It all moves on with a panorama-like stillness. Many would call this a fault, and say it betrayed feebleness, a too passive and unsympathizing mood. But no — the most revolting, spirit-stirring events sink into perfect calmness as we rise high enough. The still blue heavens contain and look down upon unheard of writhings, and convulsions, and internal conflicts, which seem to disturb the world to him who sees but a piece of it. The fairest, stillest scene we ever look upon hides agonizing throes, which it is well they are not all on the outside. The calmest style is not inconsistent with the deepest feeling, and the most active spirit. Art throws this repose over all, without having to leave out any thing. We look calmly upon the writhings of the Laocoön, for Art has touched it with her idealizing wand.

For this reason we like the book. It is a calm, contented book. It is full of faith ; not anxious to make things out so or so, but takes all as right, as it comes from the hand of

Providence. We are interested in the young Roman's progress in the Christian books; we want to see him become a convert; we infer that he does become so, but this is nowhere distinctly told us; this thread is dropped in the course of the development of more imposing events.

We cannot speak from much knowledge about the historical truth of these Letters. The fortunes of Zenobia form one of the most beautiful episodes in Gibbon's History. As to the principal events of her short, but glorious reign, and the political and social condition of the world at that time, they adhere to him very faithfully. Nor does her importance in the eyes of the world, nor her wonderful combination of beauty and energy in person and character, seem to be overrated. It is the privilege of Art to exalt a little. Yet the Zenobia of these Letters seems not too ideal a being, by the side of the Zenobia of history. History itself becomes ideal more or less, when persons and not statistics are its subject. So commanding a character as this lives in the heart and imagination of her age; and probably the most glowing romance could not exalt her more than she stood exalted there. It is not Zenobia, carefully weighed and judged, exactly as she was, abstracted from the circumstances which helped out her appearance, care being taken to make her neither too good nor great; but it is Zenobia as mirrored on the face of her times. This is the truest history after all. Aurelian, too, answers well to the picture in the Augustan Histories; ambitious, energetic, stern, with no taste for greater glories than those of war, a very demon in the fight, yet honorable, with a proper respect for fallen greatness, and indignation for the meanness which could betray it into his hands. The letters weave in some of Gibbon's little anecdotes of him. Thus, during the siege, when Zenobia attempts to escape from the city through an old secret conduit, which leads under the Roman camp into the plain beyond, they come to a ruined arch in the passage, where light breaks through from above, and Roman soldiers are heard talking about the cruel fate of a soldier whom the Emperor had caused, for licentious conduct, to be torn limb from limb by being fastened to two trees bent forcibly together and then suffered to spring apart. This is one of the instances which Gibbon gives of his cruel and severe discipline.

As to customs, manners, costumes, localities, &c., we are

not enough versed in antiquities to judge of their entire accuracy. They have every internal mark of consistency and truth. We detect no anachronisms, or things out of place, excepting perhaps one or two, scarcely worth noticing. The state of philosophy, religion, and art, as here described, accords with all we know of them at that time.

Whether true to artificial life or not, these books are always true to human nature. A tender sensibility pervades them, quick to catch every side-gleam of moral truth, to seize upon every revelation of the heart. It is full of little touches of nature. Every where we catch little glimpses from the way-side, and hear sounds from behind us and about us, which marvellously increase our security, and make us feel at home on nature's ground. In several instances children play a beautiful part. The following little scene occurs upon the walls of the city. The little Faustula and Livia, the queen's daughters, are with Julia and Piso, watching the departure of the army.

" 'Why, sister,' said Faustula, whom I held, and in pointing out to whom the most remarkable objects of the strange scene I had been occupied, 'why does our mother love to go away and kill the Romans? I am sure she would not like to kill you,' looking up in my face, 'and are not you a Roman? She will not let me hurt even a little fly or ant, but tells me they feel as much to be killed, as if Sapor were to put his great foot on me, and tread me into the sand.'

" 'But the Romans,' said Julia, 'are coming to take away our city from us, and perhaps do us a great deal of harm, and must they not be hindered?'

" 'But,' replied Faustula, 'would they do it if Zenobia asked them not to do it? Did you ever know any body who could help doing as she asked them? I wish Aurelian could only have come here and heard her speak, and seen her smile, and I know he would not have wanted to hurt her. If I were a queen I would never fight.'

" 'I do not believe you would,' said I, 'you do not seem as if you could hurt any body or any thing.'

" 'And now is not Zenobia better than I? I think perhaps she is only going to frighten the Romans, and then coming home again.'

" 'O no—do not think so,' said Livia, 'has not Zenobia fought a great many battles before this? If she did not fight battles, we should have no city to live in.'

" 'If it is so good to fight battles, why does she prevent me

from quarrelling, or even speaking unkindly. I think she ought to teach me to fight. I do not believe that men and women ought to fight any more than children, — and I dare say if they first saw and talked with one another before they fought, as I am told to do, they never would do it. I find that if I talk and tell what I think, then I do not want to quarrel. — See! is that Zenobia? How bright she shines! I wish she would come back.'

" 'Wait a little while, and she will come again,' said Livia, 'and bring Aurelian perhaps with her! Should you not like to see Aurelian?'

" 'No, I am sure I should not. I do not want to see any one that does not love Zenobia.'

"So the little child ran on, often uttering truths, too obviously truths for mankind to be governed by, yet containing the best philosophy of life. Truth and happiness are both within easy reach. We miss them, in fact, because they are so near. We look over them, and grasp at distant and more imposing objects, wrapped in the false charms which distance lends." — Vol. II. pp. 82, 83.

Again, after the return of the routed and confused army into the city, we have the following:

"I stood leaning upon a pile of shields, which the soldiers, throwing off their arms, had just made, and watching them as they were, some disencumbering themselves of their armor, others unclasping the harness of their horses, others arranging their weapons into regular forms, and others, having gone through their first tasks, were stretching themselves at rest beneath the shadow of their tents, or of some branching tree. Near me sat a soldier, who, apparently too fatigued to rid himself of his heavy armor, had thrown himself upon the ground, and was just taking off his helmet, and wiping the dust and sweat from his face, while a little boy, observing his wants, ran to a neighboring fountain, and filling a vessel with water, returned and held it to him, saying, 'Drink, soldier, this will make you stronger than your armor.'

" 'You little traitor,' said the soldier, 'art not ashamed to bring drink to me, who have helped to betray the city? Beware, or a sharp sword will cut you in two.'

" 'I thought,' replied the child, nothing daunted, 'that you were a soldier of Palmyra, who had been to fight the Romans. But whoever you may be, I am sure you need the water.'

" 'But,' rejoined the soldier, swallowing at long draughts, as if it had been nectar, the cooling drink, 'do I deserve water, or any of these crowds here, who have been beaten by the Romans, and so broken the heart of our good queen, and possibly lost her her throne? Answer me that.'

“ ‘ You have done what you could I know,’ replied the boy, ‘ because you are a Palmyrene, and who can do more ? I carry round the streets of the city, in this palm-leaf basket, date cakes, which I sell to those who love them. But does my mother blame me because I do not always come home with an empty basket ? I sell what I can. Should I be punished for doing what I can not ? ’

“ ‘ Get you gone, you rogue,’ replied the soldier, ‘ you talk like a Christian boy, and they have a new way of returning good for evil. But here, if you have cakes in your basket, give me one and I will give you a penny, all the way from Antioch. See ! there is the head of Aurelian on it. Take care he dont eat you up — or at least your cakes. But hark you, little boy, do you see yonder, that old man with a bald head, leaning against his shield, go to him with your cakes.’

“ The boy ran off.

“ Friend,’ said I, addressing him, ‘ your march has not lost you your spirits, you can jest yet.’

“ ‘ Truly I can, if the power to do that were gone then were all lost. A good jest in a time of misfortune, is food and drink. It is strength to the arm, digestion to the stomach, courage to the heart. It is better than wisdom or wine. A prosperous man may afford to be melancholy, but if the miserable are so, they are worse than dead — but it is sure to kill them. Near me I had a comrade whose wit it was alone that kept life in me upon the desert. All the way from Emesa, had it not been for the tears of laughter, those of sorrow and shame would have killed me.’ ” — Vol. II. pp. 104, 105.

The style of these Letters is clear and transparent, always simple and unaffected. There is now and then a little awkwardness in the construction of sentences, and occasional instances of at least doubtful grammar. If there be any faults of style it is monotony. It is calm and unvaried, never broken or impassioned, and never rising into the lyric. It is always best in the narrative parts, and in descriptions of quiet beauty. It loves the still summer scene. It is not a nervous or sententious style ; it is diffuse and flowing. It has more beauty than strength. Every thing comes through a contemplative medium. Language only subserves the pictorial fancy of the artist. Hence the wonderful distinctness with which images are grouped. Every thing is steadily reflected as upon still waters. Evidently the conceptions all shaped themselves first to the eye. We extract a specimen of these soft summer views.

" But the palace itself, though it be the work of man, and not of gods, is not less beautiful than all these aspects of nature. It is wholly built after the light and almost fantastic forms of the Persian architecture, which seem more suited to a residence of this kind than the heavier fashions of the Greek or Roman taste. Hadrian's villa is alone to be compared with it for vastness and magnificence, and that, compared with this, seems a huge prison, so gay and pleasing are the thoughts and sensations which this dream-like combination of arch upon arch — of pinnacle, dome, and tower ; all enriched with the most minute and costly work — inspires the mind.

" Nothing has pleased me more than at times, when the sultry heats of the day forbid alike study and recreation, to choose for myself some remote and shaded spot, and lying along upon the flowery turf, soothed by the drowsy hum of the summer insects, gaze upon this gorgeous pile of oriental grandeur, and lazily drink in the draughts of a beauty (as I believe) no where else to be enjoyed. When at such hours Julia or Fausta is my companion, I need not say in how great degree the pleasure is heightened, nor what hues of a more rosy tint wrap all the objects of the scene. Fountains here, as every where in the eastern world, are frequent, and of such size as to exert a sensible influence upon the heated atmosphere. Huge columns of the coldest water, drawn from the recesses of the mountains, are thrown into the air, and then falling and foaming over rocks rudely piled, to resemble some natural cascade, disappear, and are led by subterranean conduits to distant and lower parts of the ground. These fountains take many and fantastic forms. In the centre of the principal court of the palace, it is an enormous elephant of stone, who disgorges from his uplifted trunk a vast but graceful shower, sometimes charged with the most exquisite perfumes, and which are diffused by the air through every part of the palace. Around this fountain, reclining upon seats constructed to allow the most easy attitudes, or else in some of the apartments immediately opening upon it, it is our custom to pass the evening hours, either conversing with each other, or listening to some tale which he who thinks he can entertain the company is at liberty to relate, or gathering at once instruction and delight, as Longinus, either from his memory or a volume, imparts to us the choicest parts of the literature of Athens or of Rome. So have I heard the *Cædipus Tyrannus*, and the *Prometheus*, as I never have heard them before. At such times, it is beautiful to see the group of listeners gathering nearer and nearer, as the philosopher reads or recites, and catching every word and accent of that divine tongue, as it falls from his lips. Zenobia, alone, of all who are there, ever pre-

sumes to interrupt the reader with either question or comment. To her voice, Longinus instantly becomes a willing listener, and well may he; for never does she speak, at such moments, without adding a new charm to whatever theme she touches." — Vol. I. pp. 133 — 135.

As a work of art, we may safely say that this much exceeds most similar productions of the age. It will compare well with Valerius. Bulwer's "Pompeii" and "Rienzi" have perhaps more vigor; but in calmness, simplicity, truth, and unity, they are far inferior. They are wonderful and for the most part, beautiful pictures. But they are *outré*; — all the materials seem carefully sought out from the marvellous recesses of human experience, as if nothing common would do. They are like some of the modern landscapes in our gallery of paintings, full of blue mists and dream-like combinations, which may be matched perhaps in nature, but if so, are of the rarest and most recondite appearances of nature. This is cheaper work, than painting her in her every-day garb, as Domenichino, and Paussin, and Claude have done. These wonder-pictures soon weary us; it does not seem as if the familiar, healthy, every-day light of the sun shone upon them, but rather as if they were lit up by some false magic light. So it is with these novels, when compared with the Tasso and Iphigenia of Goethe, or the Ivanhoe of Scott, and we may add, the Letters from Palmyra. They far exceed "Philothea," in their simplicity and in the perfect fusing and blending of their materials into a living, consistent whole. In the latter there are beauties, but ill-combined, much fine thought out of place, or forced in; and a perpetual self-consciousness of the writer appears, a constant striving for effect, which lets nothing run into any natural form. It wants that true perspective in which these Letters bring every thing before us.

Perhaps we have praised the work extravagantly. If so, we shall not regret it, so we induce many to read it. In speaking as we have, we have been true to our instinct, and have faithfully given the first impression which the book made upon us, before we set about artificially to judge it.

J. S. D.

ART. VIII. — *Four Lectures on the Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion*, By THOMAS WOOD, Minister of Stamford Street Chapel. London. 1836. 8vo. pp. 77.

THE author of these discourses is one out of four or five English divines, who have recently renounced Orthodoxy and embraced Unitarianism, at the great hazard of their worldly interests, and often at great sacrifices. The following is the account which Mr. Wood gives of the religious experiences through which he was led to adopt, and become the public and able advocate of, the sentiments he now holds.

“ I was educated amongst the Calvinistic Dissenters, and exercised, in connexion with them, for about eight years, a somewhat fugitive ministry, suffering long intervals of severe illness and consequent mental depression. As I approached the termination of the period I have mentioned, I became increasingly dissatisfied with the theological creed in which I had been educated, and which I had taught to others, until I was quite unable to meet the demands made upon me constantly to reiterate from the pulpit the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, or to cherish that sanctimonious state of the thoughts and feelings which Calvinistic Dissenters regard as essential to piety. Neither could I any longer brook the petty vexatious inquisition they impose respecting every freedom of thought or speech or carriage. It was believed by my friends and myself that in some quiet pulpit of the Established Church I might find repose and liberty. At this period I was not delivered from the prejudice which holds the Gospel to contain a system of mystical theology, although I no longer regarded the several doctrines of that theology as suitable topics for frequent pulpit discussion; I felt, therefore, no difficulty in subscribing to the articles of the Church. Application was made to the proper authority for my admission to holy orders, and I cheerfully and gratefully record the courtesy with which that application was entertained, and the generous countenance I received from several clergymen. A reasonable delay was required. I set myself to the complete revision of my religious sentiments. By the study of the Scriptures I became convinced that the New Testament contains no system of mystical theology whatever, that it asserts the distinguishing truth of the Jewish religion — the unity of God; that it affirms the universal sinfulness of the human race; that it inculcates repentance towards

God, and on repentance, promises mercy ; that it enjoins faith in Jesus Christ as the divinely appointed, and divinely endowed Messiah ; that it enforces the moral virtues as the pure sources of present happiness and everlasting good ; and that it reveals the great solemn facts of the resurrection of the dead and a future judgment. This conclusion of course forbade any further thoughts of entering the Established Church. The noble simplicity of these truths, their sweet, merciful tendencies, imparted a calm satisfaction, a holy liberty to my mind, which the sterner temper of the Calvinistic system had never inspired. Three years have since elapsed ; I have read much on them, and thought much on them ; my first impressions have been greatly deepened. I believe these truths to be most valuable ; I believe they constitute pure religion ; I believe they are the means by which the human race will yet be rescued from idolatry, and error, and vice, and from the immense portion of unhappiness consequent on these ; I therefore appear before you this morning as their advocate." — pp. 2 - 4.

The first lecture is on the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion ; the second is on the Unity of God ; the third, on the Way of Salvation ; and the fourth and last, on the Moral Influences of the Unitarian and Athanasian Opinions contrasted. On neither of these subjects does the writer find occasion for the display of much originality, or profound learning, or for the higher flights of eloquence ; but the thoughts are strong, and the style for the most part clear and forcible, and the performance in all respects highly creditable. It will be read by many ; and by none without advantage, as may be shown by a few extracts better than by a general description of the work.

We suspect there is more in the warning which Mr. Wood utters in regard to the probable consequences of the total overthrow of the Establishment, than many of our Unitarian friends in England are prepared properly to appreciate.

"It may appear to some persons the mere anticipations of timidity to expect, in this age, penal censure on account of religious opinions, but the signs of the times are not entirely free from intimations of such an evil. The Church of England has long stood in our midst as a tower of strength, for generations the fastness of bigotry and luxury, yet sometimes the abode of piety and virtue, and latterly of toleration. The stream of ages rolling by its base is gradually swelling to a torrent which threatens its foundations, and will assuredly sweep off those

remnants of things which have passed away, and which the same stream brought down from a remote antiquity and deposited and heaped around it. It may be, that in the hour of her peril she may be cleansed from her impurities, and her pride, and her Athanasian heresy, and remain amongst us as a place of refuge, around which many of the friends of religion and peaceful freedom will be found to muster, and which may yet hold in check the inroads of fanatical intolerance. But she may be utterly overthrown. Then will blaze forth that hot zeal for a stern theology which has long smouldered in the hearts of a large and increasingly powerful body of our countrymen, the avowed advocates of liberty, yet the enemies of every free thought, who eschewing subscription to church articles, bind themselves, and would, if possible, bind all men by a creed far more narrow, far more severe." — p. 7.

In the lecture on the Unity of God, after mentioning some of the numerous and conflicting explications of the Trinity given by the old defenders of that doctrine, he thus proceeds:

"The Trinitarians of our time adopt none of these hypotheses; they distinctly renounce them all. They profess not, indeed, to explain their opinions. They acknowledge that they themselves do not understand them. They consider them as sacred mysteries which are utterly beyond human comprehension. What, then, do they affirm? They say, we read in the Scriptures that God is one, and we believe that truth. We understand also from the Scriptures that Jesus Christ is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God, and we believe those truths also. Yet we do not think that there are three Gods, but that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are in a manner altogether beyond our comprehension, but one God. We think it wrong to invent any hypothesis on the subject, since we find none in the Scriptures. We can give to our own minds no explanation of this holy mystery, so of course can offer none to the minds of others. We receive and teach the simple facts as we find them in Scripture. The simple facts! What are these simple facts? First, that the Scriptures teach that God is one. Granted. Second, that they teach that Jesus Christ is God. Denied — but for the present granted. Third, that they teach that the Holy Spirit is God. Denied — but for the present granted too. Well, these are all the facts. That God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are not three Gods, but one God, is no Scripture fact. This is a mere assertion — a poor inference of the Trinitarian himself. A logical, necessary inference? By no means. The only logi-

cal, necessary inference from these simple facts is, that the Christian Scriptures teach three Gods, and yet that they teach but one God, — a gross absurdity and a direct contradiction." — pp. 32, 33.

Again, on the subject of the alleged two natures in Christ he says :

"Before, however, leaving this part of our subject, let us hear what one of the most wary of Trinitarians, whom we have already quoted, and whose opinion is greatly respected, really does affirm. 'We readily avow that we pretend not to know in what manner the divine and human natures, which we attribute to the Messiah, are united in his sacred person. We believe that in this respect, especially, "his name is wonderful," and that "no one knoweth the Son, except the Father." The Scriptures appear to us on the one hand, to teach the existence of such a union as produces a personal oneness; and on the other, to exclude the notion of transmutation or confusion of the essential perfections of either nature with respect to the other.' 'The question of such a union is a question of *fact*; and its proper, its only evidence, is Divine Revelation.' Again we ask, what is this question of fact? The Scriptures teach that Jesus Christ was a man. Granted. The Scriptures teach that Jesus Christ is God. Denied — but for the present granted. Well, these are all the facts. That Jesus Christ is both God and Man, God and Man mysteriously united — 'that the person of Jesus the Christ, the Lord, Redeemer, and Savior of Mankind, comprises the unique and mysterious union of humanity and deity; the human nature with all its proper qualities, the divine nature with all its essential perfections,' — is no Scripture fact. This is a mere assertion, a poor inference of the Trinitarian himself. A logical, necessary inference? By no means. The only logical, necessary inference from these facts is, that the Christian Scriptures teach that Jesus Christ is Man, and yet that they teach also that Jesus Christ is God — a direct contradiction and an absurd and fearful impiety. But they do not teach either the contradiction or the impiety. They do not teach that Jesus of Nazareth, the man approved of God, was God." — pp. 35, 36.

Farther on, he thus sums up and applies the argument against the Trinity to be derived from the manner in which the Apostles expounded the new faith to their countrymen.

"Without going into an analysis of these several Apostolic expositions of the Christian religion, I appeal to any serious, zealous Trinitarian minister, I ask him — whether his con-

science would allow him to use the language, and no word more than the language, which the Apostle Peter addressed to the assembled Jews on the day of Pentecost — if he were called upon to address an immense body of Jews on the character and mission of Jesus Christ, — the very topic of Peter's discourse? I put it to him, whether his conscience would allow him to confine his discourse to the being, and perfection, and providence of God, as Paul did on Mars' Hill, if he were called upon to address a heathen audience; or whether, in speaking to such an audience on the future judgment, he would merely say, '*Because' God 'hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead'*?' I put it to him whether, if called upon, as Paul was called upon, to declare his faith in a public court of law, his conscience would allow him to affirm merely that the distinguishing article of that faith was a belief in the resurrection of the dead? I put it to him whether, if sent for in private, as Paul was sent for by a ruler of the land, to expound the religion of Christ, his conscience would allow him merely to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come? I put it to him whether, on all such occasions, he would not feel it to be his paramount duty to exhibit, in most prominent view, the Deity of Jesus Christ; the doctrine of the Trinity; the fall of man; the universal depravity of man; the doctrine of the atonement; salvation by faith; and the eternal misery of all who rejected those doctrines? Now he, the modern Trinitarian preacher, looks back on the facts of the Christian religion, and on the Savior's method of teaching the truths of his religion, through the long vista of eighteen hundred years, yet he feels an imperative necessity for preaching the Gospel in a way so widely different from the way in which the Apostles and companions of Jesus are recorded to have preached it, that he would tremble in his soul to confine himself, even in his briefest addresses to his own Christian brethren, to the topics and illustration embraced in the Apostolic sermons. — He feels that, if he were placed in the position of the Apostles, he would have poured out his soul in advocating his Lord's divinity and atonement, before Jews and Greeks, and bond and free, before magistrates and kings, before the congregated thousands, and in the secrecy of private conference. Why is this? Whence arises this strange difference between the Apostolic sermons and the sermons of Trinitarian preachers? There is one explanation which the elder Trinitarians very generally adopted, although it is quite rejected by their modern brethren. I refer to the notion, that the Apostles suppressed the

great doctrines of the Trinity, and the Deity of Christ, from motives of a politic nature, and that they transmitted these through private oral tradition. The prevalence of this notion from the first to the fourth century confirms our reasoning, that there is a wondrous discrepancy between the Apostolic preaching and the modern Trinitarian opinions — and, as we do not believe the Apostles had recourse to any such disgraceful, dishonest practice, it conducts to the necessary consequence, that these opinions are not Apostolic. — pp. 42, 43.

The discourse on the comparative effects of the two systems in controversy, abounds in weighty suggestions and thrilling pictures ; but we must content ourselves with giving a single extract.

“ We have taken notice of the influence of the popular theology on observant but skeptical persons — what must be its effects on intelligent, conscientious, humane hearts, who implicitly receive it as the only true religion ! There are unquestionably many such. But we think we have abundant indications that of these there are few who do not feel it to be a hard bondage. We speak not of the unthinking, indurated, presumptuous thousands who indulge brief questioning of their own eternal salvation, and deal out their deep-mouthed damnation against their fellow-men, with a flippant levity or a brutal satisfaction horrible to hear, — but we speak of those better minds, whose modesty and mercy are not crushed to death by their iron theology. We think we perceive how their free thoughts are fettered, how their charities are restrained, how they are driven to compromise veracity and candor, — how they bid to silence honest, sturdy doubts by pettiest reasons, and instead of meeting these with a bold brow and a free heart, shrink before them into any shallow prevarication that offers a refuge. But we are not left to conjecture the effect on such minds ; many of them have recorded their experience. And do they not tell us of their struggles with unbelieving thoughts which will not be suppressed, but which stoutly question the most essential points of their creed, implicit and unshaken faith in which, constitutes their peace, their hope, their safety ? Do they not tell us of the writhings of their natural feelings against the stern character of their Deity, not to be appeased without blood, dooming the creatures of his hand to dreadful agonies, and looking on their tortures with fearful complacency ? Do they not tell us of their anxious and often fruitless search after evidence of their own conversion, of their lingering suspicions that they are self-deceived, of their burning fears that

sin and Satan will finally prevail against them? Are they not at times haunted with a worse terror than ever oppressed the Atheist's mind? His extreme anxiety is the thought of annihilation—a thought which the wretched only can reflect on with satisfaction, but which no one need anticipate with dread, since consciousness and existence must cease together, whilst the utmost which the popular theology permits to any man, is the *hope* that he is among the chosen number destined for heaven. He may be included in that vast majority who are reserved for perdition and eternal death. This terror made the life of the amiable, gifted Cowper, one lengthened melancholy, and it has driven some to distraction, and added to the gloomy catalogue of human miseries—religious madness and religious suicide. Then, to think that myriads of our fellow-men are, generation after generation, passing away unconverted, unredeemed, to the regions of eternal woe, to watch by the death-bed of beloved relatives and affectionate friends, who, by sharing our joys, more than doubled them, and by partaking of our sorrows, made them light; whose faithfulness has been unchanged in either fortune; whose very heart-strings are entwined with ours; to see them die, without a sign that they are saved; to stand by their graves, and to think we shall never more behold them but in everlasting torments, were enough to distract the brain, and would drive men mad—but that the holy feelings of the human heart cannot be exterminated, and render the firmest believers in this afflicting creed secretly skeptical and unbelieving.” — pp. 72, 73.

We welcome every such new accession to the cloud of witnesses for what we conceive to be incorrupt Christianity. If any one is entitled to speak with authority on the respective merits of Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, it must be one who, like Mr. Wood, is thoroughly acquainted with both, and has had actual experience of the moral influence of both, and this, too, at a time when his heart was deeply interested in the subject, and his mind in a condition to note and record its impressions.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

A Compendium of Christian Antiquities: being a brief View of the Orders, Rites, Laws, and Customs of the Ancient Church in the Early Ages. By the Rev. C. S. HENRY, A. M. Philadelphia: Joseph Whetham. 1837. 8vo. pp. 332. — A great deal of curious Christian learning is here given us in a small compass. We know indeed of no other book, of a similar size, in which nearly the same quantity of information could be obtained, concerning the antiquities of the church; and they, who are acquainted with the value of Bingham's *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, and are told that this volume is hardly more than an abridgment of it, will want no further certificate of the general accuracy of its facts and statements. "The work of Bingham," as we are informed by Professor Henry in his Preface, "has been relied upon as to facts and authorities, as well as followed in its general method; still an attentive comparison will show occasionally an independent reference, and more frequently an independent exercise of judgment upon the materials brought together by Bingham."

We should have been better pleased, if the Professor had either not differed at all from his original, or had stated to us the manner in which he had seen fit to do so, so that we could always distinguish his "independent references" and "independent exercises of judgment" from the references and conclusions of the learned Bingham. No variation from his author should have been allowed in the text. And additional references, or a difference of opinion, could always and easily have been designated in a note. Yet we sincerely thank Professor Henry for this abridgment. It is very interesting to Christian students to know what the early Christians thought and did, though their thoughts and actions are to be regarded only as precedents and not as authority — precedents to be observed or not by us, according as we deem them to conform or not to the dictates of reason, and the language and spirit of Scripture.

The Feast of Tabernacles. A Poem for Music. By HENRY WARE, JR. Cambridge: John Owen. 1837. 16mo. pp. 38. — This poem has been set to music by Mr. Charles Zeuner, and was performed at the Boston Odeon the last spring by the choir of the Academy of Music, to the great satisfaction of those who heard it. As we were not among the number of the hearers, we can only speak of the poem as it now appears before us, separated from the charms of melody; and we can truly say that the peru-

sal of it has been to us not unlike pleasant music, so evenly do its numbers flow on, and so pure is the impression which it leaves upon the mind. The scene is the temple at Jerusalem, the time, the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, one of the three great religious festivals of the Jews. The piece is divided into two parts, the first entitled the Morning Sacrifice, the second, the Evening Sacrifice. Scriptural phraseology is happily introduced and versified, beautiful scenes are pictured, and the dramatic action is kept up with spirit. It has been suggested to us that it allowed too little scope for variety of expression in the music adapted to it, as its tone is joyous throughout. It is true that such was the character of the Jewish festival, but yet the poet might perhaps have inserted some touches of not inappropriate sadness, to which the notes of the composer would have responded in those melting strains which at all times find their way into the human heart.

We extract the following beautiful hymn as a specimen of the poem. It commences with a Chorus of Priests and Watchmen in the Temple, who hail the opening day, on its dawn being announced by the watching priest.

“CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND WATCHMEN.

Welcome the dawning light !
 Welcome the joyous Day !
 Let Jacob's Tribes again unite
 To celebrate their ancient rite,
 And grateful homage pay.
 Wave the willow and the palm !
 Bow the knee and chant the psalm !
 Throng the holy altar round !
 Bid the lofty courts resound !

PRIEST.

When, from Egyptian bondage driven,
 Our fathers sought their promised home,
 For many a year offended Heaven
 Condemned them in the wild to roam.
 No house received their weary forms,
 No city knew their way-worn feet ;
 In tents they braved the winter's storms,
 In tents endured the summer's heat.
 And now, in Judah's prosperous days,
 Oft as the Harvest month comes round,
 Our humble tents and booths we raise,
 And houseless, like our sires, are found.
 We bring to mind their sins and woes ;
 Their path o'er Jordan's wave we trace,
 Till on these fruitful hills arose
 Their heritage and resting place.

CHORUS.

Praise for that fruitful heritage !
 Praise for that glorious resting-place !
 The home and pride, through every age,
 Of Zion's God and Israel's race."

pp. 6, 7.

1. *M. T. Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia, ex editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ Juventuti accommodatæ.* Cura C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Bostoniæ. Perkins et Marvin. 1837. 16mo. pp. 158. — 2. *M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres, ex editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ.* Cura C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Bostoniæ. Perkins et Marvin. 1837. 16mo. pp. 297. — These volumes may be numbered among the finest specimens which have come under our notice of what school editions of the classics ought to be. The generally received text of Olivet and Ernesti has been adopted in both cases, no alteration being made, except in conforming the orthography to that of the grammars and dictionaries in common use, and distinguishing by accents certain equivocal words. The notes, which make about a third of each volume, are drawn up with much care, judgment, and taste, their design being to explain allusions, resolve unusual and blind constructions, and point out nice shades of meaning, without interfering, however, with the province of the lexicographer, or involving the student in philological questions for which he is not prepared, or drawing away his attention to irrelevant topics. The appearance of the page is also fair and inviting, and the mechanical execution in all respects satisfactory, and yet the whole is afforded at a price considerably less than was paid, not many years ago, for the coarse and dingy class books then used in our academies and colleges. The two volumes before us, we observe, are printed and bound so as to match, and we understand that it is Mr. Dillaway's purpose to add to the series, a purpose which we hope he will find opportunity and encouragement to realize.

1. *The True Faith Vindicated, or Strictures on "The True Believer's Defence," a work written by the Rev. Charles Morgridge, of New Bedford, against the Divinity and Deity of Christ, and Doctrine of the Trinity.* By PHINEAS CRANDALL, Pastor to the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in New Bedford. New Bedford: Sidney Underwood. 1837. 12mo. pp. 70. — 2. *Appendix to the "True Believer's Defence;" or*

a Reply to "The True Faith Vindicated," a work purporting to have been written by Phineas Crandall, Pastor of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in New Bedford. By the AUTHOR OF THE DEFENCE. New Bedford: William Howe. 1837. 12mo. pp. 60. — "The True Believer's Defence" was favorably noticed in the last number but one of this Journal. We are glad to learn from Mr. Crandall's answer, that this controversy is slowly finding its way among the Methodists, a denomination of Christians for whose practical and devotional character, as a body, we entertain the highest respect. Their attention has not been much directed as yet to the questions discussed in these pamphlets; but whenever it shall be, there is reason to believe that they will bring to the inquiry fewer prepossessions against the truth, and a stronger desire to be wholly determined by the simple teachings of the word of God, than is usual with the other modern orthodox sects. In that event they will be so much the more likely to embrace some form of Unitarianism, as the result of the investigation. Mr. Crandall, it is true, begins, as was to be expected, by coming out in defence of opinions in which, we suppose, he was educated, and has never probably allowed himself once to doubt; but if this is the best defence he can make of these opinions, we should think that he is in a fair way of speedily giving them up. The reply by Mr. Morgridge, who, it will be recollected, belongs to the Christian connexion, is in all the main points, as we presumed it would be, entirely satisfactory. As a specimen of his controversial powers we give the following.

"Mr. C. repeatedly accuses me of being a Socinian. He says, p. 68, 'Mr. M. should be reminded that the ingrafting of a few evangelical cions upon the old Socinian tree is with him, and the other followers of Elias Smith, a mere experiment.' To this I answer, I am not a Socinian. The word 'Socinian' is not in my Defence. It does not advocate Socinian sentiments. But sentences totally incompatible with Socinianism are to be found in great abundance; one of which Mr. C. has quoted, in which I expressed my belief in the preëxistence of Christ. Before he attempted to write a book upon polemic theology he ought to have known that Socinians do not believe in the preëxistence of Christ. It is not likely that he believes me to be a Socinian. He certainly cannot believe it without evidence, either real or imaginary. But if he had evidence of any sort would he not have submitted it? A man that thinks he can prove an allegation is very likely to try. The fact that he has quoted nothing from my Defence, nor from any other work, nor offered any evidence whatever, to show that I am a Socinian, is, I think, nearly equivalent to an acknowledgment that he did not believe it himself. His associating my name with that of Elias Smith is circumstantial evidence, at least, that he would not have called me a Socinian, had it not been, in his

opinion, a name of reproach. I am not a follower of Elias Smith, and never was. I never read one of his books. I never heard him preach but once in my life. I never was sufficiently acquainted with him or his writings to know whether he was a Socinian or not. I am no more responsible for the faith of Elias Smith, than Mr. C. is for the morality of Ephraim K. Avery. It is not pleasant to encounter an antagonist, who, for want of argument, will offer abuse." — pp. 9, 10.

Again, in the conclusion, he says :

"It does not appear from his [Mr. Crandall's] book, that he believes God ever sent his SON to die for us ; or that the SON ever came to die for us ; or that he ever did die for us. If I were to write a book in vindication of 'the TRUE faith,' and should deny the sufferings and death of the SON of God, by maintaining that this was true only of a mere man to whom the SON was united, I should be astounded beyond measure, if an intelligent but *injured* community should not, with one consent, condemn, and reject it as a denial of the SON of God. Though Mr. C. has nowhere mentioned the 'Son of God' in his vindication of 'the TRUE faith,' except in a few quotations from my book which he condemns, yet he has had much to say about 'God the Son,' a personage not once named in the Bible ! If there is any doctrine taught in the Bible, with perfect clearness, it is, that the SON of God suffered and died on the cross. If there is any thing taught with perfect clearness, in Mr. C.'s book, it is that the SON could no more suffer and die than the FATHER. The Bible promises eternal life to all who believe on the SON of God ; and maintains that he, who does not believe Christ to be the SON of God, shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him. That Mr. C. has promised life to those of a different faith from that which Christ and his Apostles required, as the only saving faith, is as certain as it is that he has 'become an author.' On the other hand, he has maintained with equal clearness, that the faith of those who believe Christ to be the SON of God, and that he suffered and died on the cross, is equivalent to a denial of every thing 'that is at all essential to the Christian faith.'

"Mr. C. says, p. 69, 'The peculiar connexion of the bleeding, suffering, innocent victim with the divine nature, appears to be the circumstance which distinguishes and elevates it above all other sacrifices, and of course is what gives to it its atoning efficacy.' But why is there no 'atoning efficacy' in the sacrifice of the SON of God ? I believe that there was as 'peculiar connexion' between him and his Father, as Mr. C. thinks existed between him and the mere man to whom he was united. If the blood of the mere man derives its 'atoning efficacy' from its union with the SON, who is but the second person in the Trinity, I see not why the blood of the SON may not derive efficacy from his union with the Father, who is the first person in the universe. The 'suffering innocent victim,' according to my doctrine, is as much greater than he is according to Mr. C.'s doctrine, as the SON of

GOD is greater than a mere man. His union, too, is with the FIRST and GREATEST person in the UNIVERSE, of whom the SON said, *He is greater than I, He is greater than all*; whereas Mr. C. unites him only with the *second* in the *Trinity*. My doctrine exhibits a victim, a sacrifice, of far more illustrious pedigree; and unites him with a personage of unequalled glory and majesty."—pp. 58, 59.

We shall not be understood, of course, as concurring in all the positions taken by Mr. Morgridge. There, are moreover, in the pamphlet before us, a few incidental inaccuracies into which he has fallen; such as classing Sir Isaac Newton with "professedly Trinitarian authors," and referring to Gesenius and De Wette as "the highest Trinitarian authorities in the world." Still it is another spirited, manly, and able defence of Unitarianism from his pen, and so far as Mr. Crandall's attack is concerned, a most triumphant vindication; so that we feel under great obligations to Mr. Morgridge for having produced it, and to Mr. Crandall for having provoked it.

Athens: Its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, M. P., M. A. I. and II. Vols. 12mo.—Reading the first half hour in this last work of Mr. Bulwer's prolific pen, one is tempted to throw the book aside in despair of perusing it, so bad, so involved, and apparently artificial is the style. But at the end of two hours, the difficulty vanishes, and the pages become so fascinating, that the reader quits them with regret; and at the end of the second volume, he longs for the appearing of the other two, which are to complete the work.

It may be that the author's style improves as he enters the more into his subject, but it is probable, that most of the change is in the reader's mind, who, becoming used to the style, finds it not difficult or disagreeable, as the rider sometimes finds the horse very easy in pace after a few miles' ride, whose gait seemed at first intolerably hard.

Mr. Bulwer assiduously vindicates the Greeks, and especially the Athenians, from the common attempts to detract from the originality and worth of their literature, institutions, and character. He denies that the Oriental Influence was so great in Greece as it is commonly represented. He maintains that the national religion was a legitimate offspring of the Hellenic soil, and although somewhat modified, was not essentially changed by Egyptian or Oriental influences. So likewise of other institutions, beside the religion of the country.

Mr. Bulwer makes himself especially the champion of Athens,

and the Ionic race and free governments, against Sparta, and the Dorian race and oligarchies. He represents Sparta as an unnatural state, deformed by artificial restraints, and meeting the vengeance of injured nature by her very attempts to defeat the sway of nature's laws;—a state glorying in her freedom, and yet the home of the most abject slavery, — enjoining the most unnatural self-denial in her citizens, and yet those citizens, in regard to other Greeks, the most selfish of the Hellenes — her rulers debarred by law from wealth, and yet the most accessible to bribery of all Greeks. He so vindicates Athens, as even to defend the ostracism, as being necessary in a government whose greatest danger consisted in the excessive power and usurpations of distinguished men. He maintains, that the right of ostracism, instead of being used capriciously, was employed with signal justice and forbearance, and that even the exile of Aristides was demanded by the public weal, on account of his great influence in the nation and his notorious attachment to oligarchical institutions. How much Mr. Bulwer's views of Athens may be tinged by the radicalism of his English politics cannot fairly be ascertained. He denies being tinctured in his history by any party prejudices.

This work bears witness of much research and of very exact scholarship in the writer. One, to be sure, is very easily deceived by a parade of learning, and the reader may too readily trust in the wondrous erudition of the book, from the display of learning made in the notes. But if the writer has made too much display, or pretended to more learning than he possesses, he will undoubtedly suffer for it. He has spoken so decidedly on many points, and dealt so freely with the good name of such historians, as Mitford, and even the German Müller, that vengeance will come upon him for all the faults of his history. The *London Quarterly* will probably come down in all its wrath upon the historic champion of Attic Democracy.

The author trusts, in his Preface, that his work will give the best extant account of the letters, institutions, and life of the Greeks. When we have read the two forth-coming volumes, we can tell better, how far this trust is warranted.

A letter to the Rt. Hon. and Hon. the Members of both Houses of Parliament, regarding the Doctrines of the Established Church. By the AUTHOR OF THE APOLOGY OF AN OFFICER, FOR WITHDRAWING FROM THE PROFESSION OF ARMS. Printed for the Author, for voluntary distribution. 1836. — This Letter was written by Thomas Thrush, Esq. of Harrogate, England, formerly a captain in the British navy, but induced

many years ago to lay down his commission from conscientious scruples in regard to the consistency of the profession of arms with a Christian life. It is an earnest appeal to Parliament so far to reform the Articles and Liturgy of the Established Church as to exclude every vestige of the doctrine of the Trinity, the same being, as he undertakes briefly to demonstrate, a radical and most injurious corruption of the truth as it is in Jesus. Whether in point of fact he is likely to obtain a respectful audience in the quarter to which he looks, may well be doubted; but most of our readers will be convinced by the following paragraph, that he is entitled to such audience, whether he obtains it, or not.

“Permit me, my Lords and Gentlemen, in taking my leave of you, solemnly to assure you, that, in thus addressing you, I have no party, no sectarian views to promote. I am far advanced in life; and to court the approbation, or fear the censure, of the world, on such a subject, would be equally unwise. I must, probably, be shortly called to account for my conduct before a greatly superior tribunal. The life-giving truths that the FATHER is the ONLY TRUE GOD, and that Jesus Christ is *sent* by him, I have thought it a sacred duty to advocate. If, in doing this, from feeling warmly the high importance of my subject, any expression may have escaped me irreconcilable with the respect and duty I owe you, I humbly intreat your forgiveness. Should I be deemed guilty of presumption in addressing you at all, the importance of the subject must be my apology. At present, skepticism, fanaticism, and lukewarmness materially neutralize the effects that Christianity is destined to produce. These, in part at least, arise from those mysterious, not to say incredible doctrines, which are by many deemed the *peculiar doctrines* of Christianity. Alluding to such doctrines, Dr. Paley remarks; ‘That whatever renders religion more rational, renders it more credible; that he who, by a diligent and faithful examination of the original records, dismisses from the system one article which contradicts the apprehension, the experience, or the reasoning of mankind, does more towards recommending the belief, and with the belief, the influence, of Christianity, to the understandings and consciences of serious inquirers, and through them to universal reception and authority, than can be effected by a thousand contenders for creeds and ordinances of human establishment.’” — p. 10.

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

N^o. LXXXIII.

THIRD SERIES—N^o. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

ART. I.—*Some Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria.* By JOHN, BISHOP OF LANCOLN. London. 1835. 8vo. pp. 472.

WE took some notice in a former volume,* of Bishop Kaye's work on the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr, published in 1829. This was preceded by one on Tertulian. The present, as will be seen by the title placed above, relates to Clement of Alexandria. The object of the Bishop is, in a series of publications of this sort, to illustrate the ecclesiastical history of the early centuries, by copious extracts from the writings of the Fathers, accompanied with a general account of the contents of the remaining portion of them. He does not enter minutely into the literary history of their writings, and his biographical notices are exceedingly brief. His extracts, however, are, in the main, well chosen, and perspicuously and faithfully translated. Accompanying them, or subjoined to them, Dr. Kaye gives a statement of the opinions of the writer on all subjects of importance. In doing this, he sometimes allows his Church of England prejudices, and especially the necessity he feels himself

* Christian Examiner, Vol. II. N. 8. Art. *Justin Martyr*, pp. 140 and 303.

under, to find the Trinity in the productions of the early ages, to give a coloring to his statements. Some of his positions are altogether indefensible. The volumes he has given us, however, are very creditable to his industry; he has evidently bestowed no little thought on them, though we discover in them no proof of extraordinary research or compass of reading. On the whole, we regard them as a valuable acquisition, and should be glad often to meet the author on similar ground. They present a favorable view of the merits of the Fathers,—of their merits as writers, much too favorable, for as the Bishop gives only the best portion of their works, and omits a great deal that is obscure, prolix, marked by bad taste, incoherent reasoning, and false and absurd interpretation of the Scriptures, his extracts furnish no true specimen of their general style and method.

Of the personal history of Clement very little is known. The sum of what can be gleaned from himself, from Eusebius, Jerome, and other sources, may be told in a few lines. Jerome says that he flourished in the days of Severus, and his son, Antonine,* that is, at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, but the time of his birth and death he does not tell us, nor has history preserved any record of it. The place of his birth is equally uncertain. Both Athens and Alexandria are mentioned by different writers, but on no better ground than conjecture. We have the authority of Eusebius for believing that he was a convert from heathenism. It is certain that he was presbyter of the church of Alexandria, and for some time head of the catechetical school in that place; that he was the disciple of Pantænus, and among his pupils numbered the celebrated Origen.† To Pantænus, he is supposed to refer, when, in his *Stromata*, speaking of his instructors, after enumerating several, as (if we understand him, for the passage is somewhat obscure) one in Greece, one in Italy, the former from Cœle-Syria, the latter from Egypt, besides two more, one an Assyrian and the other a native of Palestine, by descent a Hebrew, he says, that the last with whom he met was the first in merit, that he found him concealed in Egypt, and having discovered him, he desisted from further search. "He was," says Clement, "in truth, a Sicilian bee, who, cropping the flowers of the

* *De Viris Illustribus.*

† *Euseb. Hist. Lib. VI. c. 6.*

Prophetic and Apostolic meadow, caused a pure knowledge to grow up in the minds of his hearers." * These men, he says, preserved the tradition of the "blessed doctrine as delivered by Peter, and James, and John, and Paul, the holy Apostles," and handed down from father to son, though, he adds, "few resemble their fathers." The *Stromata*, one of his principal works, contains, among other things, according to his own account of it, the reminiscences of what he learned from them, which, as he tells us, he records as an antidote against forgetfulness, and a treasure against old age.

Eusebius, in the sixth book of his history,† and Jerome, in his short account of "illustrious men," have left us a catalogue of Clement's writings, apparently, however, incomplete. Of these, some are lost,‡ but we have still the Hortatory Address to the Greeks, the *Pædagogus*, the *Stromata*, and a

* *Stromata*, Lib. I. Opp. T. I. p. 322, Ed. Potter.

† c. 13.

‡ Of these the *Hypotyposes*, or *Institutions*, in eight books, is particularly to be regretted, on account of the historical information which, according to Eusebius, it contained, particularly an abridged account of the canonical writings of the New Testament, together with those then considered as of doubtful genuineness, as the Book of Jude, and other catholic Epistles, as also the Epistle of Barnabas, and Revelation of Peter. The tradition relating to the order in which the Gospels were written, to the origin in particular of Mark's Gospel, and the purpose of John in writing his, too, is given by Eusebius as a quotation from the *Hypotyposes*. From the same source it appears that Clement asserted that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by Paul in Hebrew, and translated by Luke. Euseb. Hist. Lib. VI. c. 14, also Lib. II. c. 15. The work, no doubt, embodied several traditions, which it would be desirable to possess. It contained, according to Photius, some errors of doctrine, or what in his time were esteemed such. In it, he says, Clement makes the Son a creature; matter he represents as eternal; and he asserts the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and says that there was a succession of worlds before Adam. These, and several other doctrines, which he enumerates, Photius says, Clement attempted to defend by quotations from the Scriptures. That Clement might have held these, and other views mentioned by Photius, however some admirers of the Fathers may be shocked at the thought, is by no means improbable, as they are found amongst that assemblage of philosophical opinions which found a ready reception in the schools of Alexandria in the time of Clement, and many of which, as his writings show, he incorporated into his theology.

little tract entitled, "Who is the rich Man, that shall be saved?" besides a few inconsiderable fragments of other works.

The Hortatory Address, in one book, is designed to recommend Christianity to the reception of the heathen. Like the other productions of Clement, and most of the productions of the Fathers, it is written with very little attention to method. It is not what would now be called a systematic defence of the divine origin of Christianity; yet it contains many forcible and striking thoughts, and some strains of elevated sentiment, and some vigorous and animated passages, which may even now be read with pleasure and profit. It was no difficult task for one, familiar as Clement was with the mythological fables of antiquity, to expose the absurdity of the old superstitions. The comparison of Christianity with Paganism, in regard to their pervading spirit and tendencies, and especially with reference to the great principles of piety and morality, could not fail of demonstrating the immense superiority of the former. Of this, Clement and the early Apologists were fully aware, and accordingly they insist very much on what may be called the moral argument for the truth of Christianity. This they evidently felt to be their strong point. At least it was one, which, in consequence of the peculiar belief of the age, they could urge with more effect than any other, not even excepting that of miracles, the reality of which no one thought of questioning, but which, as it was supposed, might be attributed to magic, or theurgic art, and therefore, furnished no decisive criterion of a revelation. We are placed in a different position, since our views of nature and providence differ essentially from those which prevailed in the time of the Fathers.*

* Miracles surely furnish a decisive criterion of a revelation, if we admit, with the best modern writers on the subject, that they can be wrought only by God himself, or by those to whom he delegates the power of performing them, for we are certain that he would not delegate such power to an impostor. This, his moral attributes forbid. We do not say that miracles constitute direct evidence of spiritual truth, nor do we know of any writer who has ever maintained the doctrine; but, admitting their realities, they furnish, as it seems to us, indisputable credentials of a divine mission. As such simply, they have been uniformly regarded by the best writers on the evidences. As such, our Savior appealed to them. "The works which the Father hath given me

Many of the arguments employed by the Fathers in defence of Christianity, and by Clement among the rest, appear to us at the present day altogether futile, or irrelevant. But we must recollect the sort of minds they addressed, and the peculiar prejudices they were compelled to combat; we must go

to finish," says he, "the same works that I do bear witness of me that the *Father hath sent me.*"

The difficulty in the case of the Fathers was, that, according to the common belief of the age, a multitude of beings, inferior to God, were supposed to possess independent power to modify, control, or suspend the established order of nature. On this supposition, miracles certainly would constitute no infallible criterion of a revelation, because they would furnish no irrefragable proof of a divine mission. But abandon this supposition, admit that God, and those to whom he delegates authority, alone have power to control the ordinary laws which regulate the phenomena of this lower world, or constitution of things of which man forms a part, we see not why miracles, admitting their reality, may not be regarded as furnishing conclusive testimony of a divine commission. And if a person clothed with such a commission, expressly appealing in proof of it to sensible miracles, all along wrought by him, and claiming in virtue of it, authority to make a communication of the divine will, should announce certain doctrines as matters of revelation, we see not why we are not bound to receive them as such, that is, as truths. Thus miracles are, as we think, capable of establishing spiritual truth, not directly, — this, so far as we know, has never been pretended, — but indirectly and circuitously, by proving the divine authority or mission of the teacher. The only case of perplexity would be that in which the doctrine, as understood, should manifestly and incontrovertibly contradict some well established truth, or fact of consciousness, or appear decidedly at war with the moral attributes of the Divinity, or in some way involve a falsehood or absurdity, in which case we should be under the necessity of supposing that we either misapprehended the purport of the doctrine, or were deceived as to the reality of the miracle.

It appears somewhat strange that any, at the present day, should talk of the ambiguity of the evidence from miracles, as if the doctrine of the existence and attributes of one eternal and Infinite Being, who alone is capable of working miracles, in the proper acceptance of the term, or of delegating power and authority to work them, were any longer matter of doubt. See on the subject of evidence from miracles, Lord Brougham's section on the "Connexion between Natural and Revealed Religion," in his "Discourse on Natural Theology," Part II. Sect. 3; also Hugh Farmer's Dissertation on Miracles, *passim*, a work of merit, in which the question of the power of demons, evil spirits, fallen angels, or any other beings inferior to the Supreme, to work miracles without his permission, and consequently the value of the evidence from miracles, is amply discussed.

back to their times, and make ourselves familiar with the intellectual character and habits of those by whom they were surrounded, and for whose benefit they wrote. Until we do this, we are not in a condition to do justice to their merits. Trains of reasoning, which would have no weight with us, might be convincing at that day, and faults of taste, a rambling method, specimens of unsound criticism and interpretation, violent and far fetched analogies, and instances of credulity and superstition, which would doom a modern performance to neglect, would give little offence in an age unaccustomed to much order and precision in thinking and writing, and abounding in all sorts of extravagant opinions.

The following passage, which occurs near the commencement of the Hortatory Address, furnishes a good specimen of Clement's general style of argument, and further, contains his views of the Son, *Logos*, or *Word*. He introduces the passage, fancifully enough, as was his way, by an allusion to the fabled power of music among the Greeks, who taught that Amphion raised the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre, and Orpheus tamed savage beasts, and charmed trees and mountains by the sweetness of his song. The Christian musician, or Christ, he says, had performed greater things than these, for he had "tamed men, the most savage of beasts;" instead of "leading men to idols, stocks, and stones," he had "converted stones and beasts into men."

"He who sprang from David, yet *was* before David, the Word of God, disdaining inanimate instruments, the harp and lyre, adapts this world, and the little world, man, both his soul and body, to the Holy Spirit, and thus celebrates God. — What then does the instrument, the Word of God, the Lord, the New Song mean? To open the eyes of the blind, and the ears of the deaf; to guide the lame and the wanderer to righteousness; to show God to foolish man; to put an end to corruption; to overcome death; to reconcile disobedient children to their Father. The instrument of God loves man. The Lord pities, disciplines, exhorts, admonishes, saves, guards, and of his abundance promises the kingdom of heaven as the reward of learning from *him*, requiring nothing from *us* but that we shall be saved. — Think not, however, that the Song of Salvation is new. — We existed before the foundation of the world; existing first in God himself, inasmuch as we were destined to exist; we were the rational creatures of the Reason (or Word) of God; we were in the beginning through the Word, because the Word was in the

beginning. The Word was from the beginning, and therefore was, and is the divine beginning of all things; but now that he has taken the name, which of old was sanctified, *the Christ*, he is called by me a New Song. This Word, the Christ, was from the beginning the cause both of our being, for he was in God; and of our well-being. Now he has appeared to men, being alone both God and man, the Author to us of all good; by whom, being instructed how to live well, we are speeded onwards to eternal life. — This is the New Song — the manifestation, now shining forth in us, of the Word, who was in the beginning and before the beginning. The preëxistent Savior has appeared nigh unto us; he who exists in the Self-Existent has appeared; the Word, who was with God, has appeared as our teacher; the Word, by whom all things were made, who in the beginning, when he formed us, gave us life as our Maker, appearing as our teacher, has taught us to live well, in order that hereafter he may, as God, give us life eternal. — He has appeared to assist us against the serpent who enslaves men, binding them to stocks, and statues, and idols, by the wretched bond of superstition. — He offered salvation to the Israelites of old by signs and wonders in Egypt, and the desert; at the burning bush, and in the cloud which followed the Hebrews like a servant maid: he spoke to them by Moses, and Isaiah, and the whole prophetic choir. — But he speaks to us directly by himself. He is made man, that we may learn from man how man may become God. Is it not then strange that God should invite us to virtue, and that we should slight the benefit, and put aside the proffered salvation? — pp. 11 – 15.

Those who will be at the pains carefully to analyze this passage, will perceive that though Clement believed the Son to have existed before the world, and does not hesitate to bestow on him the title, God, he is far from ascribing to him Supreme, underived Divinity. The phrases “in the beginning” and “before the world was,” and others of similar import, which Clement in common with most of the early Fathers applies to him, by no means implied their belief that he had a personal existence from all eternity. This is evident from the fact, that in the passage above quoted, the very same expressions are applied by him to the human race. “*He*,” says Clement, “existed before the foundation of the world; existing first in God himself, inasmuch as we were destined to exist.”

The Fathers ascribed to the Son a sort of *metaphysical* or potential existence in the Father, that is, they supposed that he

existed in him from all eternity, as an attribute, his *logos*, reason, or wisdom, that before the formation of the world, this attribute acquired by a voluntary act of the Father a distinct personal subsistence, and became his instrument in the creation. The germ of this doctrine will be found in the passage above given.

That the Logos was originally regarded as an attribute, the reason, or wisdom of God, is undoubted. Like other attributes and qualities it was sometimes represented figuratively, as speaking and acting. By a transition, not very difficult in an age accustomed to the wildest and most extravagant speculations, and a most strange use of terms, it came at length to be viewed as a real being, or person having a distinct and permanent subsistence. Still the former modes of expression were not for a long time wholly laid aside. Traces of the old doctrine are visible among the Fathers of Clement's time. Clement himself sometimes speaks of the Logos as an attribute; he calls the Son expressly "a certain energy, or operation of the Father;"* and again he speaks of the Logos of the Father of the universe, as "the wisdom and goodness of God most manifest," or most fully manifested.†

* Stromata, Lib. VII. p. 833.

† Stromata, Lib. V. p. 646. We might quote numerous passages from Clement, in which the inferiority of the Son is distinctly asserted. Thus, after observing that "the most excellent thing on earth is a most pious man, and the most excellent thing in heaven an angel," he adds, "but the most perfect, and most holy, and most commanding, and most regal, and by far the most beneficent nature is that of the Son, which is next to the only omnipotent Father." Stromata, Lib. VII. p. 331. He "obeys the will of the good and omnipotent Father," p. 832; "rules all things by the will of the Father," p. 833; he is the "instrument" of God, his "arm," his "power"; he is "constituted the cause of all good by the will of the omnipotent Father," p. 833. "If thou wilt be initiated," that is, become a Christian, says Clement, in allusion to the heathen mysteries, "thou shalt join in the dance with the angels around the uncreated and imperishable, and only true God, the Word (Logos, Son) of God joining in the strain," as Bishop Kaye translates it; literally, "hymning with us," Cohort. p. 92; Bishop Kaye, p. 33. We are astonished that any one can read Clement with ordinary attention, and imagine for a single moment that he regarded the Son as numerically identical, one, with the Father. His dependent, and inferior nature, as it seems to us, is every where recognised.

The antiquity of the Son, or *logos*, was a topic to which Clement and the Fathers often adverted, and it should be observed, that they had a particular motive for this, hitherto generally overlooked. One great obstacle to the reception of Christianity, and one to the consideration of which Clement, in the Address from which the above extract is taken, allots no small space, was custom, prescription. Christianity, it was urged, was new, a thing of yesterday, an institution which had suddenly risen up, and ventured boldly to attack the time-hallowed religions and philosophy of the old world. To forsake these in its favor, it was represented, would be great impiety. This argument the early apologists for Christianity met, partly by dwelling on the superior antiquity of Moses, from whom, as they contended, erroneously, Plato and the Grecian sages had borrowed the most valuable of their philosophical opinions;* and partly by insisting that these sages derived gleams of truth immediately from the same divine *logos*, or reason, which had inspired the Jewish prophets, and which had now given to the world the clearer light of Christianity. This *logos*, they asserted, was of old, "in the beginning," before time was, with the Father,—that Christianity, therefore, far from being, as was represented, the growth of yesterday, dated far back in the ages, before the birth of the oldest of the sages, or the existence even of the world they inhabited. The wise men of Greece, they said, partook from the same fountain, but only "shallow draughts." The Word, Clement denominates, figuratively, the Sun of the Soul. "From this divine fountain of light," says he, (we use Bishop Kaye's translation,) "some rays had flowed even to the Greeks, who had thereby been able

* This is often distinctly asserted. Thus Clement, after quoting a sentiment from Plato, proceeds, in a passage omitted by Bishop Kaye, "Whence, O Plato, did you learn this truth? Whence that exhaustless affluence of words with which you inculcate the reverence due to the Divinity? I know your masters, though you would conceal them. You learned geometry of the Egyptians; astronomy of the Babylonians; from the Thracians you received the healing Song; Assyrians taught you many things; but laws, as many as are agreeable to truth, and the opinions you entertain concerning God, you owe to the Hebrews." *Cohort. c. vi. p. 60.* These plagiarisms of the Greek philosophers are a favorite topic with Clement in the *Stromata*, as will be seen in a subsequent part of this article.

to discover faint traces of the truth." "But," he adds, "the Word himself has now appeared in the form of man to be our teacher." *

In the following passage Clement attributes a sort of inspiration to Plato, and the philosophers.

"I long for the Lord of spirits, the Lord of fire; I seek not the works of God, but the Creator of the world, the God who gives light to the sun. But whom must I take as the assistant of my search? Perhaps you will say, Plato. Where then, O Plato, must we seek for God? You answer, that it is difficult to discover the Father and Maker of the universe; and, when we have discovered, impossible to declare him to all. Why so? He is ineffable. You say well, O Plato: you almost touch the truth. But do not faint, take up with me the inquiry concerning the good (*τἀγαθόν*): for a certain divine effluence distils upon all men, but chiefly upon those who employ themselves in rational inquiries; on which account they confess, even against their will, that there is one God, imperishable, uncreated." — pp. 18, 19.

In ascribing this inspiration, for so, we suppose, we may call it, to the heathen sages,† Clement is not singular. Most of the early Fathers of the Church do the same. Indeed, the attempt to say or do any thing without the inspiration of the *logos*, or Word of truth, they maintained, was as idle as to think of walking without feet, a figure which Clement uses. The motive in all these representations, as we have said, was to prove the superior claims of Christianity, and especially its claim to antiquity, in refutation of the argument of the philosophers, overwhelming as it appeared to the adherents of Paganism, that it was the mushroom growth of a day, as novel, as it was arrogant and exclusive.

For this purpose, as we have stated, a two-fold argument was employed; first, that the few scattered rays of truth, which might be gathered from the writings of the Grecian sages, were derived from the same fountain as Christianity,

* Cohort. ad Gent. p. 64, Potter's ed., to which all our references are made. Bishop Kaye, p. 39.

† Concerning the inspiration of the heathen philosophers, as also of the poets, more may be found in Cohort. ad Gent. c. vi. and vii. pp. 61–65. Clement then proceeds to quote from the prophetic writings, on which he bestows high praise, and first from the Sybil, then from Jeremiah and others. C. viii. p. 65 et seqq.

in which the full light beamed ; and secondly, that the *logos* or divine reason, from which this light emanated, was more ancient than the worlds, being in the beginning with God. How then could Christianity be described as recent, while the religions and philosophy it was designed to supplant numbered centuries ? If there was a little subtilty in this reasoning, it was at least suited to the genius of the age.

Clement regarded the art of Sculpture among the Greeks, as exerting a debasing influence, for it “dragged down piety to the ground.” Men adored, he says, according to his apprehension, the material image, and not the Divinity it represented. The following passage will put our readers in possession of his views on the subject.

“The makers of gods worship not, as far as I can understand, gods and demons, but earth and art, of which the images are composed. For the image is in truth dead matter, formed by the hand of the artificer. But our God, the only true God, is not an object of sense, made out of matter : he is comprehended by the understanding. Alas for your impiety. You bury, as much as lies in your power, the pure essence ; and hide in tombs that which is uncontaminated and holy, robbing that which is divine of its true essence. Why do you thus give the honor due to God to those who are no gods ? Why, leaving heaven, do you honor earth ? For what are gold, and silver, and adamant, and iron, and brass, and ivory, and precious stones, but earth, and from the earth ? Are not all these objects which you behold the offspring of our mother, the earth ? Why, vain and foolish men, blaspheming the celestial abode, do you drag down piety to the ground, forming to yourselves earthly gods ? and following these created things in preference to the uncreated God, immerse yourselves in thickest darkness ? — The Parian stone is beautiful, but is not Neptune : the ivory is beautiful, but is not Olympian Jove. Matter always stands in need of art : but God needs nothing. Art comes forth, and matter puts on a form : the costliness of the substance makes it convertible to the purposes of gain ; but the form alone renders it an object of veneration. Your statue is gold, or wood, or stone, or earth ; if you consider its origin, it received its form from the workman. I have learned to tread upon the earth, not to adore it : nor is it lawful for me to trust the hopes of my soul to things without a soul (*τοῖς ἀψύχοις*).” — pp. 15, 16.

Again,

“But though the artisan can make an idol, he has never

made a breathing image, or formed soft flesh out of earth. Who liquified the marrow? who hardened the bones? who extended the nerves? who inflated the veins? who infused blood into them? who stretched the skin around them? who made the eye to see? who breathed a soul into the body? who freely gave righteousness? who has promised immortality? The Creator of all things alone, the Supreme Artisan, made man a living image; but your Olympian Jove, the image of an image, far differing from the truth, is the dumb work of Attic hands." — p. 24.

Christianity, as Clement taught, left men at liberty to pursue their ordinary occupations, and he expressly mentions military service along with navigation and agriculture.*

We might glean more from the Address, but we do not know that there are any opinions expressed in it, in addition to those already given, which possess sufficient interest to authorize a recital. We will only say, in taking leave of it, that Clement interprets the Mosaic account of the fall allegorically, supposing that by the serpent is to be understood pleasure.

The Hortatory Address is followed by the *Pædagogus*, in three books. The object of the Hortatory Address was to prove the truth of Christianity, and make converts from heathenism. But being converted, men would need to be further taught their duty, and the due regulation of their conduct according to the moral standard of Christianity, and the design of the *Pædagogus* is to meet this want. Du Pin calls it a "Discourse entirely of Morality," but it is not a systematic treatise, nor was intended to be such. Barbeyrac finds much fault with it. He says, that it explains nothing as it should do; that there is no one duty which it puts on the right foundation; that the obligations growing out of the social relations, are, in no one instance, traced to their true principles, or so explained as to admit of general application.† All this, and much more, no doubt, may be said with truth; but in thus stating the defects of the work, it should occur to us that

* Clement's words are, "Give attention to agriculture, if you are a husbandman; but while you cultivate the earth, acknowledge God. Are you engaged in a maritime occupation, navigate the waters, but invoke the celestial Governor. Does Christianity find you bearing arms, obey the just commands of your general." Cohort. p. 80.

† *De la Morale des Pères.*

we are censuring Clement for what he never attempted, that is, to give to the world a system of Christian ethics. His task was a more humble one, though not perhaps less useful. It was to furnish Christians of his time, with practical rules for the direction of their conduct in ordinary, every day life. In doing this, he is exceedingly minute; and often goes into details which are somewhat offensive to delicacy, and many of his precepts and distinctions are ill-founded, or puerile. But many of them are just and discriminating, and must have been found in the highest degree useful to Christians, situated as believers then were, living in the midst of Pagans, and often uncertain, as they must have been, how far compliance with existing customs was justifiable, and where precisely the line of distinction was to be drawn between the manners of the heathen, and the conduct which should distinguish themselves as disciples of Jesus. Nor are they wholly without interest to us. Taken altogether, the precepts and directions which Clement has left in the work referred to, show in what he, and we suppose he may be taken as a fair specimen of enlightened Christians of his age, supposed Christian morality to consist, what was its extent, and its bearing on common life, — a subject on which minds accustomed to liberal inquiries may be supposed to feel some curiosity. Further, the work throws no little light on Pagan customs, and modes of living, particularly on domestic and social life at Alexandria at the time Clement wrote, that is, at the commencement of the third century. In either points of view, the performance is not devoid of value, and such is the pure religious tone in which as a whole it is written, and the noble and elevated spirit which breathes through many parts of it, that no one, even at the present day, can read it without benefit to himself, except by a fault of his own.

By the *Pædagogus*, Clement understands Christ, or the Word. The office of Christ designated by this term, it seems is not so much to teach doctrines, as to give precepts of holy living, not to unfold those mystical interpretations of Scripture, the knowledge of which is essential to the perfect Christian, or true Gnostic, as Clement calls him, but by regulating the heart and life of the convert, to fit him for the reception of the highest knowledge. This knowledge it is the object of the *Stromata*, the third of the larger works of Clement which have come down to us, to impart. Thus the Word, or Christ,

has three offices, the first is Hortatory ; he then acts the part of the Pædagogus, and lastly, that of a Teacher. The pupils of the Pædagogus are Christians generally, the Jews having been his former pupils, whom he addressed through Moses and the prophets. These matters are sufficiently explained in the first book of the Pædagogus, and Clement enters into an argument to show that the justice of God is not incompatible with his goodness ; that the air of severity which the Jewish dispensation appears sometimes to wear, and the threatenings and chastisements so frequently occurring under it, do not prove, as some heretics contended, that the God of the Jews was not also the God of the Christians, for they are parts of a salutary discipline. Punishment, as Plato taught, is remedial, and souls are benefited by it, by being amended. Far from being incompatible with God's goodness, then, it is a striking proof of it, for "punishment is for the good and benefit of him who is punished ; it is the bringing back to rectitude that which has swerved from it." So Clement argues, "but," says he, "I do not admit that God wishes to avenge himself ; for vengeance is the retribution of evil for the benefit of the avenger ; and he who teaches us to pray for those who insult us, cannot desire to avenge himself." The discipline God administers through his Son, or Christ, is various, but all designed for the salvation of men. Thus the Pædagogus adopts at different times different measures, some more mild, and others more severe, but all for the accomplishment of the same benevolent end. "Those who are sick," says Clement, "need a Savior ; they who have wandered, a guide ; they who are blind, one who shall lead them to the light ; they who thirst, the living fountain of which he who partakes, shall thirst no more ; the dead need life ; the sheep a shepherd ; children a Pædagogus ; all mankind need Jesus." He proceeds,

"All these offices the Pædagogus performs for man. If, therefore, he addresses them through their fears, it is not because he is not good as well as just ; but because mere goodness is too often despised, and it is consequently necessary to hold out the terrors of Justice. There are two kinds of fear ; one accompanied by reverence, such as children feel towards their parent ; the other by hatred, such as slaves feel towards harsh masters. The justice of God is shown in his reproofs ; his goodness in his compassion. There is no incompatibility between justice and goodness. The physician who announces to the patient that he

has a fever, has no ill-will to him : nor is God, who convinces man of sin, unfriendly to him. God of himself is good : but he is just on our account ; and just because good. He has displayed his justice to us through his Word, from the time that he became Father. For before the Creation was, he was God, he was good ; and on this account he chose to be Creator and Father ; and in this relation of love originated justice." — pp. 63 – 64.

In the second and third books of the *Pædagogus*, Clement goes into some very curious details, from which a writer who should undertake to portray the social life, and especially the luxurious habits of the Alexandrians at the end of the second century, would derive valuable aid. The fidelity of his representations there is no reason for doubting, and from the prohibitory precepts he delivers, even when he does not attempt a formal description, much may be inferred as to the manners of the age, for there is a tacit reference to the existing state of things, and to the dangers to which Christians were on all sides exposed. Clement is addressing Christians, but it is not a necessary inference that they participated in all the faults and excesses he condemns. If so, they had been little benefited by their conversion. That so many cautionary precepts were deemed necessary, however, if they were not designed especially for the use of recent converts, may suggest the suspicion that the prevalent conceptions of the requisitions of Christianity, regarded as a rule of life, were somewhat low and imperfect.

Clement first treats of food and its uses. We should "eat to live," he says, and not "live to eat," having regard to health and strength, which are best promoted by simplicity of diet. Food is not our business, nor pleasure the end, and he draws a picture of the gourmand of his day, and gives a catalogue of the delicacies most prized by him. The word *agape*, in some sort sacred, was, it seems, in his time, applied to luxurious entertainments, and was made to sanction intemperance, of which he complains as an abuse, of which, as it would appear, Christians were guilty. His description of an epicure with his "eyes turned downward to the earth, always bending over tables which are furnished from the earth," and his account of the conduct of many at feasts, of the "eagerness with which they scrutinized the various dishes; and the ridiculous gestures by which it was expressed," of the impeded utterance, and

other indecencies witnessed, contain some graphic touches. Many of the habits he condemns, certainly exhibit great coarseness of manners, and if we may credit his representations, an Egyptian entertainment at the period alluded to, presented a scene somewhat worse than certain recent travellers describe as occurring at the present day on this side of the Atlantic. Clement, however, has no narrow and bigoted notions, for he allows Christians when invited to attend the feasts of the heathen, and to partake of a variety of food, observing in the mean time the laws of temperance and propriety.

From eating, Clement proceeds to drinking. The "wine question," as it is called, is not new; it seems it was agitated in Clement's day, and as he is an authority which has been appealed to during the present controversy, some of our readers may feel a little curiosity to know his views on the subject more fully. We give the following summary and quotations, as they stand in Bishop Kaye, after which, we will add a passage which the Bishop has omitted, having an express bearing on the controversy as it existed in Clement's time. We are not, let it be observed, arguing for, or against the use of wine; we do not enter into any argument on the question; we are simply, and because it comes in our way, giving Clement's views as a matter of history.

"Water is the natural drink of man: this the Lord gave to the Israelites, while they were wandering in the wilderness: though when they came into their rest, the sacred vine brought forth the prophetic grape. — Boys and girls ought to be confined strictly to water; wine heats the blood and inflames the passions." — Clement allows only bread, without any liquid, for breakfast or luncheon (*τὸ ἀριστον*) to those who are in the flower of their age. At supper he allows wine in small quantities.* 'They who are advanced in life may drink more freely, in order to warm their chilled blood; they must not, however, drink so much as will cloud their reason, or affect their memory, or cause them to walk unsteadily.' These permissions and

* Clement's expression is, "In the evening, at the time of supper, wine is to be used, when we have laid aside our more serious studies." One reason he assigns is, the chilliness of the air, and the failing warmth within, which requires to be restored. He then adds the caution, expressed by Bishop Kaye, of moderation. — *Pæd. Lib. II. c. ii. p. 179.*

restrictions Clement grounds on medical reasons. He quotes an author, named Artorius, who wrote on longevity, and said that men ought only to drink enough to moisten their food. 'Wine may be used on two accounts, for health and relaxation. Wine drunk in moderation softens the temper. — As life consists of that which is necessary and that which is useful, wine, which is useful, should be mixed with water, which is necessary.* After describing the effects of drunkenness, Clement proceeds to refute the opinion of those who contended that no serious subjects should be discussed over wine. He argues, that perfect wisdom, being the knowledge of things human and divine, comprehending every thing in its superintendence of the human race, becomes as it were the art of life; and is always present through the whole of life, producing its proper effect, a good life. If then wisdom is driven away from our entertainments, drunkenness follows with all its train of evils, of which Clement draws a picture, at once, to use his own expressions, ridiculous and exciting pity. He compares the body of him who drinks to excess to a ship, absorbed into the abyss of intemperance; while the helmsman, the understanding, is tossed about in the billows, and dizzy amidst the darkness of the storm, misses the harbor of truth, steers towards that of pleasure, and striking on sunken rocks, makes miserable shipwreck. 'Wine may be used in winter to keep out the cold; at other seasons to comfort the bowels. As we ought to drink only because we are thirsty, we ought not to be curious about wines. In drinking, as in eating, we must be careful not to show any indecent eagerness; we must not drink with so much haste as to hiccup or spill the wine over our beard or dress.' Clement observes that the most warlike nations were those most given to drinking. Christians, therefore, a peaceful race, should drink in moderation, as Christ drank when he was made man for us. In conclusion Clement cautions females to be guarded in their manner of drinking, and not to fall into any indecency. In this chapter Clement has borrowed much from Plato." — pp. 72 — 74.

Clement enumerates the foreign wines most in repute in his time, but thinks that native wines ought to satisfy a temperate man, and is very decided in his condemnation of all luxurious tastes and indulgences. The following passage, already alluded to, stands in connexion with those quoted by

* "Both," says Clement, "are the works of God, and for that reason, the mixture of both, water and wine, is conducive to health." *Pæd. Lib. II. c. ii. p. 180.*

Bishop Kaye. "How do you think the Lord drank, when for our sakes he became man? Immoderately as we? not with decorum? not temperately? not considerably? For he assured," he adds in opposition to the Encratites, who held wine in abhorrence, and even substituted water instead of it in the celebration of the supper, "be assured that he also partook of wine, for he also was man. And he blessed the wine, saying, *Take, drink, this is my blood*, the blood of the vine. And that those who drink, should observe sobriety, he clearly showed, since he taught at feasts, which is the office of a sober man. And that it was wine which he blessed, is again evident from his saying to his disciples, '*I will not drink of the fruit of this vine, until I drink it with you in the kingdom of my Father.*' Moreover, that it was wine which our Lord drank, again appears from his observation respecting himself, when upbraiding the Jews for their hardness of heart, he says, '*The Son of man came, and they say, behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans.*'" * This Clement thinks sufficient to refute the Encratites.

The third chapter of the *Pædagogus* is devoted to the consideration of drinking-cups, furniture, and articles of expensive luxury, connected with the table. "In his food, his dress, his furniture," says Clement, "a Christian ought to preserve a decent consistency, according to his person, age, pursuits, and the particular occasion." Wealth, ill-directed, he says, is a "citadel of wickedness." "The best wealth is poverty of desires; and true greatness consists not in priding ourselves on wealth, but in despising it."

Clement treats, in the next chapter, on the proper conduct at convivial entertainments. The pipe and the flute he would have banished from these entertainments as "better suited to beasts than a man," though Christianity, he says, does not condemn music altogether, for Christians may sing praises to God to the lyre and the harp.

We then have a chapter on "laughter." Buffoons and imitators Clement would banish from Christian society, and whatever would indicate in ourselves a light and frivolous mind. "We may be facetious," says Clement, "but must not lay ourselves out to excite laughter." What is natural

* *Pæd. Lib. II. c. ii. p. 186.*

we must not attempt to eradicate, but only to restrain. "Man," says he, "is a laughing animal, but he must not always be laughing. Like rational animals, we must rightly temper our cares and anxieties by relaxing ourselves according to rule, and not by disregarding all rule." Clement describes the different species of laughter, distinguishes them by their names, and shows how and when it may be proper to indulge it. Thus "we should not laugh in the presence of those older than ourselves, or whom we ought to reverence; unless they say something facetious to make us gay. We must not laugh with every one we meet, or in all places, or with all men, or at every thing." Yet we must not, he says, wear a severe and morose countenance.

Clement proceeds in the remaining chapters to treat of "immodest speech;" of the rules to be observed by those who would conduct themselves generally with propriety, in doing which he descends to the minutest particulars; of garlands and ointments, the use of which he thinks unnecessary, and to be discouraged as favoring luxury. He describes the several varieties of ointment most in esteem, and says that the makers of them as well as "the dyers of wool" were banished from all well regulated states. "Silly women," he says, "anoint their hair, of which the only effect is to render them grey at an earlier period than they would otherwise be." Flowers placed on the head, in garlands, he considers as perverted from their natural use. "The ancient Greeks wore no garlands; neither the suitors of Penelope, nor the luxurious Phœacians wore them; they were introduced after the Persian war, and first worn by the victors at the games." Again, many of them were consecrated to heathen divinities and should not therefore, says Clement, be worn by Christians, as the "rose to the muses; the lily to Juno; the myrtle to Diana." "It was the custom also," he observes, "to crown the statues of the gods; but the living image of God ought not to be adorned like a dead idol. A crown of Amaranth is reserved for him who leads a holy life; a flower which the earth is not capable of bearing, and heaven alone produces."* This conception is preserved by Milton.

* Bishop Kaye, p. 81.

" With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal Amarant, a flower, which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows."

Paradise Lost. Book III.

In another chapter Clement delivers rules concerning sleep. The soul, he says, is active during the sleep of the body ; and dreams afford the wisest counsels. Again, in a chapter purporting to be on the married life, he takes occasion to speak of the proprieties of dress, and particularly female dress, and enters minutely into a description of a lady's toilette. He condemns all extravagance, and a disposition to seek " the rare and expensive in preference to that which is at hand, and of low price." He will not allow ladies to wear "died garments," but he insists on the use of veils, which must not be purple, to attract the gaze of men. A chapter follows on covering for the feet, as sandals and slippers, on which it was customary to bestow great expense ; and another on ornaments of gold and precious stones. On this subject, it seems, the ladies of Alexandria did not unresistingly submit. They ventured to argue the case with the holy Father. "Why," say they, "should we not use what God has given? Why should we not take pleasure in that we have? For whom were precious stones intended, if not for us?" * This was bringing the argument home, but Clement found means to reply, by pointing out the distinction between what is necessary, as water and air, and lies open to all, and what is not necessary, as gold and pearls, which lie concealed beneath the earth or water, and are brought up by criminals, who are "set to dig for them." Other arguments he employs. But the advocates for the use of ornaments rejoin, if all are to select the common and frugal, who is to possess the more expensive and magnificent? To this Clement replies somewhat obscurely and clumsily, by a reference to what it may be proper for men to use, if they avoid setting too high a value on it, and contracting too great a fondness for it. He concludes the discussion by objecting to particular articles of female ornament, or ornaments of a particular form, that of

* Bishop Kaye, p. 87.

the serpent, for example, which was the form under which Satan tempted Eve, and therefore to be abjured.

The third book of the Pædagogus is in a similar strain. The first question Clement proceeds to discuss is, in what true beauty consists. He speaks of the folly of anxiety to adorn the outward man, while the inward man is neglected; he dwells on the mischievous consequences of a love of dress, and inveighs against a multitude of female fashions. The use of mirrors especially moves his indignation. The reason he assigns against the use of them is curious enough. Every woman who looks in the glass makes her "own likeness by reflection," and Moses has forbidden "to make any likeness, in opposition as it were to the workmanship of God"! *

The "fine gentlemen" of the day, are next "served up." Among other things which Clement could not abide, were the attempts made to conceal the effects of age. "They think," says he, "that like snakes, they can cast off old age from their heads, and make themselves young." For this purpose they were accustomed, it seems, to dye the hair, which Clement thought was absolutely intolerable, because it was in direct contradiction of the Savior, who said that man could not make one hair of his head white or black! Clement too had the true oriental veneration for a beard. He condemns shaving altogether. "The beard," he says, "is older than Eve, and the sign of a superior nature." The number of servants maintained by the rich, and the sums expended on dogs, monkeys, and birds, is a subject of very grave remonstrance. The picture he draws of the morals of the day, and particularly of female morals, is really appalling. Bathing establishments, as conducted at the time, come in for a share of his censure, justly no doubt. The use of wealth is treated of, and much is said in favor of modesty, frugality, temperance, and simplicity in habits and dress. Women are allowed more liberty in the last particular, as they are compelled to study dress to please their husbands; but they should endeavor, says Clement, to bring their husbands to a better mind. By showing too much attention to ornament,

* False hair was on no account to be worn by a woman; and one reason was that the Priest, in blessing her, would lay his hand not on her head, but on the hair of another, and through it on another head.

they cast a reflection on their Creator, as if he had not sufficiently adorned them. Men are allowed to wear rings only on their little finger. The emblems on our rings should be a dove, or a fish, or a ship sailing before the wind, or a lyre, or an anchor; not the figure of an idol, which a Christian is forbidden to reverence; or a sword, or a bow, ill-suited to a follower of peace; or a cup, ill-suited to the temperate; still less a naked figure.* Clement notices with disapprobation the lounging habits of some in his time. "Men," he says, "ought not to waste their time in shops, in order to look at the females as they pass."

We cannot dwell longer on this work of Clement, nor can we stop to describe the feelings with which one rises from its perusal. They are certainly feelings of reverence for Christianity, which is here presented, contending as an antagonist principle with deep seated depravity and sin. In attempting to reform the Alexandrians, Clement had undertaken a Herculean labor, and notwithstanding the puerility and absurdity of many of his precepts and distinctions, there was a dignity, a consciousness of strength and moral purity, in his bearing, a loftiness of aim and earnestness of performance, which must command the respect and admiration of every honest mind, and pleads eloquently for the Christian cause. As writers, the Fathers have been greatly overrated; the value of their opinions has been overrated; but as champions of Christianity, contending manfully and unhesitatingly, with the power of the whole pagan world, the power of the sword, the power of superstition, wit, and ridicule against them; the champions of a pure and inflexible morality in ages of extreme degeneracy and corruption; the defenders of a faith which recognised the principle of human brotherhood, as the germ of all social duty, and inculcated a spirit of self-sacrifice and benevolence, as constituting the only sure test of discipleship, a faith, under the banner of which they cheerfully met death, and often a death by violence, and left traces of their toil and blood on every soil, no tribute of veneration we can render them can exceed their merits. To their spirit of noble courage, it is to be attributed under Providence, that Christianity was not crushed in its infancy; through them its blessings have been bequeathed to us: their labors purchased

* Bishop Kaye, p. 101.

our peace, their sufferings our consolation, their martyrdom our hope; and to turn on them a look of contempt on account of some superstitious weaknesses, which belonged to the age, or were the result of their pagan education, and which, on emerging from the night of heathen darkness, they had not the strength at once to throw off, argues, we think, if the effect is not to be ascribed to want of reflection, a degree either of illiberality of mind, or of heartlessness, which constitutes no enviable distinction.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the last considerable work of Clement, which has escaped the devouring tooth of time, and the largest of the three; we refer to the *Stromata*. Even this has not wholly escaped, for a fragment is wanting at the beginning, and the last book is maimed or imperfect. The work is wholly unlike either of the two preceding. It is, in fact, a book of *Miscellanies*. "Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author, who for the common benefit of his fellow authors, introduced the ingenious way of *Miscellaneous Writing*." The words are Shaftesbury's. We believe, however, that Clement is not entitled to the honor of inventing the *Miscellany*. Plutarch, it seems, wrote a work, with the title of *Stromata*, before him. Origen after him wrote one, which Jerome quotes by the same title. The *Stromata* of Clement is intended to be a sort of repository of choice things: It contains a collection of thoughts on a great variety of subjects, put down with little or no regard to connexion or method. Du Pin compares it to a "Turkey-work Carpet," and Clement himself to a garden, meadow or wood, containing all sorts of herbs, fruit, flowers, from which each one may cull what he likes. It resembles, he says, in another place, not a garden laid out with symmetry to please the eye, but rather a thick and shady mountain, in which a multitude of trees, as the cypress, the linden, the laurel, the apple, olive, and fig, and others, stand in one blended mass. The confusion which reigns through it, he says, is designed, as he writes partly for the initiated, and partly for the vulgar, for all sorts of knowledge are not suited to all, and the skilful will be able to select from the work what is valuable, and reject the worthless, while the unskilful will not be injured by that of the use of which he is ignorant; just as in the mountain forest alluded to, the laborer, or adept will know where to find the trees loaded with

fruit, which will remain concealed from those who would rifle them.

The work is divided into eight books. We are not about to tax the patience of ourselves, or of our readers, by attempting to give a minute account of its contents. The following subjects among others are introduced in the first book ; — the benefits writers confer on their readers ; Clement's apology for making so free a use of the writings of the philosophers ; against sophists and pretenders to useless science ; human arts, not less than a knowledge of divine things, derived from God ; philosophy, the handmaid of theology ; virtue depends on culture, and is aided by learning ; philosophy conducts to Christ and to virtue, philosophy not of a particular sect, but eclecticism ; the sophistical and other arts, conversant in words only, useless ; human science necessary to the right understanding of the Scriptures ; * we should be more solicitous to do, than to speak well ; the wisdom of this world, and the philosophy which the Apostle commands us to shun ; the mysteries of faith are not to be promulgated to every one, since all are not fit auditors of the truth ; of the various sects of philosophers, no one possesses the whole truth, but each a portion of it ; succession of philosophers among the Greeks ; Grecian philosophy derived mostly from the barbarians ; other arts traced to the same source ; in what sense the Greek philosophers, coming before Christ, may be called " thieves and robbers ; " how philosophy aids the comprehension of divine truth ; the laws and institutions of Moses more ancient than the Greek philosophy and the sources of it ; the Greeks derived not only philosophy, but the military art also from Moses ; the Greeks were children in respect to the Hebrews and their institutions.

The second book treats of various questions relating to faith, its nature and end ; of the use made of fear under the Mosaic dispensation, to which, it seems, Basilides and Valentinus objected ; of repentance of two kinds ; of hope and fear ; of the manner in which those passages of Scripture are to be understood, which ascribe human affections to God ; of

"It is true," Clement says, "the Apostles were unlearned ; but they were guided by the spirit ; we can only arrive at the right understanding of the sacred volume by study, and the usual modes of instruction." See Bishop Kaye, p. 119.

the laws of Moses as the source whence the Greeks derived their whole knowledge of ethics ; of other things pilfered by the Greeks from the sacred writers ; of marriage. This is defended in the third book, against various heretics, who for different reasons condemned it.

The fourth book contains the praises of martyrdom, with various observations on Christian perfection, or true Gnosticism, of which, however, the voluntary offering oneself a candidate for martyrdom constituted no part.

The prevailing topic of the fifth book is mysteries and allegories, in which religious truths have been wrapped up among almost all nations, being divulged only to the initiated. Thus it was, Clement says, among the Hebrews, the Egyptians, and the Greeks. Obscurity was sometimes affected to stimulate curiosity, and excite to diligence. The apothegms of the wise men of Greece exhibit truth under a kind of veil, being delivered in a symbolical or enigmatical dress, as, for example, that communicated by Pythagoras to his disciples, "not to sail on dry land," which, according to Clement, contained a caution not to engage in public life. Clement, too, instances the Egyptian hieroglyphics in the celebrated passage to which the attention of the public has been directed by recent labors of the learned, and particularly by the discoveries of Champollion.* The Ephesian Letters were another example. This symbolical mode of instruction Clement regarded as favorable to "sound theology, to piety, to the manifestation of intelligence and wisdom, and to the cultivation of brevity." Truth, he thinks, appears "more grand and awful" by having the veil of mystery thrown around it. "Symbols also, being susceptible of various interpretations, exercise the ingenuity, and distinguish the ignorant man from the Gnostic."† Then, as before said, he thinks that all doctrines ought not to be revealed to all, as all are not capable of receiving them. There must be milk for babes, and solid food for grown men ; milk is catechetical instruction, the first nourishment of the soul ; solid food is contemplation, penetrating into all mysteries. Christ himself imparted secret doctrines to the few ; and "the arcana" or mysteries,

* *Stromata*, Lib. V. p. 657. The passage is given entire, with some remarks by Bishop Kaye, pp. 178, 180.

† See Bishop Kaye, p. 182.

says Clement, "are committed to speech, and not to writing."* Towards the close of the fifth book Clement returns with vigor to his old charge against the Greek philosophers, of having stolen all that was valuable of what they taught from the Hebrew Scriptures, though they had not always the sense to understand what they stole, and often disfigured it by their absurd commentaries and speculations.†

There is one subject treated of somewhat at large in the *Stromata*, and to which the sixth and seventh books especially are devoted, which, as connected with the history of opinions, is not destitute of interest, and which seems deserving of a more particular notice. We are so accustomed to think and speak of the Gnostics as a heretical sect, or sects, that it hardly occurs to us that the term was ever used by the Fathers in a good sense. Yet so it was. There was the true or Christian Gnostic, and the philosophical or heretical Gnostic. Clement attempts to draw a portrait of the former, in doing which he gives what in his view constituted the beautiful ideal, or finished conception of the perfect Christian, corresponding to the wise man of the Stoics, from which some features of the portrait are evidently borrowed.‡

We know not whether we shall succeed in so bringing together Clement's materials as to present to our readers a distinct image on a sufficiently reduced scale. The task is no easy one, for besides that we must study brevity, as much as possible, Clement's description is in many respects loose and disjointed, and we must collect and unite in juxtaposition the scattered members as we can. However, we will do our best.

Who then is the true, or Christian Gnostic? To what does he aim, and how attain the perfection he seeks? In what does he differ from the common believer; in regard to knowledge; in regard to the motives of action; the desires and affections; the discharge of the moral and social duties; his piety and devotions; and the general complexion of his life?

* *Stromata*, Lib. I. p. 323. For other references, see Bishop Kaye, p. 114, and pp. 362, et seqq.

† For a catalogue of the different articles, as enumerated by Clement, see Bishop Kaye, p. 186.

‡ In borrowing from the Grecian philosophers, the Fathers considered themselves as only reclaiming what was their own. It was a sort of receiving back of stolen goods.

The highest point of Gnostic perfection, that to which he constantly aims, and which is to constitute the consummation of his felicity in heaven, is the contemplation of God; for the true Gnostic dwells much in contemplation, and through knowledge and love is to rise at last to the condition of seeing God face to face. According to an expression of Plato, he contemplates the unseen God now, and is already as it were an angel, "a God walking in the flesh." He attains not this perfection at once, but by degrees and through long discipline. His progress is from faith to knowledge, and knowledge perfected by love elevates him to the likeness of God. His final state is "perpetual contemplation of God." In this consists his blessedness. The Gnostic soul, in the grandeur of contemplation, "passes beyond the state of the several holy orders, with reference to which the blessed mansions of the gods are allotted, and advancing continually from better to better places, embraces not the divine contemplation in a mirror, or through a glass, but feasts eternally upon the vision in all its clearness—that vision with which the soul, smitten with boundless love, can never be satiated—and enjoys inexhaustible gladness for endless ages, honored by a permanent continuance in all excellence."*

The Gnostic Christian differs from the common believer in several respects. First, in knowledge. The ordinary Christian has faith, the heretical Christian, opinion, but the true Gnostic, or perfect Christian, has passed beyond faith and opinion to knowledge and certainty. With him truth, unmingled with error, is a direct object of perception, and he sees it in all its native lustre. His knowledge, however, is derived through faith, for faith is the foundation on which the Gnostic edifice is reared, but knowledge is superior to faith, and this is his distinguishing possession. This knowledge Clement makes almost boundless. It is "conversant with things beyond the world, the objects of the intellect, and even with things more spiritual, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive until our Teacher revealed the truth concerning them to us. For we affirm that the Gnostic knows and comprehends all things, even those which pass our knowledge; such were James,

* Bishop Kaye, pp. 254, 255. *Stromata*, Lib. VII. p. 835.

Peter, John, Paul, and the other Apostles."* "Knowledge is a contemplation by the soul of one or more existing things; perfect knowledge of all."† The Gnostic and he alone knows God; he comprehends the first Cause, and the Cause begotten by him, and all revelation of divine truth from the foundation of the world. These revelations embrace not only written doctrine, but unwritten tradition, sometimes called by Clement, Gnostic tradition. For Christ imparted a knowledge of some things to Peter, James, John, and Paul, to be by them communicated to their successors in the church. "It was not designed for the multitude, but communicated to those only who were capable of receiving it; orally, not by writing" This knowledge, Clement says, must be cautiously imparted. "The Gnostic, who is master of the fountain of truth, incurs a penalty, if he gives occasion of offence, by causing one who is still conversant only with minor points to be swallowed up as it were by the magnitude of what he delivers; and by transferring one who is only an operative to speculation."‡ The Gnostic, too, possesses the spiritual and hidden meaning of the Scriptures, and penetrates the mystical sense of the ten commandments. He is versed in all common learning, arithmetic, geometry, physiology, music, astronomy, and especially logic, for "though the principal

* Bishop Kaye, p. 192. In another place Clement says that the true Gnostic, or perfect Christian, may be numbered with the Apostles.

† *Ib.* p. 192.

‡ *Ib.* pp. 241, 242. Peter, James, John, and Paul were the four first, and the greatest Gnostics. The three first were with Jesus on the mount of transfiguration, and were treated by him with peculiar distinction, and Paul affirms that he received all things from immediate revelation. The last named was supposed to allude to the Gnostic tradition or discipline, when he speaks of the wish to communicate to the Romans, in person, some spiritual gifts, which he could not impart in writing, and when, addressing the Corinthian converts, he says that he could not speak unto them as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal. In what this esoteric instruction, in the opinion of the Fathers to be transmitted orally, consisted, does not clearly appear, except that it pertained to the formation of the Gnostic, or perfect character, and to a more full knowledge of mysteries, and the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures than was befitting the common ear. The belief of it among the Fathers is to be traced, we conceive, to that strange mixture of philosophy with religion, which took place on the conversion of the later Platonists to Christianity.

end of man's creation is that he may know God, yet he cultivates the earth, and measures it, and studies philosophy, that he may live and live well, and meditate on those subjects which admit of demonstration."

The Gnostic, too, differs from the common believer in regard to the motives of action. Every action of the Gnostic is perfect, being performed according to reason and knowledge; those of the common believer, not being so performed, are of a middle nature; while those of the heathen are positively sinful, wanting the right motive and object. The ordinary Christian is influenced by fear, or hope of reward; not so the Gnostic; he does good "through love, and because he chooses it for itself." In seeking the knowledge of God, he has no reference to any consequences, which are to flow from its attainment; "the knowledge alone is the motive of his contemplation." "Were the choice proposed to him either to know God, or to obtain eternal salvation, (on the supposition the two could be separated,) he would chose the former."* Again, "the Gnostic, if he could obtain permission of God to do what is forbidden, and be exempt from punishment; or if he could receive the happiness of the blessed as a reward for doing it; or if it were even possible for him to be persuaded that he could escape the eye of God, would do nothing contrary to right reason, having once chosen that which is fair and eligible, and desirable for itself."† The distinction is further illustrated in the case of martyrdom, to which the common Christian submits from fear or hope of reward, the Gnostic, or perfect Christian, through love. There is a difference in actions as "performed through fear or perfected in love," and consequently the Gnostic will be more highly rewarded than the simple believer. Dishonor, exile, poverty, death, cannot wrest from him "liberty and a prevailing love towards God, which bides all things, and endures all things; for love is persuaded that the Divine Providence orders all things well." We pass through fear, by which we are led to abstain from injustice, and hope, by which we aim at what is right to love, which perfects us, instructing us through knowledge (gnostically).‡

Next, as respects the passions and desires. The characteristic of the Gnostic is not moderation of the passions, but

* Bishop Kaye, p. 169.

† Ib. 170.

‡ Ib. 162.

exemption from them. He retains those appetites necessary to the preservation of the body, as hunger, thirst, and others.* But passion and desire are wholly eradicated from his breast. He is not subject to pleasure or pain, to fear or to anger. "To have passions which require to be controlled is not to be in a state of purity." Even those emotions which have a semblance of good, as "boldness, emulation, joy," are not felt by the true Gnostic. Clement will not allow that the perfect man desires even good. He says in the true spirit of mysticism, that "divine love," by which the Gnostic is distinguished, "is not a desire on the part of him who loves, but a possession of the object loved. The Gnostic by love has already attained to that in which he is to be; he anticipates hope through knowledge; he desires nothing because he already possesses, as far as it is possible, the object of desire." †

The Gnostic discharges faithfully all the moral and social duties, and is particularly active in doing good. "His first object is to render first himself, then his neighbors, as good as possible." To this end he is ready to instruct them, especially in the way of salvation. He freely forgives injuries, and cherishes malice against none. He freely parts with money to those who have need. He adheres inflexibly to truth and sincerity, at every cost. He refuses to take an oath, for his whole life is an oath. From moderating his passions, and finally from exemption from passion, he advances to the "well doing of Gnostic perfection," and is "even here equal to an angel, — shining like the sun by his beneficence." ‡

The Gnostic is distinguished for the "surpassing greatness of his piety;" but his prayers differ in some respects from those of the common believer. "The Gnostic alone," says Clement, "is truly pious, and worships God in a manner worthy of God." He has grand and honorable conceptions of God, to whom he prays in thought, and not with the voice, for the language of God to him is, *Think and I will give*. He never fails of obtaining that for which he prays, for he prays

* From these appetites the Savior was exempt, according to Clement. "He ate, but not for the body, which was held together by a holy power," but that he might be regarded by his followers as a real man, and not a man in appearance only.

† Bishop Kaye, p. 194.

‡ *Ib.* 197.

with knowledge and discrimination. "His confidence that he shall obtain that for which he asks, constitutes in itself a species of prayer." "He prays for the permanent possession of that which is really good, the good of the soul;" "prays for perfect love;" "prays that he may grow and abide in contemplation; prays that he may never fall away from virtue." "At the same time he prays, he himself labors after perfection. For he who holds intercourse with God, must have a pure and spotless soul." Prayer united with righteousness, the Gnostic considers as the "best and holiest sacrifice." "The really holy altar is the righteous soul." "He does not," says Clement, "pray only in certain places and at stated times, but makes his whole life a continued act of prayer. He knows that he is always in the presence of God, and whatever the occupation in which he is engaged, whether he is tilling the ground, or sailing on the sea, he sings and gives thanks to God." Again, "his whole life is a holy festival; his sacrifices are prayers, and praises, and reading of the Scriptures before meals; psalms and hymns during meals, and before he retires to rest; prayers again during the night." *

The following extract from Bishop Kaye, in which he gives the language of Clement, culled from different parts of the *Stromata*, exhibits several traits of the Gnostic character, and particularly his spirituality, or mysticism.

"The soul of the Gnostic, adorned with perfect virtue, is an earthly image of divine power; it becomes the temple of the Holy Spirit, when it acquires a disposition agreeing through the whole of life with the gospel. The Gnostic is superior to every fear, and every terror; not only to death, but to poverty, and disease, and disgrace, and the like; unconquered by pleasure, and Lord of all irrational desires. His courage is not of an irrational character: he duly appreciates the danger which he is called to encounter, and obeys the call through love towards God, having no other object than to please God. He is fearless, trusting in the Lord, just, temperate. Being a lover of the one true God, he becomes a perfect man, the friend of God, and is placed in the rank of Son. — His soul being wholly spiritual, proceeding towards that which is akin to it in the spiritual Church, abides in the rest of God." "The principle of action in

* See Bishop Kaye, pp. 211–213, 249.

him is love; not fear, which is only the foundation, and as it were preparatory to perfection. He is so fully convinced of the reality of things future and unseen, that he deems them more present to him than the visible things at his feet."

"The Gnostic does not pray that he may possess abundance in order that he may be enabled to give to his neighbors in want, but that the abundance may be given directly to them. He knows that poverty and disease are designed to discipline and improve the sufferer; he prays that these evils may be mitigated to others; and he does good, not through vain-glory, but because he is a Gnostic, making himself the instrument of the goodness of God. — Leaving every obstacle behind, and looking down on the matter which draws him aside, he cleaves the heavens through knowledge, and passing through spiritual essences, and every power and dominion, he reaches the highest thrones, tending to that only which he only knows. Blending the serpent with the dove, he lives perfectly, and with a good conscience, mingling faith with hope in the expectation of the future." — pp. 215–217.

Again,

"This is the truly kingly man; this is the Holy Priest of God. — He never mixes with the promiscuous crowds in the theatre. He admits not, even in his dreams, that which is said, or done, or seen, for the sake of pleasure. He neither gratifies his smell with expensive perfumes, nor his taste with exquisite dishes, and variety of wines; he renders not his soul effeminate by wreaths of fragrant flowers; he refers the virtuous enjoyment of all those gifts to God who gives them, thanking Him for the gift and the use, and for the reason which is given him. He rarely attends convivial meetings, excepting in order to promote friendship and concord; being convinced that God knows and hears all things, not only the voice, but the thought." — pp. 247, 248.

Once more,

"The excellence of the Gnostic character consists, not in controlling the desires, and wishes, and passions, but in being exempt from them. In him the struggle between inclination and the sense of duty has ceased; because they coincide. He fasts; but he understands that the true fasting consists in abstinence from evil in act, in word, in thought. The sacrifice which he offers, is a willing separation from the body and its affections. Though prepared to shed his blood in the cause of the Gospel, he considers the true confession of God to consist in a pure and

holy life. One who so lives is a martyr, whatever the mode of his departure from this life." — p. 251.

Such is Clement's description of the perfect Christian, or true Gnostic, as distinguished from the common believer. — We are indebted to Clement for no inconsiderable part of the knowledge we possess of the several sects of heretical Gnostics. But we have, at present, no space to devote to these sects, were we disposed to enter on the subject. Of all the heresies which sprung up in the bosom of the early church, Gnosticism, from the conspicuous part it long played, the loftiness of its pretensions, the learning and skill of several of its chiefs, and the traces it left behind, and which remained long visible, after the system itself had crumbled away and disappeared, furnishes most matter of curiosity and wonder, and presents the strongest claim to the attention of the philosophical inquirer. Some of its fables have a charm for us. In their origin, the Gnostics were the Purists, the Spiritualists, the Dreamers of their day; but in their speculations, were wild, hardy, reckless; yet, withal, dogmatists of the first water. They occasionally delight us with ingenious fictions, and beautiful and significant allegories, but in our attempts to follow them, we soon find ourselves involved in intricate and precipitous passes, over which broods a darkness that may be felt.

But time warns us to conclude. We will do it with a quotation which might, perhaps, have been more appropriately introduced near the commencement of our article, along with the passage, a part of which we extracted, in which Clement compares Jesus Christ, and the effects he wrought, to the Grecian Orpheus and his wonder-working music. The language and the sentiment of the quotation, in themselves sufficiently remarkable, will present to those who are fond of tracing analogies and resemblances, matter of somewhat curious speculation, from their coincidence, singular enough, if accidental, with those of the old Father. In truth, the wayward and fantastic genius to which we owe that *unique* work, "*Sartor Resartus*," for from that we quote, has but given us Clement *poetised*. "Were it not wonderful," this is its language, "for instance, had Orpheus built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his lyre? Yet tell me, who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to

dance along from the *Steinbruch*, (now a huge Troglodyte chasm, with frightful, green-mantled pools,) and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who in past centuries, by the divine music of wisdom, succeeded in civilizing man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago. His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth, sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousand fold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them." *

A. L.

ART II. — LOCKE AND THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS.

It is remarkable, that we have yet no well-written biography of Locke. The volumes by Lord King add little to our knowledge of his private life and character. They are made up chiefly of the sweepings of his writing-desk; fragments of a correspondence which he maintained with distinguished literary contemporaries, and imperfect drafts and abstracts of works, which were either subsequently published in a completed form, or were left by a change of purpose, or a want of time, among a heap of unexecuted projects. Yet they are not devoid of interest. We like to be admitted to the workshop of genius, and by inspection of the fragments scattered around, to gain some idea of the successive steps by which great works are evolved. Such "*disjecta membra*" not only throw light on the history of the individual mind, but afford valuable hints to the general inquirer into the phenomena of thought and opinion. Taken in connexion with the incidents in the life of a philosopher, they show the reciprocal workings of thought and action, and afford the most satisfactory proof of the sincerity of published opinions. They are rendered interesting from the previously acquired reputation of the

* Sartor Resartus, pp. 264, 265.

writer, and instructive from the insight they afford into the means by which that reputation was acquired.

But the character of Locke hardly needed the illustration to be obtained from such sources as these. It is apparent on the very face of his larger works, and we rise from the perusal of them with much the same feelings, as those excited by conversation with an old and valued friend. He never puts on the airs of an author professedly dictating sentences for the public; but his thoughts flow from him with the same ease, simplicity, and not unfrequently the same vivacity, which we expect in the most unstudied table talk. Part of the effect produced on the reader is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the character of the style, which is always clear, homely, and repetitional; but more is to be attributed to the writer's peculiar turn of mind, and his entire freedom from any desire for effect. Though somewhat positive in the statement of opinions, and pertinacious in their support, he never puts on the robes and declares his sentiments in the tone of a dogmatist. Hence, some peculiarities, which detract from the merit of his writings, enhance our admiration of his character as a man. Trite and puerile remarks are mingled with the most profound and sagacious observations, and the expression is as homely in the latter case, as in the former. His style is never ornamented but by accident, nor terse but from the nature of the argument. He uses perfect good faith with the reader, never attempting to hide the frivolity of an idea by a pompous enunciation, or to cover his retreat from a difficulty in the argument, by raising a mist of words. Though an acute reasoner, he avoids the common error of logicians, who regard as incontrovertible truths those assertions, which, in the set forms of their art, they are unable to disprove. His strong good sense breaks away from the trammels of system, and cuts the Gordian knot, which his dialectical skill cannot untie.

His intellect was distinguished rather for originality than depth. He threw a new light upon speculative philosophy, not by gaining a deeper insight into the questions of which it is composed, but by contemplating them from a new point of view. Thus his method in philosophy was like that of a great commander in war, whose opponents console themselves under defeat by the reflection, that they have been beaten contrary to the rules. Grant the exclusive propriety of their system, and they ought to have conquered. And in

what did this originality consist? Not in the love of paradox, which he cautiously and even conscientiously avoided. Not in keeping away from positions, which another had occupied before him. His mind was of that generous cast, which welcomed truth, wherever it was to be found. He considered the triteness of a remark rather as evidence of its truth, than as an argument against its repetition. But the novelty of his method consisted in treating the gravest and most abstract questions of philosophy with the same homeliness and perspicuity of manner, that one adopts in the discussion of the ordinary topics of every-day life. He examines man's claim to immortality, and the evidence for the being of a God, with as little effort after fine language, as a lawyer would make in settling the title deeds of an estate. Such a procedure aids not only the comprehension, but the solution of metaphysical doubts. Difficulties vanish as language becomes less technical and involved. Such at least is the case, with subjects which the mind can effectually grasp. On the other hand, when the faculties are tasked for purposes, to which they are entirely incompetent, simplicity of manner exposes the failure, which pompous technicality only veils. The errors of Locke's system lie upon the surface, and he must be a tyro indeed, who cannot detect them. But it is easier to criticise than to amend.

Hence the opinion, which seems to be gaining ground of late, that the author of the *Essay on the Understanding* was a clear but shallow reasoner. Men affect to praise the soundness of his judgment, but sneer at his pretensions to the title of a philosopher. He uses arguments which are nothing but virtual appeals to common sense, and these are alleged to be inconsistent with the character of a deep thinker and sound logician. But what do such charges amount to? What is common sense, but the highest philosophy applied to the usual purposes of practical life? And what is philosophy, but common sense, employed in abstract investigations? Genius consists in the bent of the faculties towards a particular pursuit, and may as frequently be displayed in the conduct of ordinary business, as in the prosecution of scientific research. It works with the same tools, though it looks to a different end. The sagacity employed in detecting minute differences of character among our friends, is akin to the metaphysical tact, which distinguishes between neighboring affections of mind, that to

common observers appear shaded into each other by imperceptible gradations. The wit which sparkles in conversation, often astonishes us, when applied to the philosophy of mind, by the novelty of its suggestions, and its quickness of vision. Each of these faculties is productive of good in its lower as in its higher avocations. In the former it is more practical, in the latter more comprehensive.

But in thus asserting the equal appositeness of a plain style and simplicity of manner to philosophical subjects, we mean more than simply to defend Locke from the charge of a want of vigor and depth. What is alleged against him constitutes his peculiar merit. Whoever rescues any branch of literature or science from the hands of a sect, and by divesting it of the jargon in which their pride and pedantry had involved it, lays it open to the comprehension and use of the multitude, does as much for the interests of learning, as those who have most distinguished themselves by the originality of their views, and by the extent to which they have pushed their researches. To bring down philosophy from its high places is to enhance its real dignity, by adding to its usefulness. This service was performed by Locke. He not only raised more from the field in which he labored than his predecessors had done, but he improved the soil, and increased the number of cultivators. He was as much the father of modern metaphysics, as Newton was of astronomical science, or Adam Smith of political economy. Hume borrowed his weapons from Locke, and from the desire of refuting the skeptical conclusions of the former, arose the Scotch and German schools, the opposite poles of modern philosophy.

Up to a recent period, the authority of Locke, in all that related to style of thought and expression, was paramount among English philosophers. None adopted his doctrines to their full extent. His lively pupil, Shaftesbury, and others impugned them as soon as published. Hume, the French school of Condillac and Condorcet, received such portions as they found would form convenient premises for their own preconceived skeptical conclusions. Other writers followed the opposite course, — took what the skeptics left, and abandoned what their opponents had adopted. Condillac fastened on that portion of Locke's system, which traces the origin of the mind's furniture to *sensation*; Reid and Stewart on the other part, which refers the source of many ideas to *reflection*.

Each party condemned what they did not find convenient for their own purposes. Both followed the manner of their common predecessor. The same simplicity of statement, the same directness of argument, equal caution in the use of figurative terms, and against the ambiguities arising from the nature of language, are found in the writings of all to whom we have alluded. They imitated neither the eloquent dreams of Plato, nor the mystical refinements of Plato's commentators. The mind was to them a subject of experiment and observation; experience was their guide, and they followed with caution indeed, but without the least suspicion that it was a blind guide, and its proper name was empiricism. The subtleties and abstruse phraseology of the schoolmen were held as obsolete as their speculations in physics, and a follower of Newton would have reverted to the system of Ptolemy, or the vortices of Descartes, sooner than an English metaphysician, after the time of Locke, would have babbled in the vain jargon of the middle ages. They easily adopted modes of thought and language, which fell in with the national character, and their philosophy harmonized with their manners and habits of life.

But the fashion of the times has greatly altered. A change has come over the spirit of speculation, and tricked out its former plain garb in quaint devices and foreign fashions. A forced marriage has been effected between poetry and philosophy, the latter borrowing from the former a license to indulge in conceit and highly figurative expression, and giving in return an abstruse and didactic form to the other's imaginative creations. One would think, that men were weary of common sense expressed in pure English, and, from the mere love of change, were striving after what is uncommon and impure.

Certain it is, that a revolution in taste and opinion is going on among our literary men, and that philosophical writing is assuming a phasis entirely new. Its former characteristics are decried, or at least designated by new terms, that imply a shade of reproach. If the alteration regard the dress more than the substance, if the transcendental philosophy as yet be a manner rather than a creed, still the departures from the old method are real, and involve important consequences. But we believe, that the change is more sweeping in its nature. It is proposed, not to alter and enlarge, but to con-

struct the fabric anew. The question does not concern an addition to our former stock of knowledge, but relates to the reality and value of all previous acquisitions. It is a matter worthy of all inquiry, whether the present revolution be like that effected by Lord Bacon, an evidence of intellectual progress, an epoch in the history of man, or whether it be the mere reaction of mind pushed too far to one extreme, the recoil of systems too much depreciated, and too long forgotten.

We take this matter up seriously, but in a tone that is fully justified by the pretensions of a large class of writers. They would fain have us believe, that a new light has dawned, that old things in philosophy have passed away, and that all things are becoming new. As yet, they are more busy in tearing down, than constructing anew. A sweeping censure is put on all that has been accomplished, and nothing definite is offered to supply its place. Now, we are no bigots to antiquity; we are not attached to the old road, simply because it is old, but because it is the best which we have yet found to travel upon, and we will not diverge upon a bye-path, that leads confessedly through many a swamp and thicket, until fully convinced, that we shall thereby reach our journey's end the sooner.

The arrogant tone has been too quickly assumed, for the new philosophy wants even the first recommendation to notice. There is *prima facie* evidence against it. It is abstruse in its dogmas, fantastic in its dress, and foreign in its origin. It comes from Germany, and is one of the first fruits of a diseased admiration of every thing from that source, which has been rapidly gaining ground of late, till in many individuals it amounts to sheer midsummer madness. In the literary history of the last half century, there is nothing more striking to be recorded, than the various exhibitions of this German mania. It is curious to watch the developments of the passion through all the modes, in which the human mind exerts its powers. Poetry, theology, philosophy, all have been infected. We believe, that there are more English translations of Faust than of the Iliad, and that most of them have been published within the last ten years. A version of one of Schiller's plays has a better chance of finding purchasers and readers, than an original drama, Sergeant Talfourd's success to the contrary notwithstanding. We have no wish to institute a parallel between the merits of the dramatic writers of the two countries. Perhaps the result of such a weighing in the balance

might be unfavorable to our national pride. But our present reference is only to the disposition evinced by our literary men to translate, and by the public, to purchase and peruse.

We would not be understood to decry the study of the language and fascinating literature of Germany. The characteristics of this last, throw great light on the mind of the remarkable people to whom it belongs. Its extraordinary freshness and originality are more consonant with the works of the remotest antiquity, with the earliest efforts of the Greeks for instance, than with the worn and polished traits of modern letters. But we have no sympathy with that ill-regulated admiration, which seeks to transplant German roots to an English soil, — to cultivate a hot-bed, where plants shall be forced till they lose their native character. The peculiarities of the German mind are too striking to grace any other people than themselves. Imitation is a poor business at all times, and the matter is not much improved, when from long familiarity with foreign models, individuals adopt a borrowed cast of thought and language, with greater ease than their native style.

The history of English literature is full of instruction on this point. Foreign influence has ever proved its bane. The reign of Queen Anne was signalized by the triumph of French taste; the authority of Boileau among the English wits was hardly inferior to his influence at the court of Versailles. Yet do we look to that period, or to the Elizabethan age, with the greatest pride? Was Rowe or Ben Jonson, (we will not drag a greater name into such a comparison), the finer genius? Dryden's example should have some weight, and does he appear to greater advantage in his rhyming plays, where he imitated the French, or in his English fables? It matters not, whether the Classical or the Romantic school be the object of imitation, nor does the question depend on the comparative merits of the two. Schlegel may be a better critic than Boileau; Goethe and Schiller more worthy of admiration than Racine and Voltaire. But to us, they are all foreigners, writing in a strange tongue for another people. Peculiarities of national character must create corresponding varieties of literary expression; in this way only, are polite letters significant of the genius of the people among whom they have their birth. Cosmopolitanism, if we may be allowed the word, does not belong to the external forms of

literature, though it may to the spirit and substance. Unluckily, these traits of nationality are the most prominent of all to the eyes of a foreigner. They are the salient points on which the copyist fastens, and he is faithful to his original in proportion as he departs from the character of the very people, to whom his writings are addressed.

As a people, the Germans are remarkable for their intense national feeling. They will not fight under any other than a Teutonic banner. The attempt of Frederick of Prussia to introduce among them a French manner and French taste, failed entirely. They carefully weeded from their language every French word and idiom, which the influence of that monarch had brought in, and then they became more German than ever. True, they are acquainted with the language and literature of every nation under the sun. But they have a strange power of digesting and assimilating this foreign nutriment, till it becomes true German flesh and blood. They naturalize the foreigners, who will entirely renounce their former manners and allegiance, but they never become naturalized into another country themselves. Yet we would express our admiration of the Germans, by abandoning the very peculiarity, which is the secret of their greatness! We would fain conjure with the magician's wand reversed.

But we leave what is merely a literary question for more relevant matter. Some speculations in theology, that have lately appeared in our neighborhood, indicate strongly the place of their birth. We do not allude to this subject by way of reproach, but simply to confirm the assertion respecting the tendency of writers at present, to seek inspiration from a foreign source. The country where the Reformation had its birth, holds its daring spirit of speculation in religious matters. The church of England has been asleep since the times of Elizabeth, and the dignitaries of the Holy Catholic Church, since the suppression of the order of Jesuits, have exerted their prescriptive right of nodding in their stalls. But the restless activity of the countrymen of Luther, besides doing every thing for biblical learning, has broken out in new and startling views of the origin, evidences, and nature of Christianity. The controversy between the upholders of Rationalism and Supernaturalism has driven one party to the verge of infidelity, and the other to the extremes of fanaticism and bigotry. The middle ground is broken up in the heat of

dispute, and the moderate party is the smallest. And this battle is to be fought over again on our own religious soil. Whether its results are to be beneficial or injurious, whether the impulse received in point of activity and the disposition to inquire, will outweigh the evils of extravagance in opinion and of heated theological contests, is no question for us to determine. We look only to the indisputable fact, that religious discussions here have suddenly received a turn, that manifests the attention paid to the writings of foreign theologians.

The religious speculations of the Germans are closely connected with their philosophical opinions, if indeed they do not proceed entirely from this fountain. And this consideration brings us back to the main subject of inquiry, the influence of the study of German philosophy on our own speculative systems.

The history of modern metaphysics in Germany begins properly with the publications of Kant. The writings of his predecessors, Leibnitz, Wolf, and others, have nothing distinctive in their character from the speculations of other philosophers. But Kant created a nation of metaphysicians by constructing a system in which the peculiarities of the German mind are strongly marked. The study of philosophy henceforth became a passion with his countrymen, and successive systems were propounded and discussed with a degree of publicity and effect, which there is nothing to equal in the whole history of speculation. To this cause have been usually attributed the great boldness and freedom of inquiry, which have prevailed in Germany. Perhaps the reverse of this hypothesis is the truth. Independence of spirit always existed, and created the tendency to philosophical inquiries, because these inquiries first afforded an open field for its manifestation. The sacred character of religious subjects infused an awe into all who approached them, and novelties were proposed at first with reverence and hesitation. Politics were forbidden ground to the subjects of kings. Physical inquiries required a material apparatus, and speculations were too soon and too easily decided by the test of experiment. But the territory of metaphysics was boundless, and the inquirer might range at will, with no other check to his imagination than the one created by the imperfections of language, and the necessity of rendering himself intelligible to those whom no difficulties at first sight ever appalled.

Common phraseology broke down in the first trial. The usual resources of language failed entirely in the hands of a man like Kant, the very personification of abstract and subtle thought. He therefore created a philosophical nomenclature of his own, which, in its original or a modified form, has been adopted by subsequent writers. How far by such a proceeding he increased the lucidness of statements, that could not be couched in ordinary terms, is a matter of serious question. That words have a power of re-acting upon thought, was remarked by Bacon; and this power is likely to exist even in a greater degree in newly coined terms, whose signification is not fixed by use, than in those of established authority and determinate meaning. Novelty of expression has the semblance of originality of thought. A phrase from a Latin poet may appear in the original to convey a striking and profound remark, and yet seem utterly trite and puerile in the translation. Most of the favorite quotations from Horace, when considered apart from the diction, are mere common-places. So the technicalities of the logician give an apparent weight to common reasoning, and the familiar argument is not recognised in its scholastic garb. How far Kant imposed upon himself and his readers by giving old opinions in a new dress, remains to be determined, when a competent person shall attempt to translate his doctrines into ordinary philosophical language. That in the mist of his peculiar phraseology, he did not always perceive the true character and legitimate results of his own dogmas, is sufficiently evident. His avowed object in writing was to furnish an answer to the arguments of the skeptic, and yet his assertion, that *space* and *time* exist only as independent and original forms of thought, and have no objective reality, is a doctrine, that, properly carried out, leads directly to the deepest gulf of Pyrrhonism.

Before we impart this novel terminology into our own language, two questions must be satisfactorily determined. Has its use in Germany materially aided the progress of speculative science? Does the greater inflexibility of the English tongue admit of any great accession to its vocabulary; for all practical purposes, might not philosophical discussions among us as well be carried on at once in the Greek, Latin, or German languages, as in a sort of bastard English, enriched by words drawn entirely from foreign sources? The expedient that has been devised, of using words in their primitive,

etymological sense, as well as in their common meaning, is, in the first place, partial and insufficient; and secondly, is open to nearly the same objections that apply to the introduction of foreign terms. Take for instance the words *inform* and *intuitive*, which have been recently applied in this twofold fashion. Is not a knowledge of Latin as necessary to ascertain their primitive meaning, as if they were for the first time borrowed from that tongue? This remark would not obtain with the Saxon compounds, but these are few in number, and in most cases their common signification does not vary from that indicated by the composition. *Understanding* is an exception, and this word, we believe, has been pressed into the service in its etymological sense.

But we have no wish to discuss a mere question of philology. The graver matter lies behind, and concerns the alleged defects of our language considered as a medium for philosophical discussion. We do not now dispute the convenience, but the necessity of enlarging our philosophical vocabulary. In the material sciences, a discovery requires a name. Davy was obliged to invent terms for the metals, and Cavendish for the gases, which they respectively discovered. Even in moral and mental science, the assignment of a new faculty to the mind requires the creation of a peculiar, significant token. But speculations of this kind do not often increase the number of things, but concern the reality, modes, and relations of familiar objects of thought. As languages vary in copiousness and flexibility, they afford greater or less means of expressing these relations with conciseness and elegance. What one language gives by a word, another must express by a circumlocution. A particle in Greek may convey a distinction, which a sentence is necessary to explain in English. Moreover, the various uses of a word expose an inquirer or disputant to error, from the risk of applying them unawares in a twofold signification. If the two meanings are nearly allied, the danger is proportionally greater. Yet a mistake may be avoided by proper caution, and the liability to err would not be removed, if two distinct sounds were in use, to express the different ideas. It would hardly be diminished, for the danger lies in confounding the thoughts, and not the expressions. The necessity of increasing the number of philosophical terms is therefore a false pretence. At the utmost, the question is one for the rhetorician to decide

on grounds of mere expediency. That a philosophical writer is able to express himself with greater clearness, brevity, and force, in some other than his vernacular tongue, affords a reason perhaps for composing in that other language, but does not excuse him for contaminating his own by admixture of words of foreign derivation. He has no right to fashion out of his mother tongue a dialect appropriate to the uses of his peculiar science. Let the Transcendentalists write in German at once, and there will be no farther dispute about the matter.

The innovations, so far as executed, are conceived in the worst possible taste. The license assumed by Horace is assumed without any regard to the limitations of the rule,

"si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum
Fingere cinctatis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia *sumpta pudenter* —"

the analogy of the English language is entirely forgotten both in the mode of compounding words, and in the use of idiomatic phrases. Now, whatever apology may exist for bringing in new words, we humbly conceive, that there is none for the introduction of foreign idioms. The old English prose writers are censured for their latinized phrases; have modern authors a better right to indulge their predilection for German? The quaintness in this way imparted to style is a quality of doubtful merit. It is poor wit, to put a bad joke in the mouth of a Frenchman, that its effect may be heightened by the broken English. And the labored attempt to be grotesque in style by a mixture of foreign gibberish, is little better. "It is affectations, that's the humor of it." But to hear such writings praised as mirrors of deep thought, and containing a world of philosophical meaning, is really too great an infliction for any common stock of patience.

But the passion for German metaphysics is likely to produce greater evils than the mere depravation of English style. The habit of poring over them must induce an unhealthy state of mind, either from the general characteristics of such a philosophical manner, or from the positive tendency of the doctrines advanced. We have no taste for the sublimated atheism of Fichte, or the downright pantheism of Schelling. Yet there are men familiar with the works of such authors, and

loud in their praise, who are not ashamed to charge the philosophy of Locke with a sensualizing and degrading influence. We have a right to speak out upon this point. Among these men, and their number is rapidly increasing, the name of Locke has become a bye-word of reproach. Yet, in the whole circle of English philosophers and literary men, not one can be found, whose writings breathe more uniformly the spirit of Christian purity, love, and truth. The champion of religious toleration in an intolerant age, the mild but firm defender of his philosophical creed when rudely assailed, imbued with a love of originality, which yet never betrayed him into paradox, and willing to accept the hurtful character of any just inference from his opinions, as demonstrating the unsoundness of the doctrine itself,—the study of his works cannot but impart a portion of the healthy spirit, in which they were written. How far he is answerable for the scepticism and sensualizing dogmas, which the French philosophers of the last century founded on a partial view of his system, we leave to others to determine. Two things are certain; that the view thus taken was incomplete, and his philosophy considered as a whole affords no ground for such conclusions; and that no one would have regarded the opinions of Condillac and his coadjutors and followers with greater detestation than Locke himself. As an authority for this favorable judgment, we may be allowed to quote a passage written without reference to any sect, the members of which might find themselves censured by implication in the praises of another.

Alluding to the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Mackintosh observes; “few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding. In the mental and moral world, which scarcely admits of any thing which can be called discovery, the correction of the mental habits is probably the greatest service which can be rendered to science. In this respect, the merit of Locke is unrivalled. His writings have diffused throughout the civilized world the love of civil liberty, the spirit of toleration and charity in religious differences, *the disposition to reject whatever is obscure, fantastic, or hypothetical in speculation, to reduce verbal disputes to their proper value, to abandon problems which admit*

of no solution, to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed, to render theory the simple expression of facts, and to prefer those studies which most directly contribute to human happiness." * *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* The Transcendentalists have good reason to decry the tendency of Locke's philosophical writings.

That the spirit of German metaphysics is in almost every particular the opposite of that which is here portrayed, is an assertion which could be safely made only by one, who possessed a thorough acquaintance with the writings of German philosophers. We pretend to no such knowledge. We judge the tree by its fruits, when we assert, that the study of such writings tends to heat the imagination, and blind the judgment — that it gives a dictatorial tone to the expression of opinion, and a harsh, imperious, and sometimes flippant manner to argumentative discussion — that it injures the generous and catholic spirit of speculative philosophy by raising up a sect of such a marked and distinctive character, that it can hold no fellowship either with former laborers in the cause, or with those, who, at the present time, in a different line of inquiry, are aiming at the same general objects. The difference in the mode of philosophizing between the old and new schools is radical. Either one party or the other is entirely in the wrong. To come over to the new system, we must read our former lessons backwards, give up the old tests of correctness and sincerity, and rely no longer on meek and gentle features without, as indications of truth and goodness dwelling within.

We are fully aware, that it is dangerous in speculation to appeal to the practical tendency of any doctrine, as evidence for or against its soundness. Men are inconsistent beings. Their actions are controlled by innumerable causes distinct from the direct influence of their speculative notions. But the assailants of Locke's philosophy have rested their objections to it mainly on this ground, and have invited a comparison, in this respect, of the dogmas and mode of reasoning adopted by the two schools. And there are reasons at the present day for paying especial regard to the immediate influence of speculation upon conduct. The defence of metaphysical pursuits consists chiefly in the advantages to be expected from them in disciplining and developing the mental

* Edinburgh Review. Vol. xxxvi. Art. *Stewart's Dissertation.*

and moral faculties. We may not reasonably look for great discoveries in mental science. Philosophers do much, if they succeed in dispersing the clouds, which their own efforts have collected. Such, at least, is the common opinion. And if metaphysicians are to come from their studies with feelings worn, and their general sympathies with humanity diminished, better let them at once burn their books, and renounce their vocation. There is an old reproach, that "no stone is harder than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician," which must be wiped off entirely, before one can account satisfactorily to his conscience, for engaging in the science of abstruse learning.

Whatever course, therefore, tends to rive the philosophical world into parties, to inflame discussion between them beyond all discreet bounds, to remove the objects of thought still farther from the common pursuits and interests of mankind, is so far positively pernicious and wrong. Let the Transcendentalists look to this point. Their efforts hitherto have tended to undermine the only foundation, on which they could safely rest. They have deepened the gulf between speculative and practical men, and by their innovations in language, they are breaking down the only bridge that spans the chasm. Let them succeed in this end, and they perish by isolation.

The insufferable arrogance of the new school, and their anxiety to place themselves apart from the mass of mankind, are shown in the very plea, by which all objections to their philosophy are commonly met; that men do not understand the system, which they presume to criticise. True, men do not usually understand what is intentionally made unintelligible. It is of the perverseness shown by this wilful and designed obscurity, that we complain. *Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi.* There is more point than truth in the saying of Coleridge, that we cannot understand Plato's ignorance, but must be ignorant of his understanding. How far is such a remark applicable? Is the intellect of every author so much superior to that of his reader, that every want of understanding between the two must necessarily be ascribed to the latter? Do not cloudy minds sometimes belong to men who write books, as well as to those who read them? Do not authors now and then indulge in wilful mystification? The plea is a very convenient one, but it proves nothing, because it proves too much. Jacob

Boehme might have used it, as well as the plainest thinker that ever lived.

The assertion has been so frequently repeated of late, and always with such a self-complacent air on the part of the utterer, that no small courage is now required for a hearer or listener to confess honestly, that he does not know what his instructor is talking about. But we have less hesitation in urging an objection, which has come to be used by very respectable authority. Fichte is not remarkable for clearness of thought or perspicuity of manner; yet he can speak out on this subject with sufficient plainness. "As to the charge of not understanding Kant, I do not consider that as implying any reproach; for I hold — and this I am willing to repeat as often as it may be required of me — I hold the writings of that philosopher to be absolutely unintelligible to one, who does not know beforehand what they contain." On this principle, of course, the writings of the metaphysician of Königsberg were as well understood a century before his birth, as they are at the present day.

A poor spirit of exclusiveness is shown in this desire to wean philosophy from objects of common interest, to diminish the number of its students, and give them the appearance of adepts in a mystical science. Such a disposition has actuated more than one sect of *soi-disant* philosophers, as the following vivid though homely portraiture by Locke may testify. "The philosophers of old, (the disputing and wrangling philosophers I mean, such as Lucian wittingly and with reason taxes,) and the schoolmen since, aiming at glory and esteem for their great and universal knowledge, found this a good expedient to cover their ignorance with a curious and inexplicable web of perplexed words, and procure to themselves the admiration of others by unintelligible terms, the apter to produce wonder, because they could not be understood; whilst it appears in all history, that these profound doctors were no wiser nor more useful than their neighbors, and brought but small advantage to human life, or the societies wherein they lived; unless the coining of new words, where they produced no new things to apply them to, or the perplexing or obscuring the signification of old ones, and so bringing all things into question and dispute, were a thing profitable to the life of man, or worthy commendation and reward."

When properly understood, metaphysical studies are closely

allied to other human pursuits, for they concern the dearest and highest interests of our being. The nature of the soul, the mode in which its powers operate, the peculiar functions of each faculty — these are no objects to be investigated in the manner of a charlatan, who seeks to astound his hearers by paradox, or bewilder them by the use of incomprehensible terms. Real elevation of purpose seeks humility of manner.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop,
Than when we soar."

We like not this constant flapping of wings, this continued but vain effort of an ungainly bird to rise, when its own gravity fastens it to earth.

Owls cannot see in the sunshine. One writer talks of the revelations to be made, "*when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.*" We commend him to the remark of Bacon; "this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that does not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candlelight. The first creature of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit."

We have spoken warmly of the Transcendental mode of thought and expression, without alluding to individuals, in whose writings the offensive characteristics are displayed. It would be an invidious task to point to publications in this vicinity, for illustration of what has been advanced. Besides, the feeling is as yet an under-current, that has perverted, without completely infecting, the tone of speculation on many subjects, and has openly manifested itself among us, only in ephemeral and occasional writings. Coleridge and Carlyle have been the leaders of the sect in England, and it is somewhat remarkable, that the popularity of each is greater on this side of the Atlantic, than it is at home. We are proverbially fond of notions, and this surely is the most fantastic one yet imported. People are amused at the novelty, and stare at its grotesque manifestations, without regard to the more serious aspects in which the subject may be viewed. Farther developments may rouse indignation, by leading men to examine the extravagant character of the results, or the evil may work its own cure, by its excess provoking contempt.

We would touch reverently upon the character of Cole-

ridge. Any mind capable of appreciating the exquisite sensibility displayed in his poetry, his gorgeousness of imagination, and his sympathy with all the works of creation, must approach with awe the failings of the man. But it does not happen to one to excel in all things. Coleridge was born much more for poetry than philosophy. Not that the rare qualities of his mind were unmeet or insufficient for the pursuit of wisdom through any avenue by which it may be approached. But his imagination outgrew and overwreathed his judgment, as under the tropics, an enormous vine covers with the rank luxuriance of its growth, the tree which it clasps. He saw visions and dreamed dreams in philosophy. Though he often arrived at brilliant and novel results, he could not trace, in a way satisfactory even to himself, the steps of his progress; and the outpourings of his mind on abstruse subjects resembled the fancies of a poet, or the prophecies of a seer, more than the stable and definite conclusions of well regulated inquiry. The texture of his mind was over finely wrought, and he lived on bodily and mental food, which half maddened him. He was forever haunted with the dim scheme of a grand constructive philosophy, which, during his lifetime he hardly commenced, and which he would not have completed, had he lived to the age of Methuselah. A daring innovator in speculation, he was an obstinate Conservative in politics. His Toryism was excessive. The rotten borough system was to him the corner stone of the English constitution, and the worn out articles of the English church were in every point the perfection of doctrine, the alpha and omega of Christianity. The system of Malthus was "a monstrous, practical lie," and modern political economy "a solemn humbug." In short, he was Dr. Johnson in politics, Emanuel Swedenborg in philosophy, and — himself in poetry.

We cannot avoid the suspicion, that in the following passage he had indistinct reference to himself. "Madness is not simply a bodily disease. It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist — it does resist — for a long time; but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad forever. I think it was Bishop Butler who said, that

he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, had he relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment." *

To a mind like that of Coleridge, the study of German metaphysics was poison. It increased his appetite for the marvellous, rendered his speculations more abstract, crude, and daring, imparted virulence and coarseness to his replies to opponents, and lessened his interest in the common concerns of life. To his countrymen, he was an able interpreter of the writings of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. He gilded the clouds of their raising with the warm hues of his own rich imagination. His eloquence recommended dogmatism, and while men sympathized with his aspirations for a higher and a nobler philosophy, they forgot to examine his premises, and yielded assent more as a matter of feeling than of judgment. We cannot argue against his positions, for they do not rest upon argument. Transcendental reasoning can only be answered by a Transcendentalist. There is nothing tangible for a common person to strike at; even Don Quixote never thought of contending against a cloud.

The admirers of Coleridge have been singularly injudicious in the praises, which they have heaped upon him. One recommends his philosophical writings as models of English prose, when we may safely declare, that for the comprehension of a considerable portion of them, a fair knowledge of German and Greek is absolutely indispensable. Besides, the sentences are often long and involved, the construction harsh, and the choice of words very unfortunate. It must be admitted, however, that his style is remarkably unequal. There are many and long passages, in which he shows wonderful command over the riches of his native tongue, and expresses striking thoughts in concise, elevated, and nervous language. An easy and perspicuous manner was always beyond his reach. His faults are those of negligence and rapidity, and many of them arise from over fondness for abstract expression, and an unwillingness to incur the labor of translating the philosophical terms of one nation into those of another.

Again, he has been commended for perfect amiableness of disposition, quietude under suffering, and meekness when

* Table Talk, Vol. I. p. 83. Am. ed.

reproachfully assailed. After some study of his prose writings, we are entirely at a loss how to ascertain the grounds on which this opinion rests. His temper appears querulous in the extreme. No one was ever more fortunate in obtaining disinterested admirers and assistants; witness the Wedgwoods and the kind surgeon, in whose dwelling he passed the later portion of his life. Yet he was eternally complaining of the ingratitude of his friends and the malice of his enemies. We have no wish to allude to the state of his domestic relations. Our concern is only with those features of his character, that are apparent in his writings, and which may help to show the probable influence of his works on those who are most fond of studying them. His ill-will occasionally breaks out into coarseness of language, which it would be difficult to match in the vilest pages of literary controversy.

This is plain speaking, and we feel bound to support the charge. Take the following passage from the *Biographia Literaria*, in which he alludes to the criticisms, that had appeared, of his own works and those of his friends.

“Individuals below mediocrity not less in natural power than acquired knowledge; nay, bunglers that had failed in the lowest mechanic crafts, and whose presumption is in due proportion to their want of sense and sensibility; men, who, being first scribblers from idleness and ignorance, next become libellers from envy and malevolence, have been able to drive a successful trade in the employment of booksellers, nay, have raised themselves into temporary name and reputation with the public at large, by that most powerful of all adulation, the appeal to the bad and malignant passions of mankind. But as it is the nature of scorn, envy, and all malignant propensities, to require a quick change of objects, such writers are sure, sooner or later, to awake from their dream of vanity to disappointment and neglect, with embittered and envenomed feelings. Even during their short-lived success, sensible, in spite of themselves, on what a shifting foundation it rested, they resent the mere refusal of praise, as a robbery, and at the justest censures kindle at once into violent and undisciplined abuse; till the acute disease changing into chronic, the more deadly as the less violent, they become the fit instruments of literary detraction and moral slander. They are then no longer to be questioned without exposing the complainant to ridicule, because, forsooth,

they are *anonymous* critics, and authorized as 'synodical individuals' to speak of themselves *plurali majestatico!*' * *

The "ungentle craft" have had many a lecture read to them, but we have yet seen nothing to equal the fiery wrath of this retort. The unconsciousness of the writer is admirable. In the very chapter which contains this pretty piece of denunciation, may be found the following remark. "Indignation at literary wrongs, I leave to men born under happier stars. *I cannot afford it.*" In farther illustration of this point, we intended to adduce some of the passages, in which he vilifies the Unitarian faith; but the language is really too gross for quotation. A single sentence will suffice to exemplify his mode of thinking on political subjects. "The Roman Catholic Emancipation Act—carried in the violent, and, in fact, unprincipled manner it was—was, in effect, a Surinam toad; and the Reform Bill, the Dissenters' admission to the Universities, and the attack on the Church, are so many toadlets, one after another detaching themselves from their parent brute." †

No great sagacity is required to perceive the probable influence of the writings of Coleridge. Possessed of so marked a character, and by no means popular in their nature, the admirers of them would necessarily form a sect, and their admiration of their teacher be expressed in no measured terms. They would adopt the harshness of his manner towards opponents, imitate his enthusiastic dreams, and revel in the richness of his illustrations. Impatient of the restraints put upon their researches by the limited powers of the human mind, they would indulge in highly wrought and abstruse affirmations, in the hope that these might contain the elements of some truth, which they could not fully grasp and distinctly enunciate. Systematic inquiry would be abandoned for the piecemeal promulgation of unconnected facts and desultory reasoning. The results of immethodical research, connected by no chain in the mind even of the inquirer, would naturally be expressed in short essays and distinct aphorisms. Sanguine in their expectations, the possibility of weaving such materials into a new and satisfactory scheme of philosophy would ever be present to their minds, but the attempt to realize such a hope would still be postponed.

* Biog. Lit. p. 30. Am. ed. † Table Talk, Vol. 2, p. 164.

But the most pernicious effect of the prose works of Coleridge must be ascribed to his fanciful and poetic mode of expression. The imagery, in which he delighted to clothe his mystic speculations, is the prominent object to the observer, who often adopts as a truth what is nothing but an ingenious illustration. The appeal is made to passion and sentiment, not to the understanding; and the result is persuasion rather than conviction. There is a fallacy in such a proceeding, which deserves to be constantly guarded against. Poetic and philosophical truth are essentially distinct. They differ in kind. The former relates to propriety in the manner, by which the emotive part of our nature is addressed, and does not aspire to accuracy either in word or thought. The latter respects strict conformity to reality and fact; absolute and entire correctness is its proper test. A painting may be *true* to nature, when the whole composition is ideal, and no archetype is to be found in the works of creation. We say, that Shakespeare does not violate *truth* in his most imaginative creations — in his Calibans and Ariels, his witches, fairies, and ghosts. But the reference is to the *keeping* of the portraiture, to its consistency with itself. Philosophical truth, of which the subject is man and the end is action, is the exhibition of things as they are, and demands the utmost severity of expression. The value of a principle consists in its unity and entirety. An error in part vitiates the whole. Algebraic simplicity of language is therefore required in its enunciation. All truths are linked together by innumerable relations into an infinite series, the complete exhibition of which would constitute the only perfect scheme of philosophy. All hyperboles, all figures of speech, are therefore wilful departures from the only true road — are the distorted, partial, or exaggerated expression of a principle, giving to it false relations, whereby its proper position and bearing cannot be ascertained. The inherent difficulties of the rigid method of philosophizing do not form the only objection to it in the minds of most inquirers. Men are in love with the opposite mode from its pleasant vices. "Eloquence, like the fair sex, has too prevailing beauties in it to suffer itself ever to be spoken against. And it is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived."

Undoubtedly, the artifices of rhetoric have their place among the means for the instruction and improvement of man-

kind. But their office is in the enforcement of truth as a rule of conduct, not the discovery and original expression of that truth. Pure rays of light, passing a medium of fog, are refracted into a thousand gorgeous hues, that hold the spectator in mingled wonder and admiration. Yet the centre of such a cloud is hardly the best place for distinct vision, for perceiving things as they are. Objects appear enlarged, defects are hidden in the wreaths of vapor, and the general effect is grand and impressive. But there is a simple beauty in the pure sunshine without, in the clear atmosphere, and the sharp outlines of surrounding things, which one would hardly barter, after all, for the most striking illusion. This may appear too strong for an illustration, yet the heated and bewildering effect of the most brilliant passages of Transcendental writing goes far to justify the comparison. A sweeping statement is made, which, in the obvious and literal sense of the words, is a wild paradox, but in which every one fancies, that he can perceive the elements of some truth, though probably no two interpretations would be alike. There is no limit to the number of such apophthegms, except in the poverty or richness of the writer's fancy. Where positive truth is not the object of pursuit, the result will too often be nothing but a brilliant play upon words. Splendid generalizations are usually splendid follies. We are always suspicious of an *Œdipus*, who professes to explain the secret of the universe.

A fair comparison of the different modes of inquiry and instruction adopted by Bacon and Locke on the one side, and by the members of the New School on the other, must be based on a consideration of the different ends in view. "In a historical, plain method," Locke professes to "consider the discerning faculties of a man, as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with, and to give an account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have." Whatever may be thought of the importance of this object, or of the success with which he pursued it, nothing is more certain than that he rigidly adhered to his purpose. His book was the first in modern times to give an ample collection of facts, derived from observation, relating to the history of the human mind, and forming a broad basis, on which to erect a system of experimental philosophy. He was directly concerned only with the "discerning faculties"; therefore the imagination and the moral pow-

ers are spoken of only incidentally, and, it must be admitted, with frequent mistakes. But to censure this omission is to blame Locke for leaving undone what he never proposed to accomplish. The leading proposition of his first book, which, owing to his inaccurate and unguarded use of language, has been so frequently assailed, is still one, which, couched in one form or another, expressed with greater or less caution, no philosopher since his time has ever thought of denying. Those who question the possibility of experience, who deny the reality and value of any scheme of experimental philosophy, certainly will not accept his conclusions. But do not let them assume the exclusive propriety of their own method, and then censure Locke for adopting a different course. He has chosen to reason from observation and facts; they from "anticipated cognitions *a priori*." He limited his task, gave up the consideration of problems which he believed to be insoluble, and aimed only at plain and literal truth. Do not let them charge his philosophy with a sensualizing and degrading influence, merely because they have proposed to themselves a different and, it may be, a higher purpose. The results of his inquiries are expressed in a plain and homely garb, while they have caused poetry and eloquence to contribute to the embellishment of philosophy. Before they arrogate to themselves the superiority in this respect, let them consider the observation of Hume: "Nothing is more dangerous to reason, than the flights of the imagination, and nothing has been the occasion of more mistakes among philosophers. Men of bright fancies may in this respect be compared to those angels, whom the Scripture represents as covering their eyes with their wings."

Originality has become the cant of the day — the magic sign, whose worshippers would fain persuade themselves of the worthlessness of every thing, save that which is too strange, too wild, and fantastical, to have entered human thought before. In such a doctrine as this we have no share. There is that in Truth, which presents the labors of the humblest of her admirers from becoming degrading or useless to himself or mankind. It is a maxim, which men are ever ready to acknowledge as true, but never to act upon, that the faithful instructor in virtue stands as high as the successful searcher after truth. He who lends one incitement to the cultivation of a single branch of knowledge, though that

branch be as old as the creation, does as much good to society, as much honor to himself, as if he had been the author of any novel hypothesis, that has been framed since the time of Aristotle. If those who are most enthusiastic with regard to the progress of knowledge, would have their own dreams realized, they must learn to place a higher value upon humility as a philosophical virtue. There are mysteries in nature, which human power cannot penetrate; there are problems which the philosopher cannot solve. He may form theories, but his theories will be mere dreams — the futile attempts of human intellect to scan the designs of that Being, “whose judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out.” Even in that field of discovery, which is open to the philosopher, he must seek to gratify his thirst for further knowledge only by persevering labor and humble trust. That eager self-confidence, which would fain grasp at conclusions, without first examining the premises, which would reach the pinnacle without the previous toil of ascending the steps, must be restrained. Truth would lose its proper estimation, if it were a pearl that could be obtained without price. It can be purchased only by patient observation, by deep and thorough reflection. In the words of Bacon, “*Homo, naturæ minister et interpretes, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit: nil amplius scit aut potest.*”

F. B.

ART. III. — *Transactions of the Annual Meetings of the Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers, held in Cincinnati, October, 1834, 1835, 1836.* Cincinnati: Published by the Executive Committee. Three Volumes. 8vo. pp. 324, 263, and 269.

No class of men more need the good influences of association, than teachers. They need the mutual sympathy, they need the information, which such association imparts, and perhaps more than all, that professional spirit, that *esprit de corps*, so little prevalent among them, which seldom fails to give encouragement, dignity, and energy to those, whom it inspires. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we have

watched the success of the two large associations of teachers, that were established a few years since in our country, and have since holden annual meetings of no ordinary interest.

The American Institute of Instruction was founded in 1830, and has had regular yearly meetings, and published, each year, its lectures and transactions. The Western College of Teachers was founded in 1831, and has also had yearly meetings, and published, each of the last three years, a volume of its sayings and doings.

Glancing over the records of the two Institutions, one may readily see, that they differ about as much, as the people of the two regions, in which the meetings are holden — East and West, — differ in character, and condition. The well printed volumes of the Eastern Institute consist chiefly of lectures on the various topics of education, and are generally marked by polished style, uniform good sense, and considerable harmony of opinion. The transactions of the Western College are made up of all kinds of materials in all kinds of styles. Here we have addresses, lectures, reports, counter-reports, essays, expressing the most various opinions upon a singular variety of subjects. Such subjects as the utility of the classics and of mathematics, the use of the Bible in schools, the tendency of works of fiction, emulation, phrenology, and even dogmatic theology, — all have a place, and all have been themes of vehement debate. The characters exhibited and opinions uttered are as heterogeneous, as the elements of Western society. In one main point, we are glad to find, that both East and West agree, — in regard to the object of education. The records of the American Institute are strikingly pervaded by the idea, that it is the object of education to develop the moral and intellectual powers, not to load the memory; and the records of the Western College, with some few exceptions, exhibit the same view.

Let us take a nearer glance at the last volume of the transactions of the Western College. It is made up of the Minutes of Proceedings, eight Lectures, with an Introductory Address by the President, several Essays, and more than a dozen Reports. We will only look for a moment at the purport of some of the Lectures.

The opening Address is from the President, Albert Picket, a man, we understand, distinguished as a practical teacher, and writer of the best and most popular school books in the

West. His Address is upon the proper qualifications of teachers, the duties of parents regarding the education of their children, and upon the nature of good education. The address is marked by a good sense, that does not dishonor the author's experience and grey hairs, although in style and language it is far from being a model of accuracy. It is too bad for any man who writes books, to be ignorant of the meaning of "Ethics," so as to say, that "Christian Ethics have shown, that the heavens were not eternal and self-existent," and have thus refuted the false system of Aristotle.

Dr. Wilson's Lecture on the desirableness and practicability of a thorough system of Universal Instruction, comes next. It begins with a false, at least an unwarranted distinction between instruction and education, declaring instruction to be that part of discipline which takes place at home, and education that which takes place when the child has arrived at sufficient maturity to be *led away* from home. The Doctor strives to prove the practicability of a system of universal instruction by showing, that all men have a common constitution of body and mind—a common form of government (in the family organization)—and that finally we have in the Bible a book for universal instruction, and in the English, a language that ought to be, and bids fair to be, the universal tongue. We suspect that the Doctor would find even more difficulty in inducing France and Italy to adopt the English language, than he finds in diffusing the doctrines of Old School Calvinism, or in forcing uniformity of opinion in his own Presbytery. Both in his philosophy and religion, he seems equally unmindful of the true nature of man.

Bishop Purcell's Lecture on the Philosophy of the Human Mind comes next. We were somewhat interested in learning what school of philosophy a Catholic Bishop would adhere to, but we are utterly at loss to know after reading the lecture, what his reverence thinks of philosophy, or whether he has any opinion of it. He entertains the audience with a detail of the follies of philosophers, and concludes by declaring philosophy to be wisest, when she owns her ignorance, and becomes the handmaid of religion. We are not disposed to dispute his statement, that he received the invitation to deliver this address on the very morning of its delivery.

The fourth Lecture is by the Rev. Dr. Bishop of Miami University on the Difficulties of Management of Colleges. It is

very sensible, although rather dry, and relating very little to that moral management, which is more difficult and more important, than the arrangement of finances, or the troubles between Professors.

Mr. Campbell's Lecture on Moral Culture is excellent. It would be decidedly the best in the volume, were it not overlaid with quotations and references, which serve rather to show the author's learning, than to elucidate the subject. Mr. Campbell is too much a man of sense to make us willing, that he should be such a pedant, as this lecture shows him to be. The portion of the lecture relating to Phrenology (in which he is a believer) was out of place. Since all, whether phrenologists or not, would allow the facts in our moral constitution, which he sought to prove phrenologically, and he thus weakened his argument in the minds of many, by connecting it needlessly with a much disputed question. This lecture led to two long debates—one on Phrenology, the other on the influence of the Protestant Reformation.

Mr. Mansfield's Lecture on the Qualifications of Teachers is the best piece of composition, and the least faulty specimen of thought in the volume. He gives all the best ideas, that are current, regarding his subject, and gives them in a clear and beautiful manner. His closing address is quite eloquent.

“ And now, my friends, let me refer you for one moment to a well-known structure of science and of art. On the coast of England stands the Eddystone Lighthouse; many miles from the land, on a sunken rock of the ocean. It was built and swept away: it was built again and burnt. Science comes to the aid of commerce; it gathered the materials and the tide washed them away; it collected them again; secured, bolted and dovetailed them into the rock. It rose slowly but steadfastly above the waters; and the higher it rose, the faster it grew; and at last, after years of patient labor, the light was hung on high. The ocean breaks over its top, but the watchman is there to trim it; and still, that white light burns brightly through the mists. And never again, till some convulsion, sent through the works of nature, by nature's God, shall that light fade away.

“ And now, my friends, that tower is the labor of the human race; that light is science, revealed alike, by the works and by the Scriptures of the Most High; that watchman is the teacher; knowledge has been slowly, patiently, laboriously accumulated; many times have its materials been swept away

by floods of error and of barbarism; little by little, have its foundations been bolted and riveted by experiment, by demonstration, and by revelation:—And now its light is upon the mountain top; but still the waves and winds of error and of doctrine beat upon it. Who shall keep it? You are the watchmen:—And long as storm and darkness shall abide upon this wide ocean of being, you will hear a cry ringing abroad ‘Watchman, what of the night?’—Vol. for 1836, p. 147.

We can only say of President Montgomery’s Lecture (he is president of a Catholic School) on the necessity and importance of Education, that in style of thought, grammar and language, it would not do credit to any Sophomore. Good grammar should be deemed an indispensable qualification in the head of a literary institution.

The last Lecture is by Dr. Harrison on Popular Education, and is animated and well-intentioned, although rather flippant and common place. We will not go on with this notice through the other various contents of the volume before us, but will only give a passage from a beautiful Essay on Female Patriotism, written by Mrs. Sigourney, and read before the College. Its tone is well suited to our times.

“Of what immense value, then, to our republic, are those who, faithfully discharging the office of instructors, stem the torrent of corruption, and guard the strong holds of knowledge and of virtue. What an honor, that our sex should be summoned to such a duty, and invested with such a dignity! If teaching is their profession,—and is it not thus recognised by some of our wisest and best,—with what vigor and vigilance should they now stand forth in the service of their country? Their diligence and fidelity in the work of education, will be the true measure of their patriotism. Rescued as they have been, from the vassalage of ages, by the religion of Jesus, let them yield to that, and to the government which protects them, this offering of a lively and efficient gratitude. It becomes not those who were, of old, ‘last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre,’ to shrink at the call of duty, or stipulate for a life of indolence and ease.

“But let the country which is to reap so much from the efforts of teachers not fail to appreciate them. Let her see that these laborers in the fields of intellect are not only girded with suitable armor, but stimulated to the arduous toil, by whatever of encouragement or enthusiasm it may be in her power to throw around it.

“And as they pass in review before her, the young teacher,

in her bloom and singleness of heart, the matron, pouring a heavenly spirit into the infant bosom, perchance of some future statesman or legislator, the elder sister, shedding dews of goodness upon the olive-plants that blossom with her, around the same table,—the daughter of benevolence, sowing seeds of virtue among the poor, let her smile on these gentle and steadfast defenders, and remember that in giving ‘honor to the weaker vessel,’ she fortifies herself.

“Here, then, is the patriotism of woman,—not to thunder in senates, or to usurp dominion, or to seek the clarion-blast of fame,—but faithfully, whether at home or abroad, to *teach*, both by precept and example, that wisdom, integrity, and peace, which are the tutelary deities of our republic. As the termites patiently carry grains of sand, till their citadel astonishes the eye,—as the coral insect toils beneath the waters, till reef joins reef, and islands spring up with golden fruitage, and perennial verdure, so let her of the ‘weak hand and the strong heart,’ in the school-room, the nursery, or the parlor, even to her death-bed, labor in the cause of that knowledge, purity, and piety, which are the glory of a nation.” — Vol. for 1836, pp. 183, 184.

It is much to be regretted, that the cause of education in the West does not find more zealous friends among the distinguished political characters. It is much to the honor of the clergy, that they have been so ardent and efficient in the good cause. Much of the interest of the Annual Meetings of the College of Teachers is to be attributed to them. A gentleman, who had travelled through Kentucky, in order to rouse the principal men to attend an Education Convention, and use their influence in obtaining from the legislature a portion of the Surplus Revenue for the support of common schools, told us, that he always found the ministers warmly interested in the project, and ready to do all in their power for its furtherance, but that the political characters, from the illustrious statesman downward, were unwilling to engage at all in the affair, and often spoke discouragingly of all efforts in the cause. A gentleman who read a report before the College on the best method of establishing common schools in the West, remarked — “that public men have been so timid on this subject, that they have actually kept back the cause, and not a single step has been taken, until we, the people, have literally dragged them forward; and we will not let the subject rest, we will urge it upon those, whose legal duty it is to take the proper measures, until our voice is heard and our wishes regarded.”

The public men who are not totally indifferent to the matter are afraid to busy themselves in the cause of education, lest they shall offend some prejudices of the people, either by calling on them to appropriate money, or by aiding the efforts to promote a stricter morality, and give education a religious bearing. And, indeed, there is something in the tone of remark among many of the champions of education, that may rationally create a jealousy among the people, lest religious bigotry shall be stamped too much upon the systems of instruction. In the volume of transactions before us, there is a great deal of cant, a great deal of illiberality upon religious subjects. One lecturer recommends, that the study of the Bible be substituted in schools and colleges in place of the Greek and Latin Classics. The author of one report (a minority report, we are happy to say) condemns all works of fiction, and thinks that fiction, instead of springing from an essential faculty of the mind, is a mere trick, borrowed from the ancient poets, who were too ignorant of realities to write any thing but fiction. This sagacious philosopher finds fault with *Paradise Lost*, because "fiction is mingled with it," and while he allows, that Walter Scott has done something to change the general character of novels, he yet implies, that that gifted one "has done infinite mischief to the cause of education and morals, by perpetuating the existence of novels and romances, which before his attempts were verging to destruction." What a sage moralist is here! We will not ask whether the faculty of imagination (the source of fiction) is not implanted in man by the Creator, for such a question might be unintelligible, but we will ask this strict champion of Scripture and literal truth, if he does not remember a certain fiction which the prophet Nathan told to David, and also certain parables, like that of the Prodigal Son, written in the New Testament.

But such narrow sentiments are, as appears from the Transactions, disliked by the greater part, and we ought to be glad they were uttered on account of the inspiration they give to sentiments of an opposite kind. There is one noble spirit, whose influence pervades these volumes of Transactions, who never fails to come forward against bigotry, whenever the truth is in danger of being distorted by it. We refer to Alexander Kinmont, a Swedenborgian minister, and one of the most remarkable men in the West. He teaches a school

for a livelihood, and preaches the Word on the Sabbath without money and without price. He is a distinguished classical scholar, and had the offer of a Professorship, which he refused on the ground that he did not wish to surrender his independence to a board of Trustees. He is singularly eloquent, and seems to speak, as if by some uncontrollable inspiration. We heard him deliver a Fourth of July oration in Cincinnati last year; it contained more good sense, not to say eloquence, than all the orations on such occasions, that we ever heard. Looking back to the first volume of the Transactions, we find Mr. Kinmont uttering the following noble vindication of Christianity from the narrow interpretations of one of its advocates, who seemed merely to view it as a tradition, and to condemn every thing as unchristian that is not clad in the costume of the Church, or expressed in the phrase of Scripture. Sentiments like the following would be called infidel in the mouth of an Unitarian, but coming from a Swedenborgian, they are tolerated as innocent mysticism, and perhaps passed by with a smile by many, who ought rather to mourn their blindness to such truth.

"What was a 'Christian education?' What was Christianity, was it 'a religion' merely, or was it 'THE RELIGION?' It is indeed the sum of all spiritual and moral wisdom, and in either sense divine; it is not a local, a *regional*, or a *secular* religion; it is the rock of ages; it has been from the beginning, and will be to the end; it is the alpha and omega of the universe. What light therefore of art, or of science, of philosophy, or of morality has been in the world, has emanated from the source of Christianity: whatever of beauty, sacred, sweet or powerful has been portrayed on the productions of Greek or Roman mind, has been from the fore-running and harbingering lights of the grand Sun of the Christian religion, not risen above the horizon. If then there be any thing valuable, intrinsically so, in Grecian or Roman intellect, it is virtually and substantially Christian." — Vol. for 1834, p. 165.

We might give another specimen of Mr. Kinmont's noble thought from his report in vindication of works of fiction. But we forbear. Enough has been said to show what a champion liberal Christianity and liberal views in general have in him. We shall never forget his eloquent speech upon the Protestant Reformation, which had been alleged to be the dawn of freedom of thought. He took the narrow ground

neither of Protestant nor Catholic exclusiveness, but declared that freedom of thought was peculiar to no one clime, and was the child of no particular era — that truth had been the monopoly of no one denomination — that it was the beaming forth of that light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world — that light that glimmered in the bosom of the pious Pagan — shone out in the soul of Socrates and Plato, and burst forth in all the fulness of its divine lustre in the life of Jesus Christ. A fresh heart, like Mr. Kinmont's, among so many hackneyed, creed-enslaved theologians, was as a green tree among the charred forests, which the wasting fires have swept through.

The deplorably low state of education in the West demands the strenuous efforts of every well-wisher to his country and his race. Before the College of Teachers began their labors, and strove to excite the community, great apathy prevailed in regard to that subject, and even now the interest in the cause is far from being universal throughout the great Valley. In some of the Southern and Western States there is no legislative provision at all for the establishment of common schools on the New England plan, and even in those states, where such legal provision has been made, very inadequate means have been taken to carry the law into effect. Ohio has taken the lead in promoting education; but it appears from the Transactions before us, that even she has been far behind her duty. Cincinnati indeed has established an efficient free school system, and has built twelve or thirteen elegant school houses, that are unrivalled in beauty and convenience in any city of the Union. For this, if for no other reason, she deserves her name, Queen of the West. One reason of the general apathy in regard to education is found in the unwillingness to devote money enough to the object; another reason is found in party jealousies, both political and religious. A Report read before the College of Teachers in 1835 states, that in no instance are funds raised to the amount of \$1,50 a scholar in any entire county of the West, and that in some populous townships in Ohio the funds do not amount to half that sum.* Add to this reluctance to provide

* We make this statement from the Report of Mr. Lewis on common schools in the West. We find, by referring to a statistical view of common schools in Kentucky, published in the Lex-

funds, party jealousy, and we may understand why the West is so backward in education. A single instance of this jealousy is enough. In 1834 a few teachers, who felt interested in the cause of education, proposed to call a meeting of the teachers and friends of education throughout their county, with the avowed purpose of forming an association for the common good. About two hundred people assembled at Dayton in accordance with notices issued. A resolution in favor of education was presented to the meeting and discussed and advocated by many intelligent persons. But all in vain.

"Before the question was put to the house, permission was asked, and leave granted, for a German to address his friends in their own language. It soon appeared, that the speaker was hostile to the object of the meeting, and he so wrought upon their feelings, by misrepresentation, as to produce the most unexpected expressions. He was requested to state, in our language, briefly, the points which he had dwelt particularly on. This he refused; and as there was no one present who took a different view of the subject to address them in their language, there was no means of presenting the truth to them. The resolution was lost. No one in our enlightened community could have expected such a result. There were loud acclamations of joy among the party by whom we had been defeated. It appeared that the most unfounded and basest falsehoods had been put into free circulation for several weeks before its meeting. And what is still more to be regretted is, that the whole proceedings were declared, by certain ones, to be a political scheme to forward the interests of a party. It was said to be a plan, also, which aimed directly at the dismissal of all the teachers in the county, and that no others should be permitted to teach unless permitted by the contemplated society:—also, that their taxes were to be raised to pay the most extravagant salaries to teachers; and that the people would be compelled, by law, to send their children to such schools as should be provided. These points had been so

ington Journal of Education, 1832, that in that state the average amount paid for each scholar is between eight and nine dollars; but this amount will appear much smaller, when we find, that in many of the counties not a fifth part of the children between five and fifteen attend school, and in very few counties as many as a third attend. According to the census of 1830, there were in the common schools 51,834 children between the ages of five and fifteen out of 139,242, in all the counties; leaving 107,328 between those ages reported not in school.

strongly urged upon them, that no explanation would be heard. These facts are given as they occurred, not to show that a majority of the citizens of the county are opposed to any education, but to show, that unfair means may sometimes be used to influence the opinions of the less intelligent part of the community. For there are men of the first talents who feel warmly the interests of our schools. But with such opposition and indifference, their influence is scarcely to be felt." — Vol. for 1835, p. 254.

But a better state of things exists now, and spirited conventions in behalf of education have been held in many parts of Ohio and Indiana and in several of the Western states.

Probably these conventions are the best way of kindling an interest in education. The people need to feel the importance of education, before efficient legislation on the subject can be had, and in fact before any legislation will be of much use. Educational laws are of little effect, where people are indifferent to the matter, and in many states are little better than dead letter, while in other states, Massachusetts for instance, where the value of education is known, more is done for instruction, than the law requires. The effort for reform must begin with those, who already feel its value, and certainly no better means of reform has been devised, than the plan of the College of Teachers, — this association of intelligent persons, who meet yearly, and spend a week in interesting discussion, who have established a periodical devoted to their cause, and undertake to diffuse in their several spheres warm feelings and right doctrine in regard to the great subject. *Indifference* to the subject is the chief impediment in the way of successful effort, and must be removed by those who are free from indifference in their own hearts. "Archbishop Whately, in his lectures on Political Economy, has argued, that barbarous nations have no tendency to civilize themselves. In the same manner, it may be argued, that an uneducated society has no tendency to educate itself. The impulse must come from above; from persons, who have created the want, which the others do not possess. The advancement of education, therefore, can only come from persons of public spirit and comprehensive views, who are prepared to undergo much thankless labor, and to sustain much obloquy in promoting what they consider the good cause."

It is the ardent conviction of all enlightened men, that have spoken on the subject, that the great defect of all schemes of

education has been the lack of moral and religious instruction. But yet the very attempt to give education a moral and religious basis has made a great deal of dispute and drawn forth much opposition. In great Britain, it is well known, two great attempts to provide a system of national instruction have been foiled in a great degree by the jealousies of party religion. And in this country much trouble has sprung from the same source. There is a jealousy between different denominations as to the religious instruction of the young, and there prevails among the people considerable jealousy of the influence of all the religious denominations. A Protestant clergyman, as Dr. Wilson before the College of Teachers, recommends that the Bible should be made a text book in schools, and the One Christianity taught; whereupon up rises a Catholic, like Bishop Purcell, and demands which Bible, the Catholic or Protestant one, should be introduced into schools, and which religion he means by "One Christianity."

Now if the difficulty were only among these different Christian denominations, it might be removed in the Prussian way, by allowing separate schools for Catholic and Protestant, and in cases where Catholics and Protestants are brought together, allowing the majority to have the principal teacher to be of the religion of the majority, and the inferior master of the religion of the minority. But the denominations of Christians in our country are too numerous to admit of such an arrangement, and a large part of the people are averse to all sectarian influence. Moreover, if such an arrangement could be made, and the pupils of schools separated into clans and taught each in the dogmatics of their parents' faith, the effect would be deplorable in begetting bigotry, and adding to the sectarian exclusiveness that already too much abounds.

But our people will relieve dogmatic divines of all trouble on this score, if these gentlemen will only listen to the firm popular voice. Our nation will never allow dogmatic theology to be taught by law in schools. Sectarian champions of education may as well see this fact at once, and be content to teach their dogmas in Sunday Schools, or in academies of their own faith.

The great difficulties in deciding the question of moral and religious education would be in the main obviated, if people would only consider what the great essentials of moral and religious education are, or what the great principles and senti-

ments of the soul are, which are the basis of sound morality and pure religion. If we but feel that the great thing needed is to kindle the religious sentiment and quicken the moral principles, we shall soon cease to quarrel as to what books shall be used or what dogmas taught. If we would be persuaded by the host of orthodox declaimers, who have spoken upon the subject, we should believe, that every defect in education would be supplied by making the Bible a text book in common schools. But the Bible has been full enough used in common schools, but not enough in the right way ; enough, yes, too much, as a dull task book, but too little as the Book of Life. The Bible has been read daily in many a school where moral and religious ideas have had no place, and where the conduct of the teacher, and the system of rewards and punishments practised, have been such as to be far from ministering to the wants of the moral and spiritual nature. The great thing needed is the introduction and living illustration of moral and spiritual ideas in schools. And this end can, we think, be best attained by a proper use of the Bible, especially the New Testament, and by a suitable book of Ethics, in some respect like that which Mr. Abbot has prepared for primary schools. As to tasking the scholars with the forced study of the Old Testament, and the Epistles of Paul, we are disposed to agree with what Mr. Montgomery, a Catholic priest, told the College of Teachers in regard to making the Scriptures a text book in schools.

"They are a sacred deposit, a legacy left by heaven to earth, to enlighten the minds of men, and to conduct them in the way of true wisdom and virtue. Let us not then depreciate their inestimable value, by rendering them too common. I mean, let us not abuse them. *Throw not pearls to swine.* Suffer not that sacred divine volume, that pledge of God's love to man, to be kicked about by hundreds and thousands of children, in our common schools, who will, most likely, become disgusted with it, from the fact of being compelled to prepare in it daily lessons to recite to their masters, and to be flogged perhaps, for not knowing them. This sort of use of the Bible takes from it its charm, diminishes that profound respect and esteem in which it should ever be held. Need I inquire if they understand it? No! Older persons and maturer heads are not always capable of fathoming its vast and mighty depths. Some things, says St. Peter, speaking of the Epistles of St. Paul, are hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own de-

struction, as they do also the other Scriptures." — Vol. for 1836, pp. 157, 158.

The sayings and doings of the associations, that we have been considering, warrant happy hopes for the advance of education in our land. They show, that there are many devoted men among us, who are willing to see the defects of our people, and to strive to remedy them. We trust that it will not be long, before education in its best sense, both moral and intellectual, will find able champions in all parts of our country and in all spheres of life. We shall think, that this time is at hand, whenever public opinion upon this subject shall be strong enough to induce our public men to give up their too common practice of flattering national vanity at the expense of truth, and to make them tell the people boldly, that notwithstanding our great national privileges, we are far from being perfect, and that, even in that most important of all concerns, public education, there are nations in the old world, whose institutions should put ours to shame.

Our people need more light and a better will in this matter — light as to what constitutes a nation's strength and the individual's happiness — the will to aim at their highest good and to spend their time and money in its attainment. As to this last point — money — it has often occurred to us, that if vested with plenipotentiary power, to raise funds for Western education, we should not be long in deciding upon the method. Voyaging on the Western rivers, one sees, that apparently the greatest article of export consists of certain barrels, whose heads are painted red and branded, "Old Rectified Whiskey." Let the heads of these red crested ravagers, that crowd every steamboat, be knocked in, and the money, yearly spent in this beverage of the devil, be devoted to the support of education, and ere long, every village and hamlet would be blessed with a good school, and the fabled paradise of the Vale of Arcady might have more than a rival in the great Valley of the Mississippi.

ART. IV. — *Miscellaneous Thoughts on Men, Manners, and Things.* By ANTHONY GRUMBLER, of Grumbleton Hall, Esquire. Baltimore: Coale and Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 374.

ALTHOUGH the writer of this book nominates himself Grumbler, and hails from Grumbleton Hall, he is nevertheless a sensible, goodnatured companion, abounding in pleasant conversation and remark, and quite as ready to see the bright as the dark side of a picture. If all grumblers were as judicious and liberal as our friend Anthony, and had the same happy faculty of smiling with one eye while they frowned with the other, we should say the more the better, and the merrier also. But the fact is, that your real bilious grumblers are singularly unconscious of the family name, and go on grumbling against every thing and every body, while they deem themselves to be the only perfect members of society, speaking the truth in love. In great pride and bitterness of heart they subscribe themselves Reformers and Philanthropists; but that they are even distantly related to the Grumblers does not enter their heads. When they are honest, and profess to grumble, we will hear them; but we desire none of their reform, and as little as they please of their philanthropy.

The volume of Anthony Grumbler, Esq., is of the table-talk description, comprising one hundred and fifty-nine subjects, regularly numbered, which subjects are of all characters and complexions, grave and gay, light and heavy, fashionable, literary, political, and theological, from Churches and Charity, down to Visiting Cards and Fancy Balls, and from the Art of Puffing, up to the True Idea of Prayer. The greater portion of his remarks will be found suited to any American latitude or meridian, though he writes specially as a citizen of Eromitlab; which cacophonous word is formed, as most eyes will perceive, by spelling Baltimore backward, and the formation of which word we are disposed to regard as somewhat of an affectation. And now that we ourselves are in the grumbling vein, we are tempted to charge upon Squire Grumbler, as an affectation also, the habit in which he indulges of sprinkling his paragraphs here and there with sundry atoms of Latin, French, and Italian, such as *uno flatu, en mauvais goût*, and

credo di si, which are rather troublesome to the eyes, and of no great help to the understanding. But as they are in, he should have taken care to have had them correctly spelt, and have seen that his printer did not, as on page 212, make him say, *Ansi soit-il*.

And now we will permit our readers to judge for themselves what kind of a book this is, by placing before them a few extracts from it. Owing to its form and composition, an opinion may be formed of it from extracts more fairly than can usually be done in the same way.

The article which follows is characteristic of the author's manner. It is numbered LII. and entitled "Favors received and conferred."

"The graceful conferring of favors, and the receiving them in like manner, are among the strongest criterions of a polished mind, and of a good heart. The *savoir faire*, in such matters, is every thing; and if either be ill done, it is sure to cause unamiable feelings, where, possibly, the best ought to have obtained. Tacitus thinks that benefits are so far acceptable, and gratefully received, as those obliged are in a capacity to return them, and that if this be exceeded, hatred is apt to be returned instead of thanks. This seems to us philosophically correct, only under certain circumstances; for if the benefit be generously and gracefully conferred, the result is gratitude; and hatred can scarce arise from the mere inability to disburthen ourself of the obligation imposed.

"SERAPION is generous in lending you his purse, and doing you many other kindnesses; but it is always attended with a scrupulous expression of his full sense of the obligation he is creating, which from time to time he reminds you of, lest you should forget it; but by no means with the desire that you should cancel the obligation, or reciprocate it in any other form, but merely that he may gratify his own love of power, and repose with calmness on the influence of its exercise.

"PHORMIO also, is not without generosity, of a peculiar kind; but he never fails to give pain from the total want of a *suaviter in modo* in such cases. He does the act, but is silent, grave, and grum, if not at heart, quite so in appearance. Every interview with him on the subject is a large draft upon your feelings, even if you know there is kindness at the bottom. Oh that benevolence had none of this alloy, what a sweetner would it be in those reciprocal interchanges of kind offices, which the varied concerns of life so imperiously require!

"SULPITIUS will receive the kindness, most generously and

appropriately bestowed by you, but without his moving a muscle, or giving you one expressive word or a look of thanks; and he punctiliously returns the matter conferred, but with the same apparent, if not real, heartlessness. Why cannot men learn that in receiving, as well as in bestowing favors, honor, a good heart, and a well ordered mind, require that it be so done as to cherish and expand the best feelings of our nature?" — pp. 75, 76.

Our next specimen is from the section headed "America's supposed Destiny," and numbered CXXIV. The ideas expressed in it appear to us to be just and timely, and though not new, yet well worthy of being reiterated, so as to counteract in some measure, if possible, the mischievous effects of the gross and extravagant flattery, which, through countless orations, addresses, and newspaper paragraphs, has been hourly administered to the motley multitude, called the people of this country.

"From the days of Cicero down, and probably from his time indefinitely up, philosophers have said many strange things; which, as the sage of Tusculum was not too well-bred to call absurd, we, perhaps, may be permitted to denominate silly. Among the thousand that come under his '*nihil tam absurdum, &c.*' none of our own day belongs more indisputably to this category, than that which consigns our fair portion of the planet Earth to an eternal mental sterility, and teaches that even nature hath been imbecile in the living creatures indigenous in our hemisphere! But our own philosophers have not been overwise in their intemperate, boastful, and grandiloquent replies, and in their hasty anticipations of the '*destined*' overshadowing greatness of this western world! The out-pourings of such ignorant jealousy as could dictate the sentiment, that nature had deviated from her usual scheme of benevolence, and stamped this extensive continent with any marks of decided inferiority, ought to have excited no umbrage in well-balanced minds; nor should the charge have been met with so many round assertions of our equally marked superiority! We are, indeed, now much better known by our impugnors than formerly; we are getting up in the world! Still it is no less in bad taste, than ungenerous, to retaliate, as we are too much disposed to do, by assuming to ourselves every excellence, and by telling the folks of the old world that civilization, knowledge, the arts, and all the elegant refinements of life, are but taking their destined circuit round the globe, have been gradually abandoning (since our star has risen) their former seats, and are now spreading them-

selves, with unexampled rapidity, over the fairest of all lands, and there to dwell in a renewed strength, and beauty, and perfection, far transcending their brightest displays, in all past times! In all such matters, we confess ourselves skeptical, and greatly prefer the *argumentum a posteriori* to the one drawn *a priori*. We can as yet see no very decided evidences that these brilliant and halcyon anticipations are to be realized. That the human race in general is destined to exhibit, through the universal spread of Christian influences, a more exalted degree of mental, moral, and intellectual excellence, and a scheme of happiness far greater than has yet been exhibited, we do believe; and it is possible that this land may become the central point from which these rays of human blessedness may begin to flow. But if they do, we must greatly reform our *principles* and our *manners*, as I opine, before we can, with any show of reason, begin to anticipate and to boast. We are indeed, in some things, quite a clever people. We are by no means stinted in talent, nay, even in genius. We are thrifty, industrious, inventive, enterprising, plausible, promising, and withal, valorous! We have, moreover, many goodly bays, many mammoth rivers, stupendous lakes, unrivalled prairies, matchless forests, inexhaustible mines! We can also number a few clever writers on various subjects, have a due portion of statesmen, orators, artists, and mechanics, who have justly made some noise in the world! We have many enterprising merchants, who have made a still louder noise! We have a constant tide of emigration setting like huge waves upon our shores, which, added to our own prolific increase, may ere long diffuse over our vast territory, more than one hundred millions of people! And yet all these, and vastly more, *may* bring with them an ample harvest of misery, instead of happiness; for to use one of our own popular phrases, 'we are not yet out of the woods,' since all of these, though essential elements, can never of themselves make a truly great, refined, prosperous, and happy people. A fierce and overwhelming spirit of democracy, with the abundant harvest of its peculiar fruits, added to national vanity, unheard-of extravagance, commercial gambling, and numerous other cognate faults, may prove more than sufficient to neutralize all the blessings we now enjoy, or can rationally anticipate. After all, therefore, as it would seem, nature hath been with us, as elsewhere, true to herself, and just as prolific in the goods and evils, virtues and vices of humanity, on this side of the great waters as on the other." — pp. 217–221.

There is a section entitled "Provision for the Clergy," in which the writer grumbles quite eloquently, though himself a

layman, against the narrow principles which are starving a large proportion of the ministers of this country. There are some good notions too in the sections respectively headed "Church Architecture," and "Church Music." In the former of these, after describing our naked and lantern-like houses of worship, as they are in general, he thus goes on.

"How unlike in these and other respects, are the churches and cathedrals of the old world! How suitable to devotional feelings are the subdued and shady colors that meet the eye in every direction, from the deeply carved cherry, walnut, mahogany, and other sombre woods — from the sweetly harmonized and 'dim religious lights' flowing from every surrounding object — from the monumental slabs that face the walls and pave the aisles — from the mellow rays diffused over the church from variously stained and beautifully painted glass — from draperies gracefully and appropriately disposed — and from the large pannels that face the walls of the tribune, with dark grounds and gilt letters, which record the decalogue and the Lord's prayer! From these, and many more, result an almost visible devotional air — a something which gently passes over the feelings, and whispers to us — this is truly the temple of God! Nor is this a mere imagination; no one we believe, can enter into York Minster, but with hat in hand, and inclined to speak only in a whisper; the soul is at once calmed; the ground seems holy! Nor is this a superstitious feeling in those accustomed to such places of worship: it is neither veneration for antiquity, nor the force of early education, but a feeling of which all, though not equally, are in a degree conscious, who visit, from our country, these churches. Nor is it, in our case, to be ascribed to the novelty of such scenes, or to the striking contrast they present with our own; the feeling lies in the nature of man, whether savage or civilized; and we doubt not that an Indian of our country would be greatly more impressed with devotional feelings towards his Manitou, or Great Spirit, in a British than in an American church of equal dimensions. There must be a cause for this, and we find it mainly in our too free admittance of *broad day* into our churches, and in our exclusion from them of nearly all those embellishments and mementoes that remind us, by so many tender and subduing associations, of the dead. The world in our sacred temples is not sufficiently shut out; for in them we should see little that can recall our wandering thoughts to life — much that would fix them on the probable or possible scenes beyond the grave. In our churches, moreover, there is an additional propriety in carefully subduing the lights and colors, as they are brighter, from the ardor of our

sun, and from the almost invariable clearness of our skies; and yet in no country is stained or even ground glass so little used; none in which the churches are so very like to other places of customary resort." — pp. 257 – 259.

We entirely agree with the Squire, as the readers of some of our late numbers may suppose, in the following liberal remarks concerning the Catholics, which we take from his article headed "Sectarianism." Pity it is, that so much should need to be said in this country, and in this century, against bigotry and intolerance.

"We probably have not less than fifty sects, six or eight of which are of native origin. Of these the Baptists are the most numerous, amounting to about *three millions*. The Methodists rank next in number, and fall short of the Baptists about three hundred thousand. The next in numerical strength are the Presbyterians, of which there are more than *two millions*. The Episcopalians, Catholics, and Universalists are nearly equal, the first named having about *six hundred thousand*, and the two others each about *half a million*. The Friends and the Unitarians are also nearly equal in number, each having about *two hundred thousand*. In a population, then, of perhaps *fifteen millions*, we have but half a million of Catholics, the rest being Protestants and Jews. And yet there are persons who are seriously apprehensive that we are to be overrun by Catholicism; that the Pope has a special eye on this country; that the few nunneries and monastic institutions among us should be as carefully watched, and as zealously discouraged, as if they had been fully and impartially convicted of the most systematic and hostile plans against our religion and government! Now though we have not a drop of Catholic blood in our veins, or the least tendency towards even a respect for any one of their distinguished tenets, yet we do think that this alarm and jealousy respecting our Catholic brethren, the slanders uttered against them, and the partial persecutions of them that have taken place, are supremely unjust, and anti-christian, wholly at variance with the present enlightened age, in conflict with our political and religious creeds, and disgraceful to all who have in any way countenanced such feelings and such proceedings. Better far would it be to imitate their exemplary charity and benevolence to the poor, to the diseased, and the ignorant — better far would it be to copy after their Christian regularity in temporal matters, their love of learning, and in fine to respect and imitate such of their Christian virtues as harmonize with our own principles, leaving nunneries, celibacy, purgatory,

transubstantiation, confessions, penances, indulgences, and twenty other matters which we may regard as excrescent follies, to the sober preachings of our clergy, and to the calm and learned investigations of our theologians; for when the people presume to take such matters in hand, they are about as good judges of religion and morals, as the Regulators and Lynchers are of laws and constitutions; and they all arrive at about the same practical result of cruel and disgraceful injustice. Persecution, whether by the pen, fire and faggot, or other like means, never yet gained one true convert, nor do we believe that the Catholics of this country, during nearly two centuries, have ever made one thousand proselytes from the Protestant to the Catholic cause; and we equally believe that if there be an increase of Catholicism among us, it is owing almost exclusively to emigration of Catholics to these shores, and scarcely in any degree to conversions from the one faith to the other. And if this be so, shall they not be permitted to enjoy their religion with all of its accompaniments? Shall they not be permitted to erect their splendid cathedrals and other temples of worship, to the same God and to the same Mediator, that we adore, without exciting idle suspicions and jealousies? If our Catholics, with only about the one-thirtieth of the Protestant numerical power, and with scarcely the one-sixtieth of their pecuniary means, can ever gain a dangerous ascendancy here, it must be owing either to the truth of their cause, or to the most apathetic and marvellous neglect of duty on the part of our clergy, and of all who are engaged in any way in the responsibilities of Protestant instruction. The only way then to prevent the growth of any sect is to avoid all acrimony, all persecution, and to leave the controverted points to the calmest inquiries of the clergy and of the theologians, to the gradual operation of the general enlightenment of the people, and finally, to the force of that primitive Christian charity, which is the loveliest of all the features in our holy religion. The world, we had hoped, had become quite too enlightened to *quarrel in any way* about religious opinions; for though diseases of the body may sometimes require violent medicaments, and even amputations, there are but two remedies for diseased opinions, viz.: powerful, calm, and dignified arguments and persuasives; and the beauty of an exemplary and godly life; all others come of, and tend to evil." — pp. 268 — 271.

Our extracts have been made, in accordance with the character of our work, from the more serious portions of these candid and judicious grumbings. The correct moral tone which pervades the whole, however, is worthy of all praise,

and will be, we trust; the favored means of furnishing something better than mere amusement to the minds of many, who may have been led to purchase the volume by the quaintness of its title.

F. W. P. G.

ART. V. — THE LOVE OF EXCELLENCE, AS ONE AIM OF EDUCATION.

THERE is an excellence in things material, which it befits intelligent natures to understand, to feel, and to appreciate. The outward world exhibits to the eye of man lineaments, which brute eyes distinguish not. There are relations to what is spiritual in us among the forms of gross matter. We behold not only masses in juxta-position, but objects in orderly arrangement, with symmetrical proportions. There is not only magnitude, but grandeur; not only motion, but grace; not only useful adaptation, but thrilling beauty. We are made not only to receive impressions, but to analyze them; not only to perceive, but to admire.

Nature is prepared to be to us something more and better than the theatre of our toil, our storehouse of implements, our granary and reservoir of animal supplies. God gave man dominion over his works, not merely that he might subjugate them to his will and pleasure, but convert them into helpful teachers and inspiring models; draw from them materials for his own intellectual creations; employ them as emblems in the contemplation of truth, and a medium of inquiry into the divine perfection. Their finite qualities were meant to aid in the development and progress of the infinite in the human soul.

All men may in some degree participate in these higher uses of the external world, even without culture. The untutored ranger, who penetrates the recesses of the primeval forest, may feel the deep gloom overawe him, no less than some Minster's solemn shades may have subdued the emotions of more cultivated minds. The hunter on the Alps, or the gondolier of the lakes beneath them, may catch the letter-

ed traveller's enthusiasm and glow with a profounder sense of the glory and beauty of their favored regions. Images of unutterable loveliness mingle with the rude conceptions of even savage men, and the quickening power of outward nature is sometimes seen in the stirring thoughts and chivalrous adventures of minds encrusted by ignorance, and exposed to sordid and vicious associations. The claims of a spiritual birth may thus be vindicated against the most fatal influences. But this can only happen rarely. And however much may be allowed to the native sensibility of the soul, and the inherent force of the qualities which appeal to it, aside from all culture, yet by means of such culture only, can the outward universe be made tributary to the spiritual life to the extent which we ought to desire. One of the offices of a rightly conducted education is to enlarge our knowledge of nature. Another, and one equally important, is to open our hearts to its most ennobling impressions; to train us to the taste which shall appreciate the excellence that clothes the works of God. What are called the *Natural Sciences*, which have obtained in every period so large a share of attention, and in none more than in our own, have been valued perhaps too exclusively for the opportunities and means they may bestow for the enhancement of material wealth, the increase of national power, and the conversion of the resources of the world to the supply of animal comforts and luxuries for its inhabitants. A better claim to patronage than this might be made out for them, in behalf of the mind itself, upon whose nature and healthful activity they exert an influence for which none other could be substituted with equal effects. But then most of all, have they answered their true end, when they are auxiliaries of that higher philosophy, which concerns man as a partaker of a divine nature, the immortal child of God, who is looking for a better country, even an heavenly. It were devoutly to be wished that more of our intelligent youth were disposed to pursue the studies here alluded to, with closer reference to this, their noblest end; that it were felt to be imperative on those who have power, to acquaint themselves with God, through the medium of the laws by which he governs the universe, and by communion with him in those scenes of wonder, to which science introduces its votaries; and that it were held no venial defect in one who can boast of his conquests in the pursuit of knowledge, to be destitute of a taste for the sub-

limity and beauty, which gild every height where Truth has a temple, and embellish all the avenues to her secret springs.

The formation of such a taste is commended to the young mind by every motive which is most felt by generous natures. It were worth all the pains that it may require, were it only for the heightened interest which it lends to common objects, and to the aspect of things by which one must needs be every where surrounded. The dull realities, of which complaint is made, would be far more rare, if charms which really exist in our most ordinary walks were not, for want of a right taste, overlooked or despised. The feeling, which prompts the humblest peasant to erect a trellis for the woodbine by his cottage door, is no less true to nature and no less richly recompensed in its kind, than the more costly provision, in which the affluent man of cultivated mind indulges his refined tastes. Both consult well for their happiness in uniting the beautiful to the useful.

But the taste of which we are speaking, makes its value apparent in many other ways besides this of heightening the interest of common objects and scenes. It enlarges the sphere of intellectual activity, and multiplies greatly the desirable ends of living. The mind which it inspires has more food and incitement for thought. Its faculties are quickened by more impulses and of a nobler kind. Change of place produces no suspension of intellectual employment, though it cause an interruption to all customary studies and pursuits. Wherever the lover of nature may go, there will be enough to keep all his powers in agreeable as well as necessary activity; in those contemplations for which his peculiar taste inclines. Every where there is an impress of the perfection which it is his joy to trace. No landscape so bare but it offers some delicate lineament; no region so waste as not to have some fragment of a beautiful form. Sooner may the pleased eye weary of beholding, than any province of nature cease to supply new objects fit to win and to reward attention, to put the mind upon thinking, and make thought a vehicle of enjoyment.

Besides the value which a cultivated taste derives from its power to remove wearisomeness and prevent vacuity in the intellectual life, there is that which is given it by its efficiency in charming away or greatly mitigating the sorrows incident to every condition. The poor man obtains many a time oblivion of the privations which mark his lot, at no more cost, than

the opening upon him, on his toilsome way, of some scene, lit up with a sudden splendor and beauty by nature's hand, and made to quicken in his heart the hope of a heaven for the poor in spirit. Thus has he a harvest from fields he neither owns nor tills, which their affluent possessor might be glad, at any price, to purchase. This title to the common heritage of nature's loveliness and grandeur, a domain which no walls can fence about, and in which no proprietary has exclusive right of appropriation, helps to settle balances and cure heart-aches arising out of the inequality of material wealth. And in this inalienable reserve, which can be taken from him by no creditor and be swallowed up by no flood of disasters, how much has the opulent man, whom his riches have forsaken, to abate the painful sense of his loss, to preserve the capacity and afford the means of enjoyment in the very midst of the depressing and disheartening influences inseparable from such a failure of the resources on which he has been accustomed to rely. A like solace in other modes of suffering will the mind almost involuntarily experience, which has been imbued with tastes prepared to discern and appreciate the beautiful and the good wherever they appear. To such a mind, when society, business, and most of the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life are irksome and not in harmony with it, nature opens a welcome covert and asylum. There it is beguiled insensibly from sad meditation, refreshed in the outpouring of its griefs by an influence in which there is no harshness, and which yet is felt as if it were the sway of God's own authority. There truth wears the benignant aspect which beams on nature's brow, and is fraught with the motherly tenderness which broods in her silent breast. The objects which were wont to address to taste a never rejected appeal, seem to look up into the eye of sorrow like sympathetic, living comforters. Artless and unobtrusive, with none of the show of a contrivance and a purpose to console, which so often defeat the aims and efforts of other comforters, these have a way of winning access to the wounded spirit, which secures a restorative effect, when no thought of such a thing has sprung up there. That fatal feeder of malign melancholy, idle and listless acquiescence in affliction, refusing occupation as what implies something sacrilegious, and a doing of cruel violence to the best affections, is met in nature by some of the persuasives to employment, and by a kind of occupation, most of all calculated

to engage attention, and to move effectually toward the desirable result of healthful, consolatory action. Nor let it be forgotten that a devotional spirit and those religious exercises of the heart, which are the chief alleviations to its distresses, are so in unison with the pure tastes which draw to the study and enjoyment of nature, as to combine with these for the relief of the mind without any jarring as of incompatible things, and so as to allow the feeling that the just demands of every affection are left sacredly untouched, when the mind has strayed from the scene of its affliction among the soothing influences of the outward creation, as when it has gone up to the house of God in acknowledgment and for prayer.

On this part of our subject we may not longer dwell. What better can we do to impress what we have been saying, than repeat the testimony and the tribute of one who knew and felt it all. It is that of Wordsworth on revisiting the banks of Wye, a spot endeared to him for its poetical inspirations and many a youthful joy.

" Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;
But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration ;—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love." * * *

" Nature never did betray the heart,
That loved her : 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

There is an excellence of things intellectual, in the fruits and productions of human genius, the labors and achieve-

ments of the mind, which it becomes us to understand, to feel, and to appreciate. The emotions of pleasure with which we contemplate the appropriate perfection of the organized frame, fair proportion, grace and dignity of movement, beauty of expression and feature, are far transcended by those which the godlike intellect calls forth in the sphere of its triumphs. Excellence of this order has left impressions on the hearts of men indelible through all time. This it is which is offered to the youthful mind by Education, to kindle a noble emulation, and invite to toils which may entitle to some participation in the same high rewards.

The ingenuous student will deem it of small account to hold in his hands the works of illustrious authors, and to fill his memory with the learned lore which is accumulated there, if he do not imbibe their spirit, and is not capable of a discriminating judgment upon their varied merits. To accuracy and fidelity in his examination of the literature which is brought under his notice in the successive stages of his culture in the school or the college, he will wish to unite a literary taste, which being founded upon the study of the best models, may serve him to good purpose in those intellectual pursuits which may adorn his future career in life, or constitute some of its chief employments. The rapid multiplication of books, which has become a distinction of modern days, has furnished a redundant supply of works of that description which most readily captivates the ardent imagination of youth, and all the intervals of leisure, with which some are indulged, are given over to the business of devouring them. Were it only amusement, which is obtained from such reading as the Bulwer and Marryatt novels, and that unmixed with what is deleterious to the moral nature, yet ought we to demur long, before consenting to sacrifice the time of such as are still unformed in character and young in knowledge as in years, to amusement like this. Whatever may be said, however, on the score of other influences, none can doubt that for the production of a pure literary taste, all attempts will be vain in behalf of minds tinctured from the first by the streams of modern romantic fiction, but not at all imbued with the spirit which pervades the ancient masters. If there be acknowledged and admired standard writers in English literature, whose productions have, by universal consent, taken the lead in determining the judgment respecting compositions in their own de-

partment, it is not too much to ask that some share of attention be given to these, before the control of the mind is yielded wholly to such as can prefer only an inferior title, if not a bad one in itself. He who shall do the youthful aspirant no other service than to warn him away from the indiscriminate, desultory reading of merely ephemeral literature, and to point him to those immortal guides, on whose works the dust ought never to be allowed to settle long, will have contributed essentially to the promotion of a pure taste.

It has been made a question, whether the Holy Scriptures should be used as a school book. However this inquiry may be answered, there can be no mistake in commending them to a high place among the inspiring models of excellence in composition and eloquence, no less than in morals and religion. The fine passages in works of classic fame, on which a sort of traditionary admiration has, by consent of the world, been lavished, might be matched by specimens extracted from the sacred page richer in the same qualities as have given those such celebrity, while imbued with holier tints and brightening with a diviner glow. Let education for the intellect be no more held complete than the culture of the heart, without habitual use of the Book of God. It was, we believe, Lord Chatham, who was wont to ascribe much of his success as an orator to the frequent study of Isaiah's prophecy and such like portions of the inspired volume. Well were it for every youthful mind to receive its first impulses, and its most lasting impressions, from a source as hallowed.

There is an excellence which beams from the life of the good; excellence in virtue; moral greatness; the beauty of holiness; the christian graces. These to understand, to feel, to appreciate, to make our own, is at once the highest end of all culture, and the noblest achievement of existence.

To excellence of a moral kind we are pointed by whatever most attracts us in the forms of outward, material nature. There is something akin to the religious in the emotions produced within us by sublime and beautiful spectacles. The harmony, proportion, and grace, which charm us in the universe, are but types of what we admire in the virtuous soul. Moral associations are blended with all our conceptions of the interesting objects and scenes which live in our remembrance. In order to feel the inspiring loveliness of nature, we must first purify and then forget ourselves. Through the foul atmo-

sphere of vice we cannot discern her glory. While the practice of virtue seems repugnant to us, there is no access for us to the delights which spring from those fountains that virtue's great Author has prepared in his works. The enthusiasm, which glows warmest in the lover of nature, is fed from the fires which devotion has tended. If the evil man take refuge in the scenes which once gladdened his innocence, they render him none of those returns of peaceful joy which fill the bosom of the good. His mind has lost the whole style of thought which is requisite to make nature an asylum. The fragrance of innocence has passed away from his soul, and he could not inhale the airs of Eden with any but the feelings of a fallen spirit. What is true of the connexion between moral excellence and that which we admire and enjoy in the material world, holds almost as well when we speak of intellectual greatness. That the corruption, which blinds men to the charms of virtue, can lend no aid to the mind in its study of the lofty models in literature and art is apparent. That it is a serious impediment in the way of such an attempt, will be acknowledged by those who consider the intimate bonds which exist among all our faculties, and the impossibility of combining the state of feeling which is in harmony only with vice, and that condition of the mind in which it is prepared to appreciate justly achievements that intellect without virtue would never have undertaken or accomplished. There is much indeed in the widely diversified productions of literature and art which is adapted to gratify a low taste. And we will not take upon us to affirm that none but good men have been good authors. But even for the enjoyment of those productions, which in part redeem the reputation of genius not always sanctified by virtue, it will be found necessary to bear with you none but hallowed tastes. By a happy inconsistency with his personal character, the writer here compels you to forget the man.

The love of excellence has been called animated and active conscience. An uncorrupt and refined moral taste is one of the surest safeguards to virtuous principles and practice. For the production of right moral conduct, precepts are delivered and motives exhibited. The lessons of experience, the testimony of the good, the warnings of the bad, and above all, the sanctions of religion are applied to this great end. There is power and efficacy in them all. Let them all never

cease to be enforced upon the youthful heart. But how often, when all these would perhaps have failed in the conflict with blinding, besetting, overwhelming temptation, has the security of the soul been provided for, as by anticipation, in the strong, inherent, unquenchable desire of excellence itself, the deep sense of the charms of inviolable integrity, unsullied purity and truth, and all the blessed qualities, which go to constitute a character for virtue, and which shine as the stars forever in the consummate worthies of our race. The young mind which has been formed to a relish for such exalted qualities, with whose ideal of a happy life these have been inseparably connected, and whose aspirations have been turned toward the excellent, as those in whom centered all that most dignifies and blesses humanity — such a mind will have given pledges of its own future worth in what enters so largely into its present modes of feeling, attachment, and desire. It will be impelled by its own pure emotions to strive to realize what it has been led thus to admire and love. There are few points more essential to establish in the moral nurture of a child, than to invest its duty with a charm like those which surround its pleasures; to fill the imagination with pictures which exhibit in vivid colors the beauty and desirableness of a truly good life; to disenchant or keep it clear of those pestiferous images by which even childhood's innocence is sometimes soiled. "I would have you wise," says St. Paul, "unto that which is good, but simple concerning evil." The wisdom of goodness consists very much in knowing what it is by having felt and practised it oneself. The best simplicity concerning evil lies in utter estrangement from it, in having no acquaintance with it by its presence, even in thought, to the soul. From the feeling that, after all is said and done, there is no preventing the access of what is morally wrong to any mind, and that sin must in some sort be known by necessity of the case, sooner or later, to every imperfect being; from this persuasion, there has often arisen an almost reckless and wilful exposure of the young to whatever evil may approach them. No especial pains are seasonably taken, to preserve, even as long as is not only possible but easy, that blessed ignorance of evil which leaves the growth of incipient virtue all unchecked. Nor is there always importance enough attached to the method of bringing into actual exercise the nascent dispositions and tendencies on which we rest our hope of an early choice of

goodness. The counsels we address to any mind may be welcomed with every demonstration of attentive regard, but that should not satisfy us in education, until we have seen the desired act begun upon the strength of the admonition. We teach self-denial, and portray the excellence and happiness of the spirit that is lord of its own passions and can sacrifice selfish indulgence to principle and the love of others. But by procuring of one decided self-denying action *to be done* by him whom we would instruct, we have made him understand the truth better than all descriptions, however eloquent, and all admonitions, however solemn and affecting; and so of every other quality.

"Moral Taste is cherished and cultivated," says one of our best writers, "by familiarity with moral beauty, and by avoiding whatever has a tendency to impair the love of what is right and the aversion to what is wrong." "It is above all things necessary that this taste should be founded in just notions of rectitude and supported by virtuous conduct. It is impossible that he should long love virtue whose actions are habitually at variance with her rules and principles." To inform the mind with "just notions of rectitude," the first and the last direction must ever be the study of the life and religion of Jesus Christ as recorded in the Gospels, and from thence are to be drawn those principles and rules which regulate the conduct alike of all ages and all classes of men. But with reference to this topic it is of importance to bear ever in mind in the moral education of youth, that in every community, — in the family and in the school, in all the walks of every day life, — there are floating opinions and sayings, current maxims and usages, which have something of the influence of a standard of sentiment and conduct, although they assume not the form of sober instruction, but which are more or less unchristian in their quality and tendencies. The language of the market and the exchange, of the tavern and the idler's corner, will not comport well with the tone of the pulpit and the earnest discourse of a conscientious parent with his family. Now we ought to be aware, that what comes often as this does, spiced with wit, and with the cheerful air of easy nonchalance, is all the more alluring to the youthful fancy, for the very reason that it is *not* a matter of formal inculcation. The young, who shall be formed to a correct and pure moral taste, must be induced by all possible methods to reject at

once all such trash, or bring it speedily to the trial of the true standard. There should be an early caution enforced, upon the danger of admitting ridicule in any case as the test of what is right or true. The young are oftener laughed out of a virtuous principle than persuaded seriously to abandon it. Let there be cherished in them with unabating vigilance a firmness of purpose, which can hold out in devotion to the right singly against all with whom they are wont most to sympathize. Be not too lavish of your own expressions of authority as a means of effecting a moral decision in cases where they doubt; and when their sense of what truth and virtue exacted may have left them alone, and the pain of desertion is keen within them, be not too eager to apply your soothing assurances to the hurt spirit, but leave it to reap the whole benefit of solitary self-reliance, and to taste its enviable recompense. There is danger in moral culture that there shall be an improper *interference* with that best of all methods of improvement—the *discipline of oneself*; too early the foundation of this can hardly be laid, its necessity can never cease.

Familiarity with moral beauty supposes intimate acquaintance with the finest specimens of it. These, as they lie on the page of history, or are more nearly disclosed in biographical narrative, or yet more closely and movingly presented in the living characters around us, should be the frequent, untiring study of the aspirant for the crown of moral excellence. And they should be more especially Christian exemplars. The hero of classic story is not the model we can wish to hold up for youthful imitation, although none who understand them would wish to exclude from all attention the highest forms of virtue known in the characters of ancient heathens. An exercise, worthy of much consideration and likely to promote the formation of correct judgments and tastes of a moral kind, is the minute and careful comparison of the best of the fruits of primitive culture, with the higher instances of the efficiency of Christian nurture.

But as all virtue is often learned most effectually by being witnessed in a life, whose course our own eyes have traced, let the young be solicited to give preference to associates whom their consciences, as well as their hearts, can most approve. Let them mark, with a desire to understand, to feel, and to appreciate the excellence with which it pleases God to

bless and adorn their own immediate sphere. Rome trained her youthful sons to desire as a delight, and esteem as an honor, admission to the presence and converse of her glorious chiefs. To covet the society and relish the wisdom of the excellent among their elders, is an omen for good in all young men. Reverence for age is itself a virtue. Reverence for moral worth in every period is a greater still. We need have more, much more, of them both. The tendency of our times is to their opposites. Independence of character and spirit, which we love, demands no sacrifice, surely, of that deference and even homage, to which nature herself prompts the feeble in virtue in presence of the strong in goodness, the inexperienced youth, with whose most passionate and resolute devotedness to high aims there must mingle still so many follies, towards those who have gathered the trophies of victorious virtue in the conflicts of a long life. It is when the soul is bowed down most humbly in acknowledgement of superior worth, it reveals most clearly the dawns of a like excellence in itself.

Our limits demand that these remarks close, and we forbear the extension of them to other kindred topics. The aim of all we have offered has been to hold up the love of excellence in its widest acceptance, and connected with the whole nature of man in all its relations, as the grand moral lever, which must be in continual use in education; and the inspiring motive which shall give to every study, pursuit, and aim in life, what nothing else can confer,—a dignity and a charm without which all effort droops, all ambition degenerates, all attachment becomes sordid.

E. Q. S.

ART. VI. — *Society in America*. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." In Two Volumes. Second Edition. New York, Saunders and Otley, Ann Street, and Conduit Street, London. 1837. 12mo.

WE have been amused by the ludicrous outcries about this work from almost every part of the country. The newspaper

press has "been exceedingly mad" against the author and her book. It so happened that we could not conveniently read it until it had been a good while before the public. Accordingly, we had fair opportunity to make up our mind about its merits, without the trouble of examination. We admire the discretion of a Yorkshire justice of peace, an unpaid but well fed magistrate, who never liked to hear two sides of a question, because, he said, it puzzled him. We know by experience that one is apt to be "puzzled" about giving a clear verdict, either upon men or books, when there seems to be a strange mixture of bad and good in them. In the present instance we had no such perplexity. A cloud of witnesses appeared at once, — as fast, that is, as testimony could be transferred from one journal to another, — all on one side, all bearing hard against the culprit. No acquittal, or qualified condemnation even, seemed possible. Patriotism, honor, religion, all demanded summary and condign punishment. Appeals were not wanting to our moral indignation at the monstrous ingratitude of a writer, who had so freely enjoyed our kindnesses and hospitalities, and then had the heart to write and print such afflicting censures upon us.

This last seemed, to many of our tender-hearted countrymen, to be the very head and front of her offending. We were confounded. It was too much for our sensibility. We well nigh sat down and wept outright to think that, while the savor of the very roast meat — or rather "birds," — which we had given her was on her tongue, she could so cruelly turn about "and beat us with the spit"! But upon reflection we could not make up our mind to give her over to hopeless reprobation without a trial. Notwithstanding the superior comfort and convenience of making a sweeping decision from a onesided view of the case, we resolved to read her volumes and see if some mitigations, at least, might not be found. After weighing the matter well, it was not clear to us that the principle on which she had been judged was a sound one. We have concluded on the whole, — though with diffidence, as there are great authorities on the other side, — that a statement of facts and opinions ought not to be very much modified by the dinners, better or worse, which the writer has been permitted to eat. We do not want gratitude or generosity. We want justice. We want true statements, accurate observations, and sound reasonings. We do not feast an author, as a house-breaker throws meat to a dog, to keep him from biting.

We read accordingly ; and the result is such as we might have apprehended. Our clear judgment is unsettled. We can pass no sweeping sentence upon the work, either as the best or the worst of books. We are quite sure that it lies somewhere between these extremes. Our mind at length settled into such a tranquil and impartial state, that we are able to judge without bias — certainly with no unfriendly one — and find in it a great deal to praise and something to blame. It is no common gossiping work. It differs entirely, in spirit and tone, from the writings of most English travellers about America. It does not show that disposition to quarrel needlessly with our people, institutions, and manners, which has given so much annoyance to some of our countrymen. We have been too sensitive on this point. We are apt to invite the ridicule of Fidlers and Trollopes, by exposing the irritability of our self-love. It gratifies their own malice and pig-headed prejudice ; and at the same time amuses the people of England, to see us writhe and wince when the lash is cunningly applied “to a sore place.”

But Miss Martineau is neither narrow nor ill-natured. She writes about us with no scoffing, captious spirit, but earnestly, lovingly, and we believe, notwithstanding frequent appearances to the contrary, impartially. In order to do justice to her comments on American Society, we must endeavor to get into her own point of view, and see how our character, institutions, and manners revealed themselves to her mind. She has furnished us the means of doing so. She frankly states in her introduction her sense of the difficulties of her undertaking, and the means by which she proposed to overcome them. So great were they in her view, that she says — “I had again and again put away the idea of saying one word in print on the condition of Society in the United States.”

Her mode of proceeding is thus described.

“In seeking for methods by which I might communicate what I have observed in my travels, without offering any pretension to teach the English or judge the Americans, two expedients occurred to me ; both of which I have adopted. One is, to compare the existing state of society in America with the principles on which it is professedly founded ; thus testing Institutions, Morals, and Manners, by an indisputable instead of an arbitrary standard, and securing to myself the same point of view with my readers of both nations. In working according

to this method, my principal dangers are two. I am in danger of not fully apprehending the principles on which Society in the United States is founded; and of erring in the application to these of the facts which came under my notice. In the last respect I am utterly hopeless of my own accuracy. It is in the highest degree improbable that my scanty gleanings in the wide field of American society should present a precisely fair sample of the whole. I can only explain that I have spared no pains to discover the truth, in both divisions of my task; and invite correction in all errors of fact. This I earnestly do; holding myself, of course, an equal judge with others on matters of opinion.

"My readers, on their part, will bear in mind that, in showing discrepancies between an actual condition and a pure and noble theory of society, I am not finding fault with the Americans, as falling behind the English or the French or any other nation. I decline the office of censor altogether. I dare not undertake it. Nor will my readers, I trust, regard the subject otherwise than as a compound of philosophy and fact.

"The other method, by which I propose to lessen my own responsibility, is to enable my readers to judge for themselves, better than I can for them, what my testimony is worth. For this purpose I offer a brief account of my travels, with dates in full, and a report of the principal means I enjoyed of obtaining a knowledge of the country." — Introduction, pp. iii. — v.

Then follows a rapid sketch of her travels and means of observation. How well she has executed the plan proposed to herself can be known only to those who read her work for themselves. It is impossible, by any extracts we can make, to give a clear idea of the contents of a work so multifarious; we might as well pick out single stones, and carry them about as samples of a Mosaic pavement. We shall aim to do nothing more than help our readers to make a fair estimate of its character and merits.

It is easy to see that Miss Martineau writes in good faith, with a bold, uncompromising love of truth. She describes things as she sees them, or as she believes them to be, without abatement or exaggeration. Her impressions of American life, character, and manners are honestly recorded. Be they right or wrong, carefully or hastily adopted, they are evidently her own, and always frankly exhibited without fear or favor. They are colored often by the peculiar characteristics and biases of her mind, but never we think by a malignant and fault-finding spirit. There is none of the captious-

ness too common in British travellers, who are annoyed by the strangeness or coarseness of a new country, and think that whatever is *unenglish* is of course bad. She shows a willingness to be pleased, and praises heartily when she sees reason, sometimes perhaps more liberally than the state of the case will justify. We observe, moreover, that her commendation is for the most part general, while her censures are specific, covering exceptions only.

Miss Martineau is evidently a friend of America. If she has in any respect done us injustice, as a people, it has arisen from defective information or hasty judgments. Had her love of truth been less, we have no doubt that her praise of this country would have been greater. We regret to observe that many readers have taken up a wrong impression of her work. They have fallen upon some severe strictures, and without noticing the honest and friendly spirit of the writer, have resented criticisms which are either perfectly just in themselves or at least seemed so to her. We do not want to be flattered by foreigners; we have enough of this without looking abroad for it. Besides, commendation loses all its value when it is indiscriminate; the witness, who can see nothing but good, is discredited. She admires our political institutions, though we think she does not perfectly understand them. Her democracy takes needless alarm at lurking aristocratic tendencies. Of the Senate of the United States she seems to have very crude notions.

"But the principle of the general government is, that it governs the entire people as one nation, and not as a league of states. There ought, in consistency with this, to be no state representation at all; and the Senate is an anomaly. An anomalous institution cannot be very longlived. A second chamber, on a more consistent principle, will probably be established in its place, to fulfil its functions as a Court of Review, and as a check upon the precipitation of the other house, and, if need be, upon the encroachments of the executive. There is yet more of compromise involved in this institution of the Senate; as might be expected, since there is no end of compromise when principle is once departed from; yet there are statesmen who defend it on no other grounds than that its establishment was necessary to the foundation of any federal government at all. One observed to me, 'Some things look well in theory and fail in practice. This may not be justifiable in theory, but it works well.' If this last sentence be true, the well-working of the Senate is only

a temporary affair ; an accident. Its radical change becomes a question of time merely ; and the recent agitation of the question of instructions seems to indicate that the time is not far distant." — Vol. I. p. 41.

It is perfectly evident that she does not understand the structure and working of our political machinery ; and she is too radical to be satisfied with it if she did. She has no clear view of the functions of the several states, their rights, and their relations to the general government ; and she seems to have no knowledge whatever of the towns, those primary republics, in which the "pure democratic principle" reigns without check. As we are not persuaded of the value of her political speculations, we shall pass them by without further notice, except to say that they are conducted with a good spirit, and with an evident desire that we may profit by the results of her observation. Her fears of aristocracy may be seen in what she says of the Supreme Court and the Society of Cincinnati.

"The appointment of Judges for life is another departure from the absolute republican principle. There is no actual control over them. Theirs is a virtually irresponsible office. * * * Irresponsible offices are an inconsistency in a republic. With regard to all this compromise, no plea of expediency can alter the fact that, while the House of Representatives is mainly republican, the Senate is only partially so, being anomalous in its character, and its members not being elected immediately by the people ; and that the judiciary is not republican at all, since all the Judges are independent of the nation, from the time of their appointment." — Vol. I. p. 42.

We were amused with her goodnatured but extremely erroneous account of the Cincinnati.

"The Society of the Cincinnati, an association of officers of the revolutionary army, and other honorable persons, ordered their proceedings in a manner totally inconsistent with the first principles of republicanism ; having secret correspondences, decking themselves with an order, which was to be hereditary, drawing a line of distinction between military and other citizens, and uniting in a secret bond the chiefs of the first families of the respective states. Such an association, formed on the model of some which might be more or less necessary or convenient in the monarchies of the old world, could not be allowed to exist in its *feudal form* in the young republic, and, accord-

ingly, the hereditary principle, and the power of adopting honorary members, were relinquished; and *the Society is heard of no more*. It has had its use in showing how the minds of the earlier republicans were imbued with monarchical prepossessions." — Vol. i. pp. 18, 19.

We like Miss Martineau's temper in travelling; she is exceedingly goodnatured, and easy to please, never finding any rude or vulgar people. Whatever privations or hardships she had to encounter, by flood or prairie, by unfordable torrents, in log houses, in river steam-boats or lake schooners, she was happy, cheerful, uncomplaining. She is the very ideal of a travelling lady. In a country where she says one man made his boast that he had "fifty head of hen," it seems that these birds did not discount eggs freely; and Miss Martineau with her companions actually carried along in their hands a good supply of these fragile luxuries, at considerable hazard of damaging their outer integuments. Amidst all the difficulties of providing lodging and managing the commissariat, in her ten thousand miles journeying, for the most part in the new settlements of the South and West, her good temper never forsook her. Here is her testimony, quite as much in her own favor, though she seems unconscious of it, as in that of the people among whom she travelled. She stopped for the night at a log house after a hard day's ride in the mail wagon.

"We concluded ourselves fortunate in our resting place. Never was there a greater mistake. We walked out after supper, and when we returned, found that we could not have any portion of the lower rooms. There was a loft, which I will not describe, into which, having ascended a ladder, we were to be all stowed. I would fain have slept on the soft sand out of doors beneath the wagon, but rain came on. There was no place for us to put our heads into but the loft. Enough. I will only say that this house was, as far as I remember, *the only place in the United States where I met with bad treatment*. Every where else, people gave me the best they had, whether it was bad or good." — Vol. i. p. 257.

We would gladly extract her beautiful description of New England life, in a farm house in Stockbridge; and of a Southern household and mode of enjoyment in the new state of Alabama; but we cannot afford room. Wherever she went she found friends or made them; and we are quite sure that

"Charley came with his clean shining face and clean collar."
—p. 232.

The following is affecting.

"Charley lost his cap."

But we must tear ourselves away from our hero with one more extract, which is a good specimen of the moral sublime. Charley wanted to bathe. He was told that it was doubtful whether they should reach the destined place — the lake — before sunset.

"Might he ask his father? Yes, but he would find his father no more certain than the rest of us. 'Mother,' cried the boy in an agony of earnestness, 'does not a father know when his child ought to bathe?'" — p. 357.

Miss Martineau seldom complains, as the manner of some is, of the coarseness or meanness of her fare. Everywhere she finds plenty of good things, and enjoys them with thankfulness of heart. She says, indeed, that she saw "no tender and juicy meat in the country," but she does not mean it as a reproach; and we are nowise grieved at the fact; our jaws are adapted to their work. It is fit perhaps that the pioneers of civilization should be inured to hardship, even in their pleasures. Our animals have tough muscles now, but the meat will grow tender as we get more civilized. Indeed, in the neighborhood of this city, where many are curious in such matters, we are getting on. We have seen legs of mutton and rumps of beef, that Apicius might have coveted. We should hardly like to eat them if they were any better. We should feel like Charles Lamb — that "it is almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like sinning that a tender conscientious person would do well to pause." We are pleased with Miss Martineau for her generous testimony that we do not "bolt our meat," tough as it is, with a portentous rapidity. She says we take time when we can, for proper and deliberate proceedings — "in private houses she was never conscious of being hurried." An Englishman in his own country, travelling by mail-coach, with ten or fifteen minutes allowed for dining, stands on small ceremony.

One great merit of Miss Martineau's book is the earnestness with which it is written. She stands on a high ground of observation, and refers every thing to principle. She is

full of the spirit of humanity. She has faith and hope in the progress and destiny of man. She never pays homage to the idols of the world. She estimates men not by their trappings and social garnitures but by their inward worth. Hence the profound respect with which she speaks of the farmers and mechanics of this country. She evidently feels that she has a high mission of her own to fulfil, and she speaks with the tone of a prophet. She assumes the character of an Apostle to the American people; and with the fervor and solemnity proper to her high calling, she warns, exhorts, and improves, as she sees need. She does not measure us by European standards, and approve or condemn us according to our conformity or want of conformity with them. She expects us to differ, — she wants to see us differing more than we do from the communities of the old world. She would gladly find the originality and freshness of a young people in our modes of thought, manners, and civilization. She is the only writer of her country, as far as we know, who has undertaken to judge of the American character by great principles. Everywhere we find her rising above the conventional and expedient, and sternly inquiring what is true and right. She idealizes our country, representing it to her mind, as it would appear to a purer and loftier intelligence, and then giving true utterance to her convictions and impressions. And this measure of our performances is the fairest that she could take, — the only one indeed from which any valuable result could be hoped. She judges us by our own avowed ideas of morality, freedom, and human rights. If we sometimes smart under her censure, we should remember, that out of our own mouths we are judged. Our professions have justified her strictures upon our short-comings. It is evidence of her intense spirit of humanity, as well as of her affection for us, that she assumes the grave character of a preacher of righteousness, and administers rebuke without stint, when she thinks we are not true to our own ideal. The solemn earnestness of her tones of remonstrance could proceed only from her strong conviction that she is right. She may be, and no doubt often is, mistaken; but there is ever a clear aim to do good, and a right-hearted honesty of speech, which we cannot but respect.

As we shall have occasion before we finish this article to animadvert upon some of her statements and opinions, we

she is remembered by them as a warm-hearted and agreeable guest.

She was a long time in the slaveholding States; and notwithstanding her strong abolition feelings, she is evidently disposed to do full justice to whatever virtue there is in the Southern character. She has, indeed, drawn a dark picture of the slave system, which we cannot look upon without shuddering. But we are persuaded that it is the truest representation of its mischiefs and abominations which has ever been made. We do not believe that any thing is overstated. Of slaveholders she is charitable in her judgment, compassionate even, appreciating the difficulties of their position, and abstaining from that bitterness of remark which northern abolitionists are accused of indulging in too freely. She speaks of their virtues thus.

"The most obvious is Mercy. Nowhere, perhaps, can more touching exercises of mercy be seen than here," &c. Again—"Nothing struck me more than the patience of slave-owners. In this virtue they probably surpass the whole Christian world. I mean in their patience with their slaves, for one cannot much praise their patience with the abolitionists or with the tariff. * * * When I considered how they loved to be called the 'fiery Southerners,' I could not but marvel at their mild forbearance under the hourly provocations to which they are liable in their homes. * * * This mercy, indulgence, patience, was often pleaded to me in defence of the system, or in aggravation of the faults of intractable slaves." Again—"but little can be said of the purity of manners of the whites of the South; but there is purity. * * * Those who (notwithstanding the strong temptations before alluded to) keep their homes undefiled, may be considered as of incorruptible purity. Here, alas! ends my catalogue of the virtues which are of possible exercise by slaveholders towards their laborers. The inherent injustice of the system extinguishes all others, and nourishes a whole harvest of false morals towards the rest of society."—Vol. II. pp. 107, 109, 110, 112.

We are glad Miss Martineau has spoken freely on this subject, and spoken well. Notwithstanding the anger which the discussion of it kindles up in many minds, and the frightful and disgusting details which must be brought to light, we feel that it is a great subject, in which morals, religion, and humanity are vitally concerned. We believe that there exists not on earth the power that can prevent the friends of the

slave from giving utterance to the deep yearnings of their sympathy. It is idle to think of throwing hindrances in their way. You may as well endeavor to keep down the fires of Etna.

While we are speaking of Miss Martineau's good nature, another manifestation of it occurs to us. Her amiable feeling appears in the interesting episode of Charley. But who is Charley? some one may ask. Not to know Charley betrays an ignorance almost hopeless. He is a boy of six years old who accompanied the travelling party in the Western tour, much to the delight and edification of the reader. We think it might have been well for the author to have published this part of her work separate, as a statistical, economical, philosophical romance, of which Charley is the hero. He acts his part well; and if the work had ended abruptly with the grounding of the schooner in the lake, we should have had a tolerable catastrophe, quite epic. We love a child. We never see his smiling and shining face peeping out of the page, but our hearts leap at the thought of sundry little rogues of our own, who can say papa and mama with great unction. Startling incidents were not wanting which might have been turned to good account, if the author had been disposed to bring out Charley's capabilities in a Romance.

These for instance.

"We actually had to cross a rushing deep river on a line of single planks, by dim moonlight, at past eleven o'clock at night. The great anxiety was about Charley, but between his father and the guide he managed very well." — Vol. i. p. 266.

"She let us have breakfast as early as half-past five the next morning, and gave Charley a bun at parting, lest he should be too hungry before we could dine." — p. 267.

"He hinted more than once at the difficulty of finding the way; at the improbability that we should reach Chicago before midnight; and at the danger of our wandering about the marsh all night, and finding ourselves at the opposite edge of the prairie in the morning. Charley was bruised and tired. All the rest were hungry and cold." — p. 269.

"Charley throve on potatoes and bread." — p. 272.

"Charley answered that he should be happy to drink water with them, but he had rather not have any rum." — p. 274.

"Charley found a small turtle alive." — p. 253.

"Charley was a boy of uncommon beauty and promise. 'He is,' said the driver, 'an eternal smart boy, and the greatest hand at a talk I ever came across.'" — p. 232.

the articulate speech which it accompanies. Her remarks on the oration at the Pilgrim festival are much of the same character, but with a less infusion of bitterness. Bitterness,—we do not like to use this word; we wish we could find some way of explaining her vituperation, so as not to impair our respect for her generous and amiable character.

We will try. Perhaps some palliation may be found in her strong feeling for this country, as a preacher and a reformer. She saw our need of amendment, and she made the occasions we have alluded to a text from which to read us a lecture on our boasting and self-flattery. It is not wholly uncalled for. Without meaning to apply the remark to any individuals, we must say that it has long been the fashion of Fourth of July, and other holiday literature, to minister to the public craving for praise. No doubt eminent men have been strongly tempted to seek popularity by pampering this diseased appetite. If we must bear the pain of such strictures as this book contains, we shall do well to profit by them. We wish that every man, who is privileged to utter a word in the ear and heart of humanity, might feel the sacredness of truth and high principle, and the dignity of his own great mission. Let him be a free, bold, earnest man,—true to the deepest convictions of his soul,—true in heart, true in action, true in speech, and he need not humble himself before public opinion. He may create opinion, and control it. He will be a cloud-pillar by day and a fire-pillar by night to lead his countrymen to the land of promise. There is a natural reverence for brave and righthearted manhood; men bow to it as a Divine authority. The great men, the real rulers of the world, are its inspired thinkers, who hold secret communings with wisdom, and give it articulate voices. When they veer and trim to the currents of opinion, they become little creatures; they abdicate their power. There must be a grievous want of faith, when men like these become timeservers. And not until there is deep corruption in the public heart, can such sacrifice of manhood and honor be required at their hands. We do not believe it ever is required. The public heart is never so depraved as to lose its reverence, till great men cease to be venerable. Men will not stand sternly or scoffingly against the word of truth, so long as one is found bold enough to give it free utterance. For says a living writer, "One man, who has in him a higher wisdom, or a hitherto unknown

spiritual truth, is stronger, — not than ten men who have it not, nor than ten thousand, — but stronger than all men who have it not, and stands out among them with quite an ethereal, angelic power." If all our true men would but manfully give expression to their principles, in word and deed, we should soon put to flight the host of cunning intriguers, — "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace," who prey upon the public weal. Who can calculate the orbit of a word?

Miss Martineau is charged with reproducing, in her book, conversations, which are well remembered here, in a very mangled and distorted fashion. We believe her intentions were always good; and therefore we will make the best excuse for her which the matter admits of. We have always had our misgivings about the fidelity of that mysterious tube, as a channel of communication between her and other minds. It is indeed the best she had, but it is not good. In the first place, if she heard perfectly well whatever was insinuated through it, she still heard at great disadvantage. She could not get the spontaneous expression of thought and feeling always. And then she was cut off from the general conversation of a party; she could hear only what was said *to her*, — perhaps with a design. The accidental, undesigned, collateral informations, which come to us, we know not how, to correct our judgments, and develope what is called common sense, are wholly wanting to her. The whole atmosphere of social life is full of manifold intelligences, and conflicting influences. We are for the most part unconscious of their working in our minds; but our final conclusions on most subjects are the net result of the whole. If Miss Martineau then heard ever so well through her delicate instrument, she heard at great disadvantage. But she did not hear well. It was always necessary, in the evening, for her to have a strong light upon the countenance of one speaking to her, that she might be able to find out by the aid of a second sense, what had failed to reach her through the first. We can therefore excuse — sometimes smile at her mistakes. Some instances we are able to verify; and we do it not for their intrinsic importance, but because they help us to settle the question of her competency as a witness in graver matters. Soon after the outrage against Garrison and the Abolition Society in Boston, she had a conversation on the subject with two law students; for one of whom she sets down an eloquent speech.

may as well say at once that she will require a good deal of charity at our hands, and it shall not be wanting. Some allowance must be made for her disadvantage of having "wisdom from one entrance almost shut out;" some for her vehement radicalism, which is too much inclined to destructiveness; some for her habit of making large generalizations from scanty facts. We must also bear in mind that she adopts opinions hastily, and does not admit the idea that she can be mistaken. With these excellent habits of mind, it will not seem strange that she has the largest number of conclusions made up and labelled for use, of any person with whom we are acquainted.

We say these things for her sake, in all kindness and respect. They must be considered in order to justify her touching some matters which she has laid before the world in this book. With this explanation we may say that she has written a work, which, if not absolutely true, in fact and speculation, is at least true to herself. It is such, for the most part, as might have been expected by those who knew her best, — hasty, rash, wrong-headed sometimes, and disfigured by ill-founded generalizations, — but fervent, honest, sincere; a portrait of her mind and heart. Whether we like the picture or not, depends upon each man's particular taste. It requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee, that to many of our countrymen it can never be other than distasteful.

We have called Miss Martineau a good-natured observer. We believe she is so always; but it does not always appear. She has exposed herself to a good deal of misconstruction by her mode of writing on several subjects. She begins with some general proposition, such for instance as this.

"The manners of the Americans, in America, are the best I ever saw;" and then goes on accumulating specifications of an opposite character till, in the mind of the reader, the "commentary has eaten up the text." He forgets the general praise, or finds it more than contradicted in the particulars. So as to American conversation; she speaks of it as "rich," "droll," "imaginative." "I presently found the information so full, impartial, and accurate, and the shrewdness and drollery with which it was conveyed so amusing, that I became a great admirer of the American way of talking before six months were over." Yet notwithstanding this commendation, ample and liberal enough, one would think, many lay down

her book with the impression that she represents us as the dullest and most measureless proser on earth. We know that such is not her purpose. Her remarks on manners and intercourse are for the most part discriminating and just. But the self-love of many, or their pride of country is wounded, because they do not take the trouble to pick out the fragments of praise and censure, and see what is the net result of the whole. The reader who enters into her spirit and meaning will find that she gives an account of our society, manners, and conversation rather flattering than otherwise.

We think Miss Martineau must have resisted a strong temptation to admit more personalities into her work. She had abundant materials in her journal; and they would have imparted a flavor. But she has seldom or never violated the confidences of private life. We think her too high-minded to be capable of such treachery. The rule she prescribed to herself is thus set forth in the introduction.

"I hold it allowable and necessary to make use of opinions and facts offered in fireside confidence, as long as no clue is offered by which they may be traced back to any particular fireside. If any of my American friends should find in this book traces of old conversations and incidents, let them keep their own counsel, and be assured that the conversation and facts remain private between them and me." — Introduction, p. xv.

This seems fair and honorable; and we believe she has generally adhered to her principle. But she has given great annoyance to her friends in this country by her contemptuous remarks upon some distinguished public men. We do not like to give her offensive strictures such chance of preservation as our pages may afford. "My rule," she says, "is to speak of the public acts of public persons, precisely as if I had known them only in their public character." And yet she has allowed herself to speak of "one of the most accomplished gentlemen and distinguished scholars in the country," who delivered the oration at "Bloody Brook," in a way, which seems petulant and spiteful, — quite beyond the decencies of criticism. She probably could not hear this popular discourse, which was delivered in the open air. Gesture there was, no doubt; but of the propriety of this we think she could not have been a first rate judge. All gesticulation we suppose appears more or less ridiculous to one who does not hear

"He told me of the sorrow of heart with which he saw the law, the life of the republic, set at naught by those who should best understand its nature and value. He saw that the time was come for the true men of the republic to oppose a bold front to the insolence of the rich and the powerful, who were bearing down the liberties of the people for a matter of opinion. The young men, he saw, must brace themselves up against the tyranny of the moneyed mob, and defend the law; or the liberties of the country were gone." — Vol. I. p. 130.

This is excellent, except being a little unjust to a very respectable class, who are not nearly so bad as they were made to appear from that point of view. We commend to our readers all that Miss Martineau has so feelingly said on this topic, as worthy of most earnest attention. But we are assured from good authority that the gentleman, who appears in so high and honorable an attitude in the above extract, utterly disclaims the credit she has given him, having been all the while a silent listener.

Again.

"I *saw* a minister using vehement and unaccustomed action, (of course wholly inappropriate,) [why of course?] in a pulpit not his own; and was told that that set of people required plenty of action to be assured that the preacher was in earnest." — Vol. II. p. 357.

Miss Martineau has a great aversion to action in public speaking; the minister in question has no objection to her strictures on his, appropriate or otherwise, to a discourse of which she declared she did not hear a word. But we happen to know from the gentleman himself, that this report is wholly incorrect. He remembers that the remarks, which he made to her upon the character of preaching in different parts of the country, were entirely general, not having the slightest reference to his own practices.

Again. We remember a story told Miss Martineau in this country of an English exquisite just returned from his travels. One day at a dinner party a lady said to him, "How long were you at Florence, my Lord?"

LORD C. (Turning to his servant,) "John, how long were we at Florence?"

JOHN. "Three days, my Lord."

LORD C. "Three days."

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LADY. "What did you think of Rome, my Lord?"

LORD C. "Rome! Why Rome is a d—— old place."

This story reappears in the following fashion.

"An American gentleman, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied that he thought Rome was a fine city; but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair."—Vol. II. p. 205.

In the American this was "of course" stark ignorance, in the British peer it was only affectation.

These are mere trifles to be sure; we mention them only because we had the means of verifying these among many other instances of her facility of guessing at the meaning of what was said, and sometimes guessing wrong. We shall have occasion, before we have done, to make all the allowance to which she is entitled on the score of her infirmity. Serious consequences have resulted from her imperfect hearing, and her habit of generalizing from a few facts, ill understood and unverified. It seems that somebody told her that the ministers in this country, were weak, timid, and time-serving—or what is more likely, some particular individuals were declared to be such, mentioned perhaps as such because they were marked exceptions to the general character of the profession. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" Her general propositions condemn the whole profession as too contemptible to have, or deserve the least respect from an intelligent community. This is too bad. We have read what she says on this topic, over and over again, in the hope of finding some mitigation, some saving clause, by which a part of the clergy, her own dear friends, at least, might be rescued from the ignominy. But we can do nothing with it. There stands the condemning record—we must say, more consistent with itself than any other part of her book—terribly consistent! And so this body of clergymen, whom we have been in the habit of honoring as among the best and purest specimens of imperfect humanity, must be given over to the unmitigated contempt of her readers, whether Russian, Austrian, or Turkish,—nay her Botany Bay admirers will hold them in utter scorn!

"The American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live, self-exiled from the great

moral questions of the time ; the least informed with true knowledge ; the least efficient in virtuous action ; the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom which, as the native atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse." — Vol. II. p. 353.

"While society is going through the greatest of moral revolutions, casting out its most vicious anomaly, and bringing its Christianity into its politics and its social conduct, the clergy, even the Unitarian clergy, are, some pitying, and some ridiculing the Apostles of the revolution ; preaching spiritualism, learning, speculation ; advocating third and fourth rate objects of human exertion and amelioration, and leaving it to the laity to carry out the first and pressing moral reform of the age. They are blind to their noble mission of enlightening and guiding the moral sentiment of society in its greatest crisis. * * * The most guilty class of the community in regard to the slavery question at present is, not the slave-holding, nor even the mercantile, but the clerical, because they are not blinded by lifelong prejudice and custom, nor by pecuniary interest," &c. — Vol. II. p. 356.

"What do you think, Sir, the people will do as they discover the backwardness of their clergy ? ' I heard a minister of one sect say to a minister of another. ' I think, Sir, they will soon require a better clergy,' was the reply. The people are requiring a better clergy." — Vol. II. p. 357.

"A liberal-minded religious father of a family said to me, 'Take care how you receive the uncorroborated statements of clergymen about that' (a matter of social fact) 'they know nothing about it. They are not likely to know any thing about it.' 'Why ?' 'Because there is nobody to tell them. You know the clergy are looked upon by all grown men as a sort of people between men and women.' " — Vol. II. pp. 360, 361.

"My final impression is, that religion is best administered in America by the personal character of the most virtuous members of society, out of the theological profession ; and next, by the acts and preachings of the members of that profession, who are the most secular in their habits of mind and life. The exclusively clerical are the worst enemies of Christianity, except the vicious." — Vol. II. p. 364.

"What must be done ? The machinery of administration must be changed. * * * The clerical profession is too hard and too perilous a one, too little justifiable on the ground of principle, too much opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, to outlive long the individual research into religion, to which the faults of the clergy are daily impelling the people." — Vol. II. p. 365.

And all this ends with a glowing account of "God's ways of teaching, when man misteaches."

In this unsparing fashion does the writer allow herself to denounce, condemn, and utterly annihilate—at least prophetically—the clerical order in this country. We have read with sorrow and amazement. There is a great deal of truth by which we may profit; and a great deal of earnest eloquence mixed with this tissue of misrepresentations. It is a vial of wrath, though we believe it is poured out in mercy; in mercy, but not in hope, for she evidently has given over all thought of any thing good ever coming of this good-for-nothing profession. There is a bitter consistency on this topic in her *printed book*, but not exactly what we looked for. We know that she *heard* but a very few preachers while she was in this country, and we know, moreover, that of a majority of these she spoke in warm commendation as ministers and as men. We have searched in vain for any exception in their favor, except for two or three persons, who are, unhappily for them, held up to an unenviable notoriety. We expected to find some shelter from the storm of vituperation, provided for her numerous personal friends in the profession, of whom she was in the habit of speaking in terms of the utmost respect and friendship. But in vain. They are all "included under sin." We are glad of this. It would look like partiality, a criminal want of truthfulness on her part, if she had shrunk from giving pain to her friends; besides, it would appear incredible to the world, even if true, that the only good ministers in the country were those who happened to be honored by her friendship and intimacy!

Miss Martineau asserts that the clergy generally shrink from declaring the fundamental principles of religion and humanity. We believe she is mistaken. She says herself that she would not "ask them to harrow the feelings of their hearers by sermons on slavery, but they avoid offering those Christian principles of faith and liberty with which slavery cannot co-exist." We do not believe it to be true that these principles are generally withheld. We admit that a large portion of the ministers are not members of the Anti-slavery Society. Many of them do not approve of the methods by which the abolitionists are seeking their great object; many of them dislike associations of this kind on principle; and feel special repugnance to being made responsible before the com-

munity for measures which they cannot approve and cannot control. But we do verily believe that abhorrence for slavery is one of the deepest feelings of their hearts. They will shrink from no personal harm in behalf of the suffering blacks, when it is clearly made out that they have a duty to fulfil. We need not say that every man is bound to act within his ordained sphere, according to his own convictions, not according to the convictions of another man, or of any body of men whatever. A wise clergyman will act, we think, with some reference to the wants of the people to whom he ministers. He may not preach, in a New England village, exactly as he would feel it his duty to do in a parish of slaveholders. Miss Martineau does not appear to distinguish between principles and rules. The principles of the Gospel no true preacher can withhold; but when he comes to the application of these principles, in the shape of rules, to the particular actions of his fellow-men, he is aware that his duty has its limitations; for in the last resort every man claims to be his own judge. Hence we find that the community gladly hear the sternest and most searching principles unfolded, but do not like to have rules laid down dictatorially for the regulation of their conduct.

Miss Martineau insists that the "clergy are the most timid and backward," &c., that they will not act for any noble purpose until the laity drag them into the service. Now we venture to say that, in every moral and humane enterprise of the time, they have been the most forward; nay, there is nothing by which they have so often given offence as by running in advance of public sentiment, and urging their people into schemes of philanthropy. But it is the misfortune of persons who are really inspired with one great idea, to refer every thing to that—to admit nothing else to be important—to look at all things and persons from their own point of view, and judge them by their own convictions. We say this by way of apology for Miss Martineau. For she must have drawn her general conclusions from hearsay; and those who gave her the information must have been abolitionists smarting under a sense of recent outrage. We do not hesitate to declare the respect in which we hold this body of men, who are ready to become martyrs to truth and humanity. But we must say that we object strongly to their habit of making "abolitionism," as they hold it, a universal test of character.

We cannot sympathize with them in this, and cannot enrol ourselves in their number, until they learn to look more tolerantly upon others, and show themselves able and willing to look at subjects sometimes from other points of view. The writer of this article is an abolitionist in heart and speech ; but that is not a description of his whole being. He can see other objects worthy of a wise and good man's attention ; and he cannot consent to adopt the principle that none but an abolitionist shall be deemed to have any virtue, humanity, or religion. We see great room for difference of opinion as to what clergymen in the free states ought to do in relation to Southern slavery.

We think that Miss Martineau's anti-slavery friends misled her accidentally. They never probably dreamed that she was about to make such sweeping generalities out of their statements. They described a particular state of feeling, we suppose, exhibited one aspect of an individual or a class ; and, behold, their testimony reappears in general propositions, descriptive of the whole character of the whole American clergy ! We have an abhorrence for slavery as strong as this writer herself can feel ; but we must think it would argue a want of modesty as well as liberality in us not to admit that many, who differ from us in opinion as to the great questions which agitate the community, are as well entitled to respect as ourselves. If these questions could be so easily and dogmatically settled, they would no longer be questions in a country like ours.

We think we can explain how Miss Martineau came by so many ill-founded conclusions. She kept a journal in which she daily recorded what she saw, felt, and heard, or thought she heard. But when she afterwards undertook, so hastily, to form her mass of materials into a work of art — a scientific treatise upon every thing — philosophizing, theorizing, generalizing every thing, then her journal lost the character of a true record. A few observations, true perhaps as local and particular, expanded themselves into general propositions, large enough to cover the whole country. She is told for instance, that such a minister preaches on the Attributes of God, and "*other third or fourth rate* objects" of interest, because his people would wince at the heart-searching principles of the Gospel. If she had taken time to reflect, she would have allowed this to remain as it first came to her, a

particular fact. But no. It is reproduced in the work of art, in the broad fashion which our extracts show.

We wonder who told Miss Martineau that the clergy were so utterly ignorant of business, society, the world — of all that a man, who undertakes to guide the minds of his fellow men, ought to know! Why, the clergy among us live in the very heart of society, and are at least as well informed, and have as clear insight into all matters which concern the well-being of humankind, as any class of persons in the country. In her remark upon the insufficiency of their salaries we heartily concur with her, and would recommend it to them who have the power, to set about removing her objection with all convenient speed. But as to the gifts which they sometimes receive, for the most part mere offerings of affection and nowise eleemosynary, she speaks of them too coarsely. She is mistaken in supposing that they hurt the independence or manliness of the minister. At any rate she need not be alarmed, for we assure her the practice of making these presents is dying out. During the last century they were frequent and valuable; but it would seem that they had not then the disastrous effect she supposes; for, if tradition is to be regarded, the ministers of that period, so far from being afraid of their people, absolutely lorded it over them.

Miss Martineau recommends a division of labor among the clergy, assigning to one class the theological studies, and to another the preaching. So far as this arrangement is practicable or desirable it is already made. Our community requires a well educated ministry. Some of the profession are led by their tastes to become eminent theologians. The greater part have more taste for other intellectual pursuits, and accordingly give their minds a more general culture. These have no more theological learning than is necessary to qualify them to direct the religious thought of their people. Uneducated preachers often produce great effects upon certain classes of the community by acting on their hopes, fears, and affections. They who prefer a ministry of this kind generally find it. For the rest, the matter will regulate itself. A cultivated people require ministers who can satisfy the wants of the mind as well as of the heart. A wise and learned thinker directs the thoughts, — a warm hearted, pious exhorter, the devotions of the people. In this country perhaps the Unitarian clergy may be considered as acting most

powerfully upon the ideas, the Methodists upon the devotional sentiments. The former probably will produce deeper and more lasting effects, — the latter more sudden and visible. The highest ideal of a preacher blends these two characters. But Miss Martineau, as we have seen, would annihilate the ministry altogether; and have no preaching at all, or volunteer lay preaching only. If any man has in him a Divine Word, which craves utterance, God forbid that we should hinder him. Let him speak out "according to the gift that is in him." Meanwhile we should be glad to have continued in existence a body of well educated ministers, who are devoted to the profession, if it were only for the sake of such as may happen to prefer the results of their study and spiritual thought to the cruder exhortations of pious, warm-hearted, but uncultivated Christians.

Though Miss Martineau is herself full of faith and piety, we are sorry to see in how reckless a way she disturbs the religious associations of Christians in this country. Her remarks, many of them, do injustice, we think, to her own spirit. They seem adapted to destroy all reverence for things sacred. Marriage, the Christian Sabbath and its institutions, the ministry of the Gospel, and all kindred topics might have been treated by her as things venerable, without doing injustice to her own convictions. Why, in her restless desire to reform every thing, has she laid so rough a hand upon the fine and delicate tissue of associations which have gathered round all time-hallowed institutions?

We think that many parts of Miss Martineau's work have been injured by her habit of philosophizing. Her mind is rich, full, and suggestive, but not very philosophical. Her imagination does not clothe her philosophy with life and beauty. It is too apt to manifest itself in dry and barren generalities, as if she had adopted it from another, but never reproduced it in her own mind. She is sometimes eclectic — gathering up fragments of systems any where between Locke and Kant — but she is wedded to Hartley as no real philosopher ever is to the thoughts of a master. For all true philosophy is the living growth of the mind which gives it utterance — a part of its individual being. We honor her for her constant reference of every thing to principles, but we do not think that she has succeeded always in making her principles interesting and quickening to the inward life of her readers.

Most painful are some of her propositions about religion. "Religion," she is pleased to say, "is the highest fact in the Rights of Man." This luminous statement stands at the beginning, and at the end of her chapter entitled, "Religion," the natural boundary of the subject we suppose. This chapter is followed by three others, entitled "Science of Religion," "Spirit of Religion," and "Administration of Religion." These all abound in fine remarks, which would have been much more valuable if she had taken time to reflect, before she sent forth her work; and then breathed over it more of her earnest and devout spirit, with less of her philosophy.

Miss Martineau has entered the lists as the champion of the Rights of Women. She pities them. It is amazing, how ignorant and how pedantic, how idle, and yet how overworked, cumbered with serving, our wives and daughters appear in her eyes. Their sufferings are great, and not the less deplorable for being so passively, even unconsciously borne. They are mere slaves, and yet so idolized and cared for, that they become the most childish, good-for-nothing creatures imaginable. We are really grieved to find that she does not think better of their purity of character, and would fain hope she has been misinformed in what she says about their intemperance. In all our lives we have never known half so many instances, as she finds or thinks she finds in a single city.

We are surprised to hear too, that the basis of all their culture is theology. We have lived near a quarter of a century among them, since we were old enough to observe what was going on in the world about us; and we never happened to hear of this fact before. We have known a great many women, of every kind and degree of cultivation, and we have seldom met with one who had much pretension to theology. Many of them are pious certainly — the better for them — and read the Bible and devotional books; and if they have a taste for Calvinism, stand a chance of becoming learned in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism;" and possibly the "Lives of Harriet Newell and Fanny Woodbury;" but for real theological learning, as the substratum of education, they really have not enough to harm them, even in Miss Martineau's view, as preachers.

But however imbecile the American women may be with their present "Vacuity of mind," we do not think their char-

acter or condition would be much mended by the exercise of such "political rights," as Miss Martineau claims for them. Rights imply duties. We should be really sorry to have our wives obliged to go at the next election, and be jostled about in the Town Hall between Tom and Dick and Harry; or, what is worse, be sent to do political duty in the multitudinous assembly at the State House in this city. We say jostled about; for when women come to waive the immunities of their sex, and enter, along with men, into the strife and tug of political action, we take it for granted that all tender and chivalrous courtesies will be at an end of course. And, moreover, we doubt whether they would not lose more in gentle womanly influence, than they would gain in substantial power, by the arrangement. We are selfish enough, we own, to be unwilling—unless a strong case of public duty can be made out,—to risk having the care of the babies during a long session of Congress or the State Legislature. However, we consent to yield our preference for the present order of things, if the women really desire to assume the new functions.

We wished to notice more topics, and make more extracts, than we have done, but our article we fear is getting too long. We will draw it to a close. We have very little to say of the style of this work. It is in general good, though it every where bears marks of haste, and may disappoint the expectation of those, who know, from her beautiful tales, how well the author can write. We often meet with careless expressions, and a certain newspaperly slovenliness, if we may make temporary use of such an epithet. We were occasionally oppressed, as we read it, with a sense of tediousness, as if, in wandering over a beautiful country, we now and then found ourselves toiling through a swamp to get at the next goodly prospect. In the more philosophical parts of her work there is sometimes a sort of haziness, which her thought is not luminous enough to break through. There is one form of expression which she has adopted to our great mortification. We would gladly hunt it out of our literature if we could. We mean such expressions as these. "The cow was being milked," "the bridge is being built," and the like. We should prefer, if driven to the necessity, to say in the honest Old English way, "the bridge is a-building." But we fear the current is setting too strong against us; we must give up the point, with what philosophy we can.

We think Miss Martineau has not been careful enough in her method and arrangement. She undertook to generalize every thing, and put every thing in its place with a view of giving a complete picture of America. And she allowed herself by no means time enough to do justice to so many great topics. Her method is puzzling. We do not know from the title of a chapter what we are to find in it. When we looked for her ideas on American Economy, in what we judged to be the proper place, we found the best account we have ever seen of the South and West. It is a beautiful description of a journey of some thousands of miles, by lake and river, by steamboat and coach and wagon, diversified now and then by a side leap to Cape Ann or the Little Pedee. In this delightful part of her work we have what we wish the whole book had been. We suppose that she here followed her journal for the most part, and gave her observations, fresh, true, and individual, not encumbering them with theories.

But we dwell with much less pleasure upon any slight blemishes than upon the manifold beauties of this work. It is full of earnestness, and kindling warmth which often rises into eloquence. In some of the moral parts, where the author brings great principles into view, her ardent and devoted spirit breathes forth in quite inspiring tones. And for descriptions of scenery, and modes of life, witnessed in her "journeyings oft," we recommend the book to our readers as among the best to be found in our language. What she *sees*, she sees well. A painter might transfer her pictures to his canvass.

We have spoken freely of this work, as Miss Martineau would wish us to do, censuring where we saw occasion, but with perfect friendliness of spirit. The book is full of instruction for our countrymen, and we hope they will profit by it. We have done what we could to help them to take the writer's own point of view. The book is good. We wish it were better. If she had printed her journal, as she first wrote it, with such changes as her good taste and good feeling suggested, — with but little politics, less religion, and no philosophy, — we think it would have been better.

C. S.

ART. VII. — *Conversations with Children on the Gospels*; conducted and edited by A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Volumes I. and II. Boston. 12mo. James Munroe & Co. 1836, 1837. pp. 264 and 276.

THIS singular book is open to the criticisms that have been made upon it; and considering the association of ideas, in the majority of men even the spirit of these criticisms is not surprising. "The Conversations," as they stand printed, are unintelligible, for several reasons — such as their rambling nature, their inconsequence, and the utter inadequateness of the vocabulary of the children. They contain sentences, which, if tried by logic, express, if not blasphemies, at least absurdities, and innumerable errors. But after all this is granted, the book has a value. In the first place, it has sentences that contain great truths expressed inimitably. Often, it accomplishes the prophecy, which is its motto; "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." As all the monstrosities of this book have been given to the public, we may be pardoned if we make some extracts to prove this assertion of ours, and modify the impression which has gone abroad. They are all taken from the second volume, which is superior to the first; at least in its freedom from objectionable matter.

"MR. ALCOTT. What is the use of these Conversations?

"SAMUEL T. They teach us about conscience.

"MR. ALCOTT. Why do I wish you to understand Jesus Christ?

"JOHN B. Because Jesus Christ teaches us to obey our consciences.

"AUGUSTINE. We are restrained by the same reasons as restrained Jesus Christ.

"MR. ALCOTT. Is all the influence a restraint?

"AUGUSTINE. No, we are encouraged by faith in him.

"MR. ALCOTT. What do we study and believe in, by studying and having faith in Jesus Christ?

"AUGUSTINE. The Spirit.

"MR. ALCOTT. Do you mean the Father?

"AUGUSTINE. No; the Son-Spirit.

"MR. ALCOTT. Can your spirit be a Son-Spirit?

"AUGUSTINE. Yes.

"MR. ALCOTT. How?

"**AUGUSTINE.** By being like Jesus, acting as he did — obeying conscience." — Vol. II. p. 2.

Again;

"**MR. ALCOTT.** What does it mean by 'the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man'?"

"**CHARLES.** The inward spirit opens, and good thoughts go out and come into the soul." — p. 9.

Again, where the question is on the grounds of good and evil:

"**ELLEN.** Good subsists on Christ; Evil on the opposite Spirit.

"**CHARLES.** I don't think Evil is a real existence; but is the lessening of Good. It is the going away from Good which is called Evil, there is no *being* to evil.

"**WELLES.** Good comes from God. It is God acting in a man.

"**ANDREW.** Good is God in one sense; but when we say 'It tastes good,' we do not mean God. Material good is not God," &c. — p. 33.

The above answers were given by children from ten to twelve years old. We will select some given by children of *six*.

Both conversations on the woman of Samaria are full of striking thoughts. It has been remarked that these Conversations are a sufficient apology for the publication of the book. We can only make a few extracts, whose force is lessened by their being taken out of their connexion. *

"**SAMUEL T.** I was most interested in this verse: 'He that drinks of this water shall thirst again, but he that drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' He means by this, that those who heard what he taught, and did it, should live always, should never die, their spirits should never die. * * * For a spirit to die is to leave off being good.

"**EDWARD J.** I was interested in these words, 'For the water I shall give him will be in him a well of water.' I think it means that when people are good and getting better, it is like water springing up always. They have more and more goodness." — p. 76.

"**JOSIAH.** I was most interested in this verse, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' It means that to feel our prayers is more important than to say the words.

"**LEMUEL.** And when we pray and pray sincerely.

"**MR. ALCOTT.** What is praying sincerely?

"**LEMUEL.** Praying the truth.

"JOSIAH. (*burst out,*) To pray, Mr. Alcott, is to be good, *really*. You know it is better to be bad before people, and to be good to God alone, because then we are good for goodness' sake, and not to be seen, and not for people's sake. Well! so it is with prayer. There must be nothing outward about prayer; but we must have some words sometimes; sometimes we need not. If we don't feel the prayer it is worse than never to say a word of prayer. It is wrong not to pray, but it is more wrong to speak prayer and not pray; we had better do nothing about it, Mr. Alcott. We must say words in a prayer, and we must feel the words we say, and we must do what belongs to the words.

"MR. ALCOTT. Oh! there must be doing, must there?

"JOSIAH. Oh yes, Mr. Alcott! *doing* is the most important part. We must ask God for help, and at the same time try to do the thing we are to be helped about. If a boy should be good all day, and have no temptation, it would not be very much; there would be no improvement; but if he had temptation, he could pray and feel the prayer, and try to overcome it, and would overcome it; and then there would be a real prayer and a real improvement. That would be something. *Temptation is always necessary to a real prayer, I think.* I don't believe there is ever any real prayer before there is a temptation; because we may think and feel and say our prayer; but there cannot be any doing, without there is something to be done. * * *

"EDWARD J. Mr. Alcott, what is the use of responding in church?

"JOSIAH. Why Edward! is it not just like a mother's telling her child the words? The child wants to pray, it don't know how to express its real thoughts, as we often say to Mr. Alcott here; and the mother says words and the child repeats after her the words.

"EDWARD J. Yes; but I don't see what good it does.

"JOSIAH. What! if the mother says the words, and the child repeats them and feels them — really wants the things that are prayed for — can't you see that it does some good?

"EDWARD J. *It teaches the word-prayer; it is not the real prayer.*

"JOSIAH. But it may be the real prayer, and the real prayer must have some words." — pp. 78, 79.

In another part of the same conversation the same *Josiah* speaks.

"Mr. Alcott! you know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns — Every thing is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray;

men can pray more; we feel; we have more nature;* we can know and do right; conscience prays; all our powers pray; action prays. Once we said here, that there was a 'Christ in the bottom of our spirits,' when we are good; then we pray in Christ; and that is the whole." — pp. 83, 84.

Again, Mr. Alcott asks the whole school, after having spoken of the grandeur of nature,

"Do you feel that conscience is stronger than the mountain, deeper and more powerful than the ocean? Can you say to yourself, I can remove this mountain?"

"JOSIAH. (*burst out,*) Yes, Mr. Alcott! I do not mean that with my body I can lift up a mountain with my hand! But I can *feel*; and I know that my conscience is greater than the mountain, for it can *feel and do*; and the mountain cannot. There is the mountain, there. It was made, and that is all. But my conscience can grow. It is the same kind of spirit as made the mountain be in the first place. I do not know what it may be and do. The body is a mountain, and the spirit says, 'Be moved,' and it is moved into another place. Mr. Alcott, we think too much about clay. We should think of spirit," &c. — p. 86.

But this same little improvisator can discriminate, and even oppose the too rapid generalizations of his master.

"MR. ALCOTT. When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?"

"JOSIAH. No, Mr. Alcott; a little baby does not worship. It opens its eyes on the outward world, and sees things, and perhaps wonders what they are; but it don't know any thing about them or itself. It don't know the uses of any thing; there is no worship in it.

"MR. ALCOTT. But in this feeling of wonder and admiration which it has, is there not the beginning of worship that will at last find its object?"

"JOSIAH. No; there is not even the beginning of worship. *It must have some temptation, I think, before it can know the thing to worship.*

"MR. ALCOTT. But is there not a feeling that comes up from within, to answer to the things that come to the eyes and ears?"

"JOSIAH. But feeling is not worship, Mr. Alcott.

"MR. ALCOTT. Can there be worship without feeling?"

* This we understand was the original expression, not "more than nature."

"JOSIAH. No ; but there can be feeling without worship. For instance, if I can prick my hand with a pin, I *feel* to be sure, but I do not worship.

"MR. ALCOTT. That is bodily feeling. But what I mean is, that the little infant finds its power to worship in the feeling which is first only admiration of what is without.

"JOSIAH. No, no ; I know what surprise is, and I know what admiration is ; and perhaps the little creature feels that. But she does not know enough to know that she has conscience, or that there is temptation. My little sister feels, and she knows some things, but she does not worship." — p. 87.

The value of the book does not lie, however, in these passages. It might be argued that passages of a contrary character, tending to produce derision, irreverence, &c. in the minds of the majority of readers, were an offset against them, and make a greater argument against the publication, than these could make in its favor.

The true value of the book consists, in its giving an idea of a method of the religious instruction of the young, which has never before been systematized, and seldom, if ever, attempted. This method is to find out in what forms all the great truths of nature and religion arise in the mind of a child ; and out of those forms to unfold the whole system. This idea of education may be false — (though the writer of this article believes it true) — but at any rate it deserves examination, and to this examination we invite our readers ; begging their careful attention to a subject which all will allow to be of the first importance. For, although, by the good providence of God, an irregular unfolding, or a false formation of the human mind and character, is a finite evil ; all will allow that a regular and harmonious growth of the same, would be the infinite Good and Beauty, even in this world.

In the first place, we affirm that it is worse than useless to speak to a child of any subject before he can in some measure reply. There is a time before a child has any notion of numbers. In vain do you ask questions or make assertions concerning the relations of number, even within so small a compass as *five* ; the child does not *count*. Will not every one allow that it is useless to talk to a child about arithmetic, until he can count, at least so far as to understand the propositions, one and one make two, one taken away from two leaves one ? But when even so much analysis of the idea of

magnitude has once been made, from this he may be led on, step by step, to the point where Newton stood, and farther, provided his interest in the subject holds out.

The idea of God stands to moral and intellectual science in the same relation, as the idea of magnitude stands to numbers. In vain would we speak to a child on any spiritual subject, unless the all-comprehending idea of God were an element in his nature. But language which analyzes ideas is not so exact and undisputed on strictly spiritual subjects, as on magnitude. The idea of God, for instance, belongs to the affections and moral nature as well as to the mind, and consequently there is much variety of association with the word spiritual. God is so wide an idea that it cannot be analyzed, without touching every spring of emotion within us. It becomes therefore a matter of infinite delicacy to undertake to analyze it for the child; and whoever has oftenest attempted to do it, will most keenly feel this. A mother is happy if she has hit right in the case of one child. Who looks back without a smile upon his own early conceptions? Some may be happier than others in having had more of the truth in their first analysis; but who is not conscious of error superinduced by the words of his teachers?

Now errors are of two kinds; — the first are the errors that spring up themselves in our minds, from the limitation of our understanding, and peculiarly of our fancy; — but for these natural errors nature has her remedy. They are the errors of which Coleridge speaks, when he says, that the old foliage of the evergreen does not fall, until the new is put forth — because nature prefers a covering of withered leaves to nakedness. A worse kind of errors, and real hindrances, are those which we receive from the words of others, in the trusting season of childhood. Who has been instructed on spiritual subjects, that is not conscious of these hindrances lying upon his mind,

“ heavy as frost
And deep almost as life ? ”

A strong feeling of this fact has induced some parents and teachers to forbear all religious teaching. But this again is a greater evil than they would avoid. The very refraining teaches something wrong. So important a portion of knowledge should not be the only portion which is neglected, lest

children should turn a disproportionate attention to outward things, — or feel that the human providence around them has a great deficiency, and does not meet their natures. We have seen many experiments of this kind — and with various effects, — all bad in their degree.

A method is then to be sought, which shall give this subject its due place, and yet not interfere with nature's own way. Mr. Alcott suggests this. It is to ask the child some general questions, such as "Who made him," and to receive quietly and acceptingly the answer whatever it may be ; — never to say *no* to it, if it contains any shadow of truth, nor, by even a look, to disturb the child's confidence in its *own* image, (for it will always have an image,) but, having considered what is in the child's mind, proceed with other questions that may develop the truths which the image represents, and perhaps lead to other truths which shall of themselves destroy that first form, making it give place to some other more adequate one.

Nor does the interrogative mode of approaching the subject by any means give to the child an idea, that there is no established truth. This would be a bad effect indeed. The teacher, if he so feels, may tell the child that *he* knows the truth ; and might tell him in so many words ; but that he prefers that the child should find it out by thinking ; because the finding out will make his mind stronger. He can tell him that God is within his mind, and that by first thinking, and constantly afterwards looking into his own thoughts, he will find him. It is indeed very bad for a child to think that truth is made by his individual mind ; which seems to be a natural consequence of some modes of teaching, similar in form, but not identical in spirit, with the method we are endeavoring to illustrate.

But the analysis of the idea of God is not the only one to which this method of teaching may apply. It is applicable to the whole religious education. Simple theism should be the beginning of all teaching ; and God should be present *primarily* as a moral Being and Governor, as the source of Love, Happiness, and Beauty, and only *secondarily* as the author of external nature, and the disposer of the events which He allows to be modified by human will.

Next to God, should be presented Jesus Christ in the Gospels. And Mr. Alcott has suggested a practice, which will in a great measure prevent the difficult necessity of making a

selection of topics. It is this ; to read from the New Testament, and let the child's own mind select the topics on which to converse with him. The instinct of every individual mind thus becomes the guide of its teacher. What subject it needs, and to which its attention can be completely turned, is brought up. Any child can understand any subject in which he is interested. There is no danger in following the lead of his questions or remarks. A child is injured only by his mind's being forcibly bent in a direction in which it does not move naturally ; by being forced to attend to what does not interest it.

The question will arise here, whether the mind is never to be directed to any object, but those which it selects ? In religion it would perhaps be safe to say, never by any mechanical means. The conscience and sensibility may be addressed by appropriate means ; but no physical coercion (in which is included all that acts on the nerves) should be employed on this delicate subject, which belongs so much to the affections. On other subjects, we would not go quite so far. There is constitutional indolence and frivolity, which sometimes are not to be overcome without recourse to some degree of constraint. But here the spirit of the method is to be the guide. The teacher is to present the various departments of knowledge to the child, and to be guided by the observation thereby made of the particular needs of the mind, as to what is to be forced on the attention ; and to aid the feeble will to acquisition by personal influence, exerted through such channels as he sees fit. On every subject he must remember, since the idea of it must be an element of the child's nature, that when it is fairly presented and the interest of the child is awakened in it, some form of the idea will arise in the mind, more or less adequate, and that this form, however inadequate it may be, must be destroyed only as is the form of the insect whose essential life has migrated into some other. Otherwise a "body of death" is accumulated around the growing being, under which the spirit is to groan long. The evil is doubtless a finite one, but it may outlast this life ; and why not labor for the Good and Beautiful, throughout life ? Why should not each stage of progress have its Beauty ? Why should not our first education of the human being be in harmony with and a preparation for the second education, instead of in discord with it and *hanging it back* ?

Mr. Alcott's "*Conversations on the Gospels*" is a very inadequate *practice* of this great and true method of education. But the book has a value on account of its very faults. It shows some paths that are to be avoided.

We will proceed to point out two of these, and we do so in no ill will to Mr. Alcott. We believe he will not be offended with us for so doing. The courage and manliness, and the confidence in his Idea, which led him to publish this first Practice with all its crudities, of which, it is plain from his Preface, he was in some degree aware, is a ground of our assurance that he is more anxious that justice should be done to THE METHOD, than for his own personal reputation. In the first place, we think the class was too large, and too mixed in age. So many children giving their impressions introduces too many subjects to be disposed of in one conversation, without making the conversation too long. Yet some variety of mind, upon the same subject, is very desirable. The size of a common Sunday-school class would be greatly preferable to a class of thirty. Then every aspect of the subject introduced might be taken up, and the result would be more satisfactory. Much of the imperfection of these Conversations arises from the answers not being examined, and the subjects introduced not being carried out as far as they might have been. We see no harm in bringing out the crudities of the children, but we should prefer to see these notions cleared up more, before the subjects were left. Perfectly exhausted the topics could not be, of course; because they are all of a nature to be susceptible of an almost infinite development.

Another and greater error, that we notice in reading these Conversations, arises from the peculiarity of Mr. Alcott's own mind. He is not able to keep practically to his idea of letting the instincts of his children's minds lead him. He invariably chooses, for his subject of farther questioning, those answers which touch upon the most speculative and least practical views. He even goes farther. He prefers abstraction to the natural form of ideas. He does not go into outward nature when the children would lead him thither. Thus the conversations sound *wordy*, and we constantly regret that so many beautiful opportunities for interesting the children in nature should be passed over. This imperfection in Mr. Alcott's practice arises from the onesidedness of his own culture, perhaps, more than from his idiosyncrasy. But however easy

may be its explication, and however unavoidable the cause may have been, in his particular case, it is no less a defect. We would not be supposed to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Alcott, when we allude to this circumstance. To his genius, as displayed in the conception of this method of education, we would pay due tribute. It is what no apparatus of education could give. But in order to do justice to the method, it is necessary to acknowledge that he is not accomplished in all points sufficiently to carry it out.

ART. VIII. — DR. KIRKLAND'S LETTER ON THE HOLY LAND,
AND MR. CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.

WE insert with pleasure the following letter from Dr. Kirkland to Judge Davis, with the note of the latter by which it is introduced. We are also glad, on so good authority, to make honorable mention of Mr. Catherwood's Panorama of Jerusalem, and his efforts in other ways to diffuse a better understanding of the antiquities and topography of Egypt and the Holy Land.

Boston, October 2d, 1837.

Gentlemen,

A view of Mr. Catherwood's interesting Panorama of Jerusalem, to which I have been repeatedly a gratified visiter, led me to recur to a letter, received from our friend, the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, in 1832, giving an account of his travels in Palestine, and visit to the Holy City, in company with Mrs. Kirkland and Lady Franklin.

In concurrence with a suggestion, that a publication of the remarks of such an observer, extensively known in our community, and worthy of all our confidence, would be acceptable to many readers, especially in connexion with the Panorama, a copy of that letter is submitted to your inspection, and, if it should meet your approval, for insertion in the *Christian Examiner*.

Your Friend and Servant,

J. DAVIS.

To the Editors of the *Christian Examiner*.

CYPRUS, on our way to Rhodes, May 31, 1832.

My Dear Sir,

We have visited Jerusalem. We came in view of the Holy City about sunset, on the 7th May, entering it by the Damascus gate on the north side.

You can conceive the interest we felt at such a moment; the thoughts and emotions that rushed on our minds when we suddenly burst upon the sight. From the approach on this quarter the city is seen to the greatest advantage. Its domes, mosques, churches, and monasteries, gilded by the declining sun, give it an imposing air, counteracted indeed afterwards by the ordinary aspect of the interior of the place. Jerusalem is surrounded by hills on three sides, and on the fourth there is a deep valley. These eminences are chiefly bare of foliage. The topography of Jerusalem without and within the walls will be understood by noting some of the leading objects, in the order in which they were presented to us travellers. No doubt many of the localities pointed out by the guides, into whose hands you fall, are supposititious. But many of the holy places are indicated by nature or by circumstances; and the identity of others appears probable from a collation and comparison of acknowledged facts.

We begin with the *exterior* of Jerusalem, and find the city surrounded by an embattled wall with towers and a castle, composed of limestone; built by the Romans of the Lower Empire, repaired and altered at various periods afterward, to the time of the Turks; and extending two miles in length. Taking our survey on the north, about a quarter of a mile distant from the city, we see the tombs or sepulchres of the Kings; but of what kings, or by whom erected, is very uncertain. They consist of six or seven apartments excavated in the rock; several twenty feet by thirty, with empty sarcophagi, or stone coffins; the architraves and cornices sculptured with flowers, fruits, and garlands, evincing a hand of taste. Leaving the sepulchres, we come to the cave or grot of Jeremiah not far from the walls. Further on towards the east is a Mahometan cemetery; the monumental stones erect, and some of them carved with a degree of skill. On the east side, not far from St. Stephen's gate, we pass the bed of the brook Kedron, which is now dry, and is so nine months of the

year. Soon after this ravine, is the tomb of the Virgin, to which you go down by fifty steps. A little way on towards the Mount of Olives is the garden of Gethsemane, a plat of level ground said to be about sixty feet square. We ascend to the top of the mount of Olives three or four hundred feet above the level of the earth at its base, by a slope of forty-five degrees, to about half a mile. Here is a mosque called also the Church of the Ascension, and to which Christians as well as Mahometans may resort, and in the building is a rock, whence our Savior ascended; and where is the reputed impression of his foot as he took his upward flight. About eighty rods further we have a view of the Dead Sea, and the direction of the Jordan entering into it supposed twenty miles distant. A bottle of the water of the Dead Sea was brought to us by Lady Franklin, who made an excursion thither, my health at that time obliging me to rest. The Jordan is about one hundred and eighty feet wide at its mouth, and from four to six feet deep. The water of the Dead Sea is transparent; is very salt and bitter, and much heavier than common water; but there is nothing in the atmosphere around it hurtful to animal life.

The mount of Olives exhibits a few patches and many single trees of Olive; and is covered at this season with grass somewhat faded. In leaving it about half way down, are the Sepulchres of the Patriarchs, so called, appropriated to Jehosaphat, Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah. The architecture, so far as it is obvious, partakes of the Doric, with other features of the art peculiar to the Jews. The valley of Jehosaphat comes next in approaching the east side of the mosque of Omar. There the Jews are buried; their graves covered with flat stones, frequently with Hebrew inscriptions. Next to the wall is a Turkish burial ground, marked by upright stones of various sculpture, generally rude. It is customary for the Turks to resort to their cemeteries on Friday, their sacred day, and occasionally at other times, dressed in their best, to honor and lament over their deceased friends. Proceeding, on the east side, towards the south is a large body of water, flowing under ground, called the fountain or pool of Siloam, to which we descend by twenty steps. It comes out in the brook of Siloa, about forty rods below, lending verdure, beauty, and fruitfulness to a few acres of ground. Here is the village of Siloam. On the south side is Mount Zion over which the wall runs. A great number of places

are pointed out here, as connected with events in sacred history; the Hill of Evil Council, the Field of Blood, Hinnom, the mosque and tomb of David, the house of Caiaphas the high priest, &c. The Catholic burial ground contains the remains of Cornelius Bradford, Esq., late Consul from the United States at Lyons in France, who died after a short illness at the Latin Convent, in August, 1830. It is recorded on his tomb stone, that in his last hours he renounced the errors of Luther and Calvin. The aqueduct from the pools of Solomon beyond Bethlehem, and the valley and brook of Gihon, are said to be on the west side; where also another Turkish burial ground is seen.

We enter Jerusalem by the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, on the west side, and survey the city *within* the walls. We are accommodated at the Latin Convent, situated near the Bethlehem gate, consisting of a number of Friars, chiefly Spanish or Italian. They find us bread and meat; the other articles we supply, having taken stores and mattresses on donkies. We presented them, when we parted, at the rate of a dollar a day for each of our company, with which they appeared to be satisfied.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is supposed to be on the place of our Savior's crucifixion. It is an irregular building, of different styles of architecture, the most ancient apparently of the time of the Crusades, abounding in marbles and mosaics. The nave is one hundred and fifty feet in one diameter, and fifty eight feet in another. At the entrance is a party of Turks, who exact a fee from all who enter, and to whom we paid a dollar. The church is occupied in different parts by the Greeks, who have the largest space, by the Roman Catholics, the Armenians, and the Copts, all having their respective chapels. Here we see the numerous objects and places which faith or tradition has consecrated; the stone of unction, which is a splendid slab of marble laid over the spot, where our Lord's body was washed and anointed; the place where the Cross stood under the altar; the rock which was rent, when he died; the tomb in which he was laid, hung round with lamps. A great number of Christian pilgrims, especially of the Greek Church, resort here to keep the Christian festivals, particularly Holy Week and Easter. In 1820 there were more than three thousand of the latter communion, who made their way here to pay their devotion, to partake of the sacred fire, and going to Jordan to dip their

bodies, garments, and relics in the stream; but not more than fifty of the Romish persuasion appeared. In the year 1808, when the church was partly consumed, the repair was chiefly done at the expense of the Christians of the Greek communion.

We went to the Governor's house, to pay our respects to him, and to show him our firman from the Pacha of Egypt. From his house, which stands on the northwest side, is the most complete view of the Mosque of Omar. This imposing specimen of Saracenic architecture, eight-sided, seventy feet a side, standing in a large inclosure, is on the site of Solomon's temple. Behind this edifice is the mosque of El Aksa, with many decorations and pillars, and said to have a place inclosed for females to worship. We went on towards the Zion gate into the Armenian church, which is very capacious and elegant; were shown the rock which was rolled away from the sepulchre of Christ; also the house of the High Priest.

One day we devoted to a visit to Bethlehem, about eight miles west of Jerusalem, where the Greek, Latin, and Armenian monks have possession of a convent and chapel; seeing many things by the way; such as the Greek monastery of Saint Elias, and the tomb of Rachel. On arriving there, the first thing to be done was to make bargains with the people for the purchase of their wares. They drive a brisk trade with amulets, beads, and basins, made of the bituminous stone of the Dead Sea, and with crucifixes and other articles representing sacred persons and subjects, carved in mother of pearl. After chaffering for an hour, and getting supplied with the goods as we desired, we dined, and then were shown the sacred places. We proceeded to the manger, where Christ was born, and which was lighted with lamps and ornamented with ordinary pictures; to the tomb of the Innocents; of St. Jerome and his two distinguished female converts, and many other sites.

We went on an hour further to a place denominated the Pools of Solomon, which are large collections of water in three great reservoirs, supplied by a fountain under ground, and running into one another; thence into one or more aqueducts, whence they proceed to Jerusalem. They are works of great strength and durability; but the age and the author of them are not satisfactorily known, though they are ascribed to Solomon.

Jerusalem, in certain views, is an impressive sight. Some
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portion of the public edifices, especially the Mosque of Omar, make an interesting and grand appearance. There are several bazars, where business is carried on; articles of necessity, comfort, and even luxury are purchased. But a great source of its means are the visits of its pilgrims; and some Jews of wealth make this city their home in their last days. A few olives, figs, and vines grow in spots in and about the place. In general the land is poor, much of it producing nothing but stones and rocks. In all directions, there are only single horse or mule paths; not a wheel carriage can approach the city.

We intended, in going from Alexandria to the Holy Land, to stop at Jaffa, which is about forty miles from Jerusalem; but the wind being unfavorable, we sailed for Caipha, which is thirty or forty miles further east, a seaport of 1500 inhabitants, in sight of St. Jean d'Acre, about ten miles across the bay, and within two miles of the top of Mount Carmel. This Carmel we ascended, on the summit of which is a newly built Convent of Carmelite monks; and a number of persons, male and female, lodging in the convent or in the town, who have retired from Acre during the siege. By the advice of the Governor, who was very accommodating, we took his letter to the person who commanded at the siege of Acre, the grandson of Ali, about fourteen miles from Caipha, and obtained from him letters and passports to the Agas or Governors of the several towns, we should pass through, and a *cawas* or armed horseman, who staid with us till we left Palestine.

The first day brought us to Nazareth, situated in a valley on the top of a high hill; where we found an asylum in the Latin Convent. Here you are referred to the several places, where events in the sacred history occurred; the brow of the hill about a mile and a half from the village, whence they attempted to throw Christ down, when they were incensed at his discourse; and the Well of Salutation, where the angel Gabriel told the virgin Mary of her distinctions and privileges. We were introduced to Joseph's workshop, the Lords's dining table, a rock where he sat at meat with his disciples, before and after his resurrection, and the synagogue where he taught. In this place is a showy chapel adjoining the convent, built by the order of St. Helena, over the spot where Mary resided. We were shown her kitchen and the chasm left where the present house of Loretto, it is affirmed, was taken away in the night by angels, and transferred to the site it now occu-

pies in a city in Italy. Having staid one day in Nazareth, we made our way to Genyn, over the plain of Esdraelon, twenty miles in length by fifteen in breadth, covered with grass and some cultivation, beholding Mount Tabor and Hermon on our left. The next day we came to Genyn, and the third we spent at Nablous (Sychar or Shechem) a remarkable city, situated between two overhanging hills, Ebal and Gerizim, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, in which you see Jacob's well, and Joseph's tomb, and a synagogue of Samaritans. It has a plentiful aqueduct from the hill Ebal, which waters the whole city. It has fruitful gardens and an exuberant soil. From Nablous we went to the summit of a hill, where we lodged in the open air, encircled by our mosquito net, and the next day at one o'clock found us at Jerusalem, where and in its neighborhood, we remained a week; including a journey of two days to Jordan and the Dead Sea, before mentioned. In returning from the Holy City, we took the direct route to Ramla and Jaffa (Joppa) about thirty-nine miles, to which latter place we had ordered our vessel. They are fruitful regions, especially abounding, in the season of them, in melons, Indian figs, pomegranates, grapes, and oranges. Jaffa has a limited trade, particularly in soap, which is manufactured in the best manner, and sent far and wide. Vessels of any size are anchored at a distance, while smaller craft, of eight or ten tons only, come within the ridge of rocks which lies between the shore and the outer bay. We were entertained in the most hospitable manner by Mr. Damiani, the British Vice Consul, who refused compensation, though we, without his knowledge, left a portion of our stores with his family.

The population of the principal places we visited is stated as follows; Jerusalem, 15 to 20,000; Nazareth, 4,000, all but 500 Turks of the Christian persuasion; Bethlehem, 1000; Ramlah, 3000; Jaffa, 3000 Turks and Arabs, including five hundred Christians.

The inhabitants of Palestine are Turks, Syrians, Bedowins, Arabs, Jews, Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians, Copts and Druses. The Turks occupy all civil and military stations. We asked if the Egyptian Viceroy would not substitute other officers in their places; he might, they said, but he had not done it yet. The priests of the several classes of the non-protestant Church, are in convents, of which there is one or more in every considerable place in Palestine. It is a fra-

quent remark among the Monks, that their manner of life is very wearisome to them from the monotony of their religious exercises. The soil is unequal, frequently rich, and then barren; now an extended plain, and the next a hill country, with terraces on the slopes.

The dress of the inhabitants is oriental; large trowsers, a tunic with long sleeves, encircled with a sash, in which are contained their sword and pistols; and if they are effendi, or writers, implements of writing; and a benous or cloak above the whole. The women, besides inner garments, also wear a tunic, consisting of one large piece with a sash loosely girt about the person. The Mahometan women are frequently veiled below the eyes, or the whole face is covered with a thin handkerchief, by which they see and are not seen. The Jewish women are seldom abroad, especially where they make a small minority; but when they go out their faces are not veiled. The Arabs, who live by grazing their flocks in Syria, are not very comely; and their lips colored with blue are not attractive. The Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians are visible often to those admitted into their houses; and they, as well as the Jewish women, are in many instances very beautiful.

The Pacha of Egypt has made a successful war upon Abdallah of Acre, which he has almost destroyed by a blockade and continual firing. His troops are in possession of Palestine and a great part of Syria, and are advancing their conquests.

The Protestant missionaries are prosecuting their work in this region, with exemplary zeal. The members of the Greek Church and Armenians accept their bibles and school books, and allow them to teach their children, keeping a reserve on particular religious doctrines. But few converts are made from the traditional faith. Seldom is any impression made on the obtuse prejudice of the Mahometans. The Roman Catholics rarely change their belief, and the Jews, when inclined, cannot renounce their creed without obloquy and sometimes persecution from the brethren of their own persuasion. Could Christianity be presented to men in its simplicity, without the technics of the schools, it might obtain a more ready and general reception.

Smyrna, June 15. We arrived yesterday after a long but not unpleasant passage from Jaffa. We touched at the classical Cyprus, known by its sweet wine, and at Rhodes where

are remains of the Knights of St. John, in public and private buildings. We went three miles to Old Rhodes; there the better conditioned inhabitants have small country houses, as retreats in summer. We ascended the lofty mountain, whence is a wide and delightful view.

Smyrna with its vicinity contains one hundred thousand people. It slopes gradually to the sea. It carries on an extensive commerce in figs, raisins, and opium, as well as in carpets and other articles of manufacture. Here we were entertained by the Dutch Consul, Mr. Vanelep, who was well known and much respected in Boston some years ago, and who has two nephews in Amherst College. Mr. Langdon, formerly of our city, showed us much attention; and the Rev. Mr. Brewer guided us to every interesting place and object.

I learned, a year since, the sudden death of your excellent brother.* We desire our kind remembrance to all your family.

We go from this to Constantinople, where we propose to remain ten days, and then make our way through Vienna and Munich to Paris. We hope to be on board a packet to New York or Boston by the first of October, and

I am your friend faithfully,

JOHN T. KIRKLAND.

To Hon. J. DAVIS.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

1. — *Fourth Annual Report of the Managers of the Seaman's Aid Society, of the City of Boston.* Written by Mrs SARAH J. HALE, and read at the Annual Meeting, January 10th, 1837. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 1837. 8vo. pp. 35. — 2. *Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.* Presented May 31, 1837. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 1837. 8vo. pp. 32. — It is matter of devout gratitude, that the friends of a long neglected portion of our brethren of the human family are becoming more and more active in their behalf, and that their labors have been crowned already with such signal success. The managers of the "Seaman's Aid Society, of the city of Boston," say in their Report;

"In 1833, our Society was instituted. The ladies who assisted in forming it will recollect our mode of proceeding that first year

* Samuel Davis, Esq. of Plymouth, who died July 9, 1829.

— how we assembled monthly, while a work-basket, containing our stock of goods, was carried to our place of meeting, and there we passed the afternoon making coarse and common garments, to be given to the poor, when the greatest want of most of them was that of employment, and ready and *just* pay for their work. Probably not one of the recipients of our bounty was, at the end of the year, in any better situation, or at all improved in her condition by our zeal and exertions.

But this past year, 1836, we have distributed, in many instances to the same families and others equally needy, upwards of *fourteen hundred dollars, in wages*. We have employed these poor females in the pleasant and womanly occupation of needlework, paying them a *just* compensation for the same, with which they can, with full employment, support themselves comfortably. They work cheerfully and thankfully. They have improved greatly in their sewing, and in their habits of punctuality. Their hearts are cheered by the blessed soothings of hope, and opened for the reception of kind advice and moral influences by the salutary feeling of self-reliance and respectability, which honest, successful industry always inspires. Our work-basket has expanded into a well supplied "Clothing Store," where, during the year, we have received upwards of five thousand dollars for garments sold, chiefly to seamen. These improvements are the result of three years' experience only." — p. 5.

One of their next objects was the establishment of a school for the daughters of seamen, which went into successful operation in May of last year.

"We did not intend," the Managers say, "that the number of pupils should exceed thirty; these were to be instructed in the common branches of an English education in the forenoon; the afternoons were to be devoted to needlework, and oral instruction in the social, moral, and religious duties of females. To those who were not able to procure books we supplied them, and took measures that no necessary requisite should be wanting to accelerate their progress.

But the novel feature in our plan was, that we furnished employment to these little girls, and, as soon as they could make a shirt, paid them the same price for their work that we paid their mothers. They soon learned to make plain gingham shirts for seamen, and were supplied with work from the Store." — p. 8.

We can find space for but a single paragraph in illustration of the workings of this plan.

"At first, an offer of work to the pupils, for which they were to be paid, was received by the parents with incredulity or distrust. It was a method of benevolence they had never heard of. They fancied we had some sinister design, in such a strange proceeding. They feared we intended to lay some claim to the future services of their children, on account of the money we paid them. One or two timid mothers actually kept their little girls at home, till the matter could be cleared up. Still, our school went on, and the

pupils' work and earnings increased every week. Meantime, Mrs. Taylor and the Instructress were indefatigable in their endeavors to convince the parents that only the best good of their children was intended. At length, they were satisfied, and now the confidence in our school seems unbounded. There are many applications for admittance which we are obliged to refuse, because we have as many pupils as our room will accommodate. The present number is between thirty and forty. The school is kept in a neat apartment under the Bethel, where we wish the ladies of our Society would occasionally visit, and see how comfortable and happy these little girls are rendered by their excellent teacher; and how busily too, they work. They have already made for the store over *seventy shirts*; the lowest price paid per shirt is twenty cents, and for the making of the best kind, seventy-five cents. The whole sum paid our pupils for work amounts to about *seventeen dollars*; but had we distributed *seven hundred* among them in charity, without the instruction which has accompanied their wages, and without any agency of their own in obtaining the money, the benefit secured would have borne no more comparison to what has been effected, than would the pouring of a bucket of water to revive and open a parched flower, compare with the influences of the gentle dew and the soft sunshine." — pp. 9, 10.

It has long been understood that seafaring people suffer more from the abominations connected with the Sailor Boarding Houses, as they are generally conducted in our large commercial cities, than from all other causes put together. Much is due to the enterprize and firmness of the "Seaman's Friend Society" for what they have done towards abating this intolerable nuisance.

"The Directors felt," as we learn from their last Annual Report, "that something more must be done than had hitherto been attempted to remedy these great and terrible evils. That thing they were satisfied was the establishment of a Sailor's Home. They were aware that something of the kind had been attempted in Portland, Philadelphia, and Charleston, but with what success it was not known. The American Seaman's Friend Society also, they knew, had contemplated such an establishment. Still, so far as they could learn, very little, as yet, had been accomplished. In the purchasing and in the establishment, therefore, of the Sailor's Home, the managers were aware that it was an experiment — an experiment, however, which, by the blessing of divine Providence, they believed, would be successful; and in some good degree be the model of other similar establishments, which they hoped might arise in all our ports.

"The Home has now been in operation one year, under the supervision of Captain Brown, a gentleman every way competent for the responsible station. The house has been open to the constant inspection of the Directors, and that of their associates, the Directresses of the Boston Female Seaman's Friend Society." — p. 14.

The success of the undertaking, so far as its bearings on the condition and character of the sailors are concerned, has exceeded, it would seem, their most sanguine anticipations.

"We are happy to be permitted to report that, during the first year of the establishment of the Sailor's Home, 400 sons of the ocean have found there a peaceful and quiet home. Of these, twenty-eight were shipwrecked seamen, fifty are officers of vessels, more than one half of whom were elevated to their station after they became residents in this establishment. They have learned here a lesson of providence, which before they never knew or had forgotten. Hundreds of dollars have been saved for the sailor or his family. They have learned to respect themselves and to look forward to places of profit and usefulness. Many reformations from almost hopeless intemperance have been accomplished. Some of these men have been since elevated to officers of vessels, and restored to their friends regenerated."

"Such being the influence of the house at home, the Directors are not surprised at its influence abroad. In this respect, the establishment has accomplished more than they anticipated. Crews, in whole or in part, have been frequently shipped from the Home. Some of these have returned from their voyages. The testimony of the masters of these vessels, and that of other gentlemen, has been decidedly in their favor. Indeed these seamen have already exerted no inconsiderable influence on commerce and religion."—pp. 15, 16.

Several letters and communications from captains of vessels and others are then given or referred to, in attestation of the good conduct of the crews shipped from the Sailor's Home.

If these things are so, it is certainly with much reason that the Directors add;

"We ask the merchant and philanthropist to look at these facts, and then say whether this institution shall be sustained. Will ship-owners suffer the present system of seamen's boarding-houses to exist? Are they willing to pay 500 or 1,000 dollars to sailor landlords every time one of their vessels goes to New Orleans? 'If things go on at this rate,' says a very respectable ship-master, in one of his communications from that port, 'the landlords will demand 100 dollars per month, and they will get it too; and thus encouraged, they will, another year, demand 200 dollars a man advance wages.'

"It is in the power of ship-owners to destroy this whole system. They can elevate the character of our seamen, and, while doing it, save for themselves princely fortunes. Let them establish and patronize Sailor's Homes. *Let them see to it that the crews of their vessels reside in these establishments. Let them also ship their men from these houses, always giving them the preference.*"

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

N^o. LXXXIV.

THIRD SERIES — N^o. XV.

JANUARY, 1938.

ART. I. — *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By William Tyndale, the Martyr. The original Edition, 1526, being the first Vernacular Translation from the Greek. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings. To which is annexed, the Essential Variations of Coverdale's, Thomas Matthew's, Cranmer's, the Geneva, and the Bishops' Bibles, as marginal readings. By J. P. DABNEY. Andover: Gould & Newman; from the London Edition of Bagster. 12mo. pp. 105 and foll. cclxvi.*

COPIES of the Protestant English versions of the Scriptures, made previously to the one now in common use, have long been exceedingly rare in England as well as in this country, and only to be obtained at exorbitant prices. Wonder has, therefore, often been expressed at the unaccountable backwardness of publishers to reprint one of them at least, with a view to the profits of the speculation, if for no higher object. And on being assured, as the public have been for some years back, by competent judges who have had the means of making up an opinion on the subject, that the versions in question excel King James's Bible, this wonder had begun to be mingled with not a little regret. In 1831, Mr. Thomas Russell thought to supply the desideratum by prefixing Tyndale's Translation of the New Testament, with the various readings of each edition, to a series of volumes comprising the writings of all

the most eminent English and Scottish Reformers ; but, unhappily, the little encouragement he received, and other causes, conspired to induce him to abandon the undertaking, or rather so far to limit it, as to give only a collection of the original works of Tyndale and Frith.* We owe it at length to the enterprise of Mr. Bagster that we have a *fac-simile*, except that the Roman is substituted for the German character, of the only entire copy now known to be extant of the first edition of Tyndale's New Testament, published in 1526, — even to the careful copying of the wood-cuts and ornamental letters of the original volume.† This reprint Mr. Dabney has made the basis of the collated edition of the early vernacular versions now before us, the important various renderings to be found in all the other Ante-James translations from the Greek being set in the margin. The work is executed throughout with the exactness, judgment, and taste to be expected from such an editor, and has left hardly anything to be wished for in this matter by the antiquarian, the philologist, or the biblical student.

A valuable memoir of Tyndale by Mr. Offor, the result of much careful and original investigation, is prefixed to the English reprint. This Mr. Dabney has also given with but slight retrenchments and alterations, and appended thereto brief historical notices of all the other versions from which the various renderings in his *variorum* edition are taken. As neither of the books are likely to pass into the hands of many besides professed scholars and antiquarians, we have thought that it would not be amiss to collect here some of the most important historical memorials which Mr. Offor has gleaned respecting the life and writings of Tyndale. It would be difficult to overstate our obligations to that noble-spirited reformer and martyr, to whom we are indebted for the first English translation of the New Testament from the original, and whose labors, by

* The Works of the English Reformers : William Tyndale and John Frith. Edited by Thomas Russell, A. M. In three Volumes, 8vo. London. 1831.

† The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ : published in 1526. Being the First Translation from the Greek into English, by that eminent Scholar and Martyr, William Tyndale. Reprinted verbatim : with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by George Offor. Together with the Proceedings and Correspondence of Henry VIII., Sir T. More, and Lord Cromwell. London : Samuel Bagster. 12mo. 1836.

becoming the basis of the subsequent authorized versions, have exerted so wide and powerful an influence, not only on the English character and literature, but on the very forms of the English tongue.

His descent is thus given.

"The ancient family of Tyndale were settled for centuries on the banks of the Tyne, in Northumberland. The stock could boast of baronial dignity, having its seat at Langley Castle, a small but strong fortress, whose ruins time has spared: they stand pleasantly on a rising ground in Tyndale. During the wasting wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Hugh, the then baron de Tyndale, whose lot had been cast with the weaker party, escaped from the field of battle, and took refuge in Gloucestershire. Despoiled of his honors, possessions, and even of his name — for in his extremity he had been driven to assume that of Hutchins — the fugitive could hardly have thought that these disasters would lead to an alliance, destined to immortalize his ill-starred and renounced name. The concealed Baron married Alicia, daughter and sole heiress of — Hunt, Esq., of Hunt's Court, Nibley, Gloucestershire. This property descended to John Tyndale *alias* Hytchins, his son and heir, who had three sons; John, who became a distinguished merchant in London, and William, the subject of this memoir." — pp. 12, 13.

He was born at Hunt's Court, in Gloucestershire, about the year 1477. At a very early age we find him first at Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge, at both which universities he took his degrees; and such also, we are told, was his proficiency there in the Greek and Latin languages, that he was enabled to read the New Testament to his fellow students, a rare accomplishment in those days, and became "well ripened in God's word." In 1502, March 11, he was ordained priest to the nunnery of Lambley, in the diocese of Carlisle. Mr. Offor has in his possession a highly ornamented autograph of translations of sundry portions of the New Testament, bearing the date of this year, and the initials W. T., and agreeing almost *verbatim* with Tyndale's first printed edition; which shows that the mind of the latter had begun already to be turned towards the great work that has immortalized his name. The English biographer has given an extract from the manuscript, not retained by the American editor; an omission which we are tempted the more to supply, as it will afford an opportunity, by collating the passage with the corresponding one in

Tyndale's printed edition, and in the Common Version, to show how little improvement has ever been made on this first essay. The only change made in Tyndale's translations has been to modernize the orthography and punctuation; which is doing no more for them, than successive editors and printers have done for the version with which they are here compared. We give what makes, in the common Bible, the seven last verses of the seventh chapter of Luke.

*Tyndale's MS. version
of 1502.*

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but she, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint: but she hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Many sins are forgiven her, for she loved much. To whom less is forgiven, the same doth less love. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven thee. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this which forgiveth sins? And he said unto the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

*Tyndale's printed edi-
tion of 1526.*

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house, and thou gavest me no water to my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but she, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint: and she hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Many sins are forgiven her, because she loved much. To whom less is forgiven, the same doth less love.

And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven thee. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this which forgiveth sins also? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

*The Common Version,
1611.*

44. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.

49. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

50. And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

Six years after his ordination Tyndale took the vows, and became a friar in the monastery at Greenwich, to which community Roy and Brightwell also belonged, honored names in the early history of the Reformation in England. It is a singular fact, of which it may be well to remind those amongst us who are becoming exceedingly mad against monastic institutions, that it was these very institutions, and not the laity or the secular clergy, which supplied the earliest and ablest champions of Protestantism, with Luther at their head. From Greenwich, after a stay of uncertain duration, Tyndale returned to Gloucestershire, and became tutor and chaplain in the family of Sir John Welch, a knight of that county, whose liberal table and well known hospitality made his house the frequent resort of the neighboring prelates and other ecclesiastics; and here it was that Tyndale's leaning to the new opinions first began to bring him into trouble.

"Luther having now become, from his bold defiance of the Pope, the one-absorbing topic, the chaplain was sometimes betrayed into dispute with his patron's guests, on the new heresy; when, mortified at the ignorance of his authorized guides, he warmly urged the study of the New Testament. This led them, in Fuller's witty phrase, to prefer resigning Squire Welch's good cheer, rather than to have the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's company." — p. 15.

At length the hostility of the beneficed clergy was aroused to such a degree as to cause him to be arraigned before the ordinary; but as no accusers appeared against him, he was dismissed, though not until the ordinary had, as it is said, "rated him like a dog."

"Tyndale, soon after this, consulting an old doctor, who had been chancellor to a bishop, he privately told him, that, in his opinion, the Pope was antichrist, but advised him by no means to avow any sentiment of the kind, as it would be at the peril of his life. The caution, however, was little suited to a nature like his; for being in company with a popish divine, he argued so conclusively in favor of a vernacular translation of the Bible, that the divine, unable to answer him, exclaimed, 'We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's.' This fired the spirit of Tyndale; and he indignantly replied: 'I defy the Pope and all his laws; and, if God give me life, ere many years the ploughboys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do:' a pledge which he amply redeemed." — p. 16.

Finding that matters had come to such a pass that he could remain no longer where he was, without danger to his friends as well as himself, he quitted that part of the country and visited Bristol, London, and other places, where he preached frequently and to crowded congregations. Notwithstanding his discontent at the prevailing corruptions, there is no evidence that up to this time he seriously entertained the purpose of breaking either with his church or his order. But the wandering life of a preaching friar assorted ill with the habits of his mind, and the favorite object he had in view; and accordingly he next repaired to Tonstall, bishop of London, in hopes of obtaining a chaplaincy in the bishop's palace, where, without molestation, he might pursue his biblical labors. He took with him an oration of Isocrates, which he had translated into English, trusting mainly, it is said, to this evidence of his Greek scholarship for success with a prelate whom Erasmus had commended for his great learning. The suit, however, proving ineffectual, he soon after found an asylum in the house of Humphrey Monmouth, a worthy alderman, with whom he lived about half of the year 1523. Mr. Offor has found, in the Harleian collection of State Papers, a memorial of this London merchant to the lord legate and the privy council, when in prison, a few years after, on suspicion of heresy; and the account it gives of his first interview with Tyndale, and of Tyndale's manner of life at this period, will be read with interest.

"Upon iiij years and a half past, and more, I herde the foresaid Sir* William preache ij or iij sermondes, at St. Dunstones in the weste, in London, and after that I chauned to meet with him, and with communycation I examyned him what lyving he had, he said, none at all, but he trusted to be with my lord of London in his service, and therefore I had the better fantasye to him. And afterwarde he went to my lorde and spake to him, as he tolde me, and my lorde of London answered him that he had chaplaines inoughe, and he said to him that he would have no more at that time, and so the priest came to me againe, and besought me to helpe him, and so I toke him in my house half a year, and there he lived like a good priest as me thought, he studied moste parte of the daye and of the nyght at his booke,

* The title given at that time to all priests; which after the Reformation gave place by degrees to that of Reverend.

and he woulde eat but sodden meate by his good will, nor drinke but small single beer; I never saw him were lynen about him in the space he was with me; I did promyse him ten pounds sterling to praie for my father, mother, there sowles, and all christian sowles. I did paie yt him when he made his exchang to Hamboro'." — pp. 17, 18.

The same reasons which induced him to quit Gloucestershire now operated, it would seem, to induce him to quit his native country, never to return. Before the close of the year 1523 he sailed for Hamburg, and proceeded thence to Saxony, where he threw himself into the arms of Luther and the other leading Reformers, whose head-quarters at this time were at Wittemburg. It was in this city, with the encouragement and pecuniary and literary aid of Luther who had just finished his German version, and with the assistance of his countrymen Frith and Roy who acted as amanuenses, that Tyndale completed his translation of the New Testament into English; and here also it was, and not, as has been commonly supposed,* at Antwerp, that his first edition was printed, in small octavo, towards the close of 1525, or early in 1526. As this is one of the points on which Mr. Offor's researches have shed new light, we choose to give our extract from the Memoir, as it stands in the English copy.

"The printing of this important work was attended with difficulty. One edition, probably of three thousand, was prepared for general circulation: this was quickly followed by a more elegant edition in 4to. with glosses, commenced at Cologne in 1526, and finished at Worms or Wyttemburg. The type, cuts, and ornaments of both these books are those used by the German printers on the Rhine. The popular error, which ascribes either of them to the Antwerp press, is the more extraordinary, as no similar type was used there; nor did Tyndale visit that city until the year 1530. In addition to these circumstances, we have the positive evidence of Brovius, as to the one being printed at Wittemburg, in 1525; and that of Cochlaeus, who interrupted the printing of the 4to. with glosses, at Cologne, in 1526. The order in which these two editions were published is clearly shown by Tyndale himself. In the epistle at the end of this volume, he says, 'That the rudnes of the worke, nowe at THE FYRST TYME, offende them not.' No such expression or idea is conveyed in the prologue to the 4to. with the glosses;

* See *Christian Examiner*, for July, 1838. Vol. xiv. p. 333.

but, on the contrary, he says: ¶ 'After hit had pleasyd God to put in my mynde, and also to geve me grace to translate this forehearde newe testament into oure englysshe tonge, howsoever we haue done it, I supposed yt very necessary to put you in remembraunce of certayne poyntes,' &c.

"From this it appears that he first published the text, and then proceeded to republish it with a prologue and notes. This agrees exactly with the words of Sir Thomas More, when, charging Tyndale with mistranslating certain terms, he says: 'But surely the worde congregacyon, wyth the circumstaunces in the texte: wolde not haue serued *when he translated yt fyrste*, to make the englyshe reader to take it for the chyrch, no more then idoly for ymages; But *mary he hath added vnto his translacion* such circumstaunces *synnys*, — But all his glose is therin, that he wyll saye he taketh them for none heresy.' — *Memoir, English Edition*, pp. 16, 17.

Mr. Dabney, in a note, comments as follows, on this account of the two first impressions of Tyndale.

"Such is the statement of Mr. Offor, and with the ampler means of thorough investigation in his hands, the Editor must needs suppose the distinctions in the text well-founded. But since the present work (which is the *first*, the reader will please to remember, of these alleged editions, viz. that of 1525) opens on the eye with the date of 1526, since the table of Various Readings of the *second* edition, collated with the *first* at the close of the *Memoir*, assumes them to be respectively of 1526 and 1534, and since all this is confirmed by the incidental mention of the two throughout the *Sketch*, — it will be strange if the reader, who values or himself observes precision of language, is not thoroughly bewildered by this confusion of terms. Yet of all this the English biographer seems utterly unconscious; nor to have once thought of using any qualifying explanation, with a view to remedy his apparent looseness of description. It would be well if the portions of Tyndale's Testament, issued in the successive years and in different forms, might be designated as two *impressions of one and the same* edition; but if this may not be, — and to judge from Mr. Offor's specimens on a succeeding page, they differ from each other as much (trivial as that may be) as does the edition of '34 from either, — then will it need a very discriminating faculty indeed to see, why this last is not the *third*, and its predecessors severally, the *first* and *second* editions." — p. 21.

These strictures are not without foundation. Still it is proper to observe, that the antique title-page proves nothing,

as it is not original, the copy not having any title-page. Again, Mr. Offor says nothing of "*portions* of Tyndale's Testament, issued in the successive years, and in different forms." His statement is that the *whole* Testament was first issued in octavo, and very soon after in quarto. Neither does he expressly assert that the octavo impression was finished in 1525; nor does he adduce any evidence for such an opinion except that of Brovius, for which he refers to "Bp. Kennet's MSS. in the British Museum," and not, as Mr. Dabney has given it by mistake, to the "Preface to The Wicked Mammon." The testimony of Cochlaeus relates solely to the quarto impression, and implies that this was in press in 1526; still the octavo impression may also have been finished early in the same year. Moreover, when Mr. Dabney said that "the table of Various Readings of the *second* edition, collated with the *first* at the close of the Memoir, assumes them to be respectively of 1526 and 1534," we think he could not have had Mr. Offor's table before him. The column title, in the London copy, under which are given the readings of the first edition, that is, as we understand it here, the octavo impression, reads thus: "First Edition, 1525-6," leaving the precise year undetermined.

The testimony of Cochlaeus mentioned above, which is taken from his work *In Actis Martini Lutheri*, published in 1549, relates to the printing of the quarto impression, and strikingly illustrates the perils and vexations to which Tyndale was exposed in the task he had undertaken. It seems that this active enemy of the Reformation, having prepared an edition of Rupert's Commentary on Matthew, went to Cologne, in 1526, to see it through the press. He found rumors in circulation there which aroused his suspicions, and led him to ply the workmen with drink, that he might extort from them while intoxicated as much as they knew of their master's secret. Not satisfied with this, the narrative goes on to state, that —

"Having invited some of the printers to his house, when they had become heated with wine, one of them in private conversation revealed to him the secret, how England was to be brought to Luther's side; namely, that three thousand copies of Luther's New Testament, translated into English, were printing, and that they had already advanced as far as signature K, in fours. That the cost would be abundantly supplied by the English merchants, who would secretly convey the work, when finished, throughout

all England, and extensively distribute it before the king or the cardinal (Wolsey) could know of or prevent it. Cochlaeus, agitated with fear and wonder, outwardly dissembled his sadness, but soon revolving sorrowfully in his mind the extent of the danger, he devised means to paralyze this effort. He went privately to Herman Rinck, Bart., a counsellor and senator of Cologne, who was personally acquainted with the emperor and with the king of England, and opened to him the whole affair, as (thanks to the wine) he had discovered it. The baronet, to satisfy himself that the information was correct, sent a man to search the house where the work was carried on; the printer acknowledged that it was in hand, and that a quantity of paper was purchased for it. Upon this he went to the senate, and obtained an injunction, forbidding the printer to proceed. The two English heretics taking with them the printed sheets, escaped and sailed up the Rhine to Worms, where the people were immoderately in favor of Luther, that they might there finish their undertaking." — *Memoir, Eng. Ed.*, p. 19.

Of the whole account from which the last extract is taken Mr. Ofor says:

"This narrative bears every mark of authenticity, written by an eye-witness of repute, who published it to the world in 1549, at which time his accuracy was not questioned. Yet, as that ingenious antiquary, Mr. Lewis, had treated it lightly, I visited Cologne, in 1830, to ascertain, if possible, how far it was correct. The city secretary, Mr. Vaux, aided by Dr. Ernst Weyden, most readily and kindly searched the Archives, and found that Herman Rinck was a senator in 1526, and exactly such a man as he is represented to be by Cochlaeus. These gentlemen pointed out the printer's house in which this occurrence took place, and expressed the fullest confidence in the statement which I have extracted from the Life of Luther." — *Memoir, Eng. Ed.*, p. 20.

The following particular and minute account of the contents, appearance, and fate of the two impressions which are the subject of the preceding remarks, is also given by Mr. Ofor.

"The first of Tyndale's editions is a small 8vo. handsomely printed: it consists of 336 leaves, of which 333 contain the text, the remaining three being occupied by the epistle to the reader and the errata. Of this book only two copies have been discovered: one, wanting forty-eight leaves, is in the Cathedral Library of St. Paul's; the other, from which the present edition is printed, adorns the Baptist Library at Bristol. This rare and precious volume is in the most beautiful preservation, the cuts

emblazoned, and every leaf ornamented, as if intended for presentation to some royal or noble personage: the title, if it ever had one, is lost. The type is a neat German character, similar to that of Hans Luft, who, at Wyttenburg, and at Marburg, printed nearly all Tyndale's works. This literary gem was first discovered by John Murray, one of Lord Oxford's collectors. His Lordship generously rewarded him with an annuity of twenty pounds for his life, and gave him one year's money in advance. On the decease of Lord Oxford in 1741, while the annuity was still paying, the library was bought by Mr. Osborne, who, not knowing the rarity and value of so precious a volume, sold the treasure for fifteen shillings to the celebrated collector, Mr. Ames. On his death in 1760, it was bought by John Whyte for fourteen guineas and a half: he, after keeping it exactly sixteen years, sold it to Dr. Gifford for twenty guineas. In 1784, this volume, together with the finest collection of early English bibles in the kingdom, was left by Dr. Gifford, then one of the librarians at the British Museum, to the Baptist College at Bristol, where it has been most carefully preserved. Through the public feeling and liberality of the Principal of the college, permission was cheerfully given to print from it the present edition, which is a literal copy of the original, with fac-similes of the wood-cuts and ornaments.

"The edition with glosses was an elegant small 4to. with handsome cuts. The portion which has been discovered was printed at Cologne; but probably the volume was completed at Worms. A fragment, containing the prologue and the gospel of Matthew to the twenty-second chapter, is in the possession of that intelligent bookseller, Mr. Thomas Rodd, who has long promised to publish it, accompanied with much curious information. The prologue, on seven leaves, has been, with great alterations, both of omission and addition, several times republished under the title of *A Pathway into the Scriptures*, by Tyndale. It is to be regretted that an admirable tract, much deformed and mutilated, was thus published under his name. There are a few alterations in the text from that of the 8vo. The references and glosses are in the margin. The reader may judge of the whole from the following specimens.

"Salt. Matt. 5. When the preachers ceaste to preache goddes worde, then muste they nedes be oppressed and trod vnder fote with mannes tradicions. Matt. 6. Rewarde them openly. ye shall not thynke, that oure dedes deserve ani thyng of god as a labourar deserueth hys hyre. For all good thynges come of the bounteousnes, liberalite, mercy, promyses and trewth of god bi the deseruinge of Christes blood only, &c.
*Syngle. The eye is single when a man in all his dedes loketh

butt on the wil of god, and loketh nott for laude, honour or eni other rewarde in this worlde. Nother ascrybeth heven or a hyer roume in heven vnto his dedes : but accepteth heven as a thing purchased bi the bloud of Christe, and worketh frely for loves sake only." — *Memoir, Eng. Ed.*, pp. 21 – 23.

It is evidence of the zeal and activity of the Reformers, that before the end of 1526 both of the first impressions had found their way into England. Tonstall, in an Injunction issued on the 23d of October of this year, after complaining of the conduct of certain "children of iniquitie, mayntayners of Luthers sect," who "craftily have translated the New Testament into our English tongue, intermeddling therewith many heretical articles and erroneous opinions," says : "Of the which translation there are many books imprinted, *some with glosses and some without*, containing in the English tongue that pestiferous and most pernicious poyson, dispersed throughout all our diocese of London in great number." The bishop concluded with requiring that all these copies should be brought in and delivered up to his Vicar General within thirty days, "under pain of excommunication and incurring the suspicion of heresie." But as this could only reach to a partial abatement of the evil, he thought to effect a wholesale destruction of the obnoxious volumes by the following stratagem, in which, as is well known, he singularly outwitted himself.

"He deputed Packington, a merchant, and an acquaintance of Tyndale, to buy up for him all the copies of the latter's Testament. 'The bishop thinking that he had God by the too, when in dede he had (as after he thought) the devil by the fiste, said, gentle maister Packington, do your diligence, and get them, and with al my hart I will paye for them, whatsoever thei cost you, for the bokes are erroneous and naughte, and I entend surely to destroy them all, and to burne theim at Paules Crosse. Tyndale sold him the books, saying, I shal gett moneye of hym for these bokes, to bryng myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out upon the burning of Goddes worde. And the overplus of the money that shal remain to me, shal make me more studious to correct the sayd New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same. And so forwarde went the bargain, the byshop had the bokes, Packyngton the thankes, and Tyndale had the money.' Afterwards, more New Testaments came thick and threefold into England. Sir Thomas More questioned George Constantine, a prisoner for heresy, how Tyndale and his friends were supported; and he frankly told the lord chancellor, 'It is the bishop of London that hath holpen vs, for he hath

bestowed emonge vs a great deale of moneye in Newe Testaments to burne theim, and that hath been and yet is our onely succour and comfort.' The destruction of these books, erroneously given by Lord Herbert as on the 4th of May, 1530, took place in 1528." — p. 29.

Much of the interval between the publishing of his first editions, and the appearance of his revised edition in 1534, was occupied by Tyndale upon a multitude of controversial tracts, following one another in quick succession, and directed for the most part against the abuses and corruptions of popery, and the criticisms of Tostall and More on his English New Testament. Scarcely had it been received in England, before Tostall, one of the most learned prelates of the day, "declared to a great assembly in London, that he had found upwards of two thousand errors and corruptions in that book." Sir Thomas More said: "To tell all, would be to rehearse the hole boke," and "to search for one faute would be like studying where to fynde water in the see." Again: "As it were as sone done to weue a new web of cloth as to sow up every hole in a net, so were it almost as lytell and lesse to translate ye hole books all newe than attempt to correct it." At length his budget of blunders is opened, and behold *three*! "prestes of Crystes chyrche he calleth *senyours* — Chyrche he calleth *congregation* — and charyte he calleth *love*." To this list of capital errors, More, indeed, adds elsewhere some others, such as substituting "*knowledgyng*" for "confession," and "*repentance*" for "penance"; and convicts the translator of aiming to "make ye people byleue that we sholde beleue nothyng but playne Scrypture in whyeh poynte he techeth a *playne pestylent heresy*." Hence he concludes: "Yt is enough for good cristen men that know those thynges for heresy, to abhorre and burne vpp his bokes *and the lykys of them with them*." Mr. Ofor remarks at length on the inconsistency involved in the utterance of this bloody and atrocious doctrine by the author of *Utopia*, a work breathing so humane and tolerant a spirit. It is doubtless to be explained in part, like that of Erasmus, in his treatment of Luther, and that of Luther himself in his treatment of the Anabaptists, not by a conscious abandonment of the cause of moderation and tolerance, but by a fear of the effects which the reckless, or at least the precipitate measures of the innovators would have on that cause. There is, moreover, we must

think, a vein of good sense running through some of Sir Thomas's suggestions in this matter; as, for instance, when he says,

"I wolde aduyse any man neither to rede these heretykes bokes nor mine, but occupy theyr myndes better, and standynge fermely by the catholyke faith of this .xv. C. yere, neuer onys muse vppon these newe fangled heresyas; but if at the parell of daynger to burne both here and in hell, he cannot hold his yechynge fyngers frome theyre poysoned bokes, then wold I counsaile hym in any wyse to rede therwith such thynges as are wrytten agaynst them." — p. 43.

Sometimes also he entertains us with a specimen of his humor, by summoning to the scene the ghost of an eminent father.

"When," says he, "I desired Origene to take the payne to come and bere wytnesse wyth me in thys mater, he semed at the first very well content. But when I told hym that he sholde mete with Tyndale: he blessed hymselfe and shranke bakke, and sayde he had leuer go some other waye many a mile then onys medle with hym. For I shall tell you syr, quod he, before thys tyme a ryght honorable man very connyng and yet more vertuose, the good bysshoppe of Rochester, in a great audyence brought me in for a wytnes against Luther and Tyndale, euen in this same mater, about the tyme of the burnynge of Tyndalys euyll translated testament. But Tyndale, as soon as he herd of my name, without any respecte of honestye, fell in a rage wyth me, and all to rated me, and called me starke here-tyke, and that the starkest that euer was. Thys tale Orygene told me, and swore by saynt Symkyn that he was neuer so sayed vnto of such a lewde felowe synnys he was fyrste borne of hys mother, and therefore he wolde neuer medle wyth Tyndale more. Now, indeede, to saye the treuth yt were not well done of Tyndale to leue resonynge and fall a scoldyng, chydynge, and brawlynge, as it were a bawdy begger of Byllyter-lane. Fy for shame, he sholde fauored and forborne hym somewhat, and yt had bene but for his age. For Origene is now xiiij. hundred yere olde or there aboute, and this was not mych aboute vij. yeres synnys." — p. 41.

When Mr. Offor adds, "This story, told on the credibility of the Lord Chancellor of England, must have produced its effect on the populace, to whom it would be rehearsed by the priests with all gravity as words of truth and soberness," we cannot but think that he takes the Chancellor's coarse

pleasantry a little more seriously than he need. But it is more important to observe, that Tyndale, in his defence, does not undertake to justify every thing in his version excepted against by his adversaries. Thus he gives up the word "senior." Mr. Dabney, after citing Mr. Offor as saying "that Tyndale admitted it to be not explicit enough, and that he should prefer the word *elder*," subjoins the following note: "But he [Offor] quotes no words of Tyndale to this effect, and we may reasonably doubt his statement. Why, indeed, if he [Tyndale] "preferred" did he not adopt it? seeing that (according to him) the vulgar taste, deference to which in so many instances doubtless leaves a translator at a stand, here accorded with his own." Tyndale's own words on the subject, taken from his Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, as given in Russell's collection of his Works,* are these:

"Another thing which he rebuketh, is, that I interpret this Greek word *presbyteros* by this word senior. Of a truth senior is no very good English, though senior and junior be used in the universities; but there came no better in my mind at that time. Howbeit, I spied my fault since, long ere M. More told it me, and have mended it in all the works which I since made, and call it an elder. And in that he maketh heresy of it, to call *presbyteros* an elder, he condemneth their own old Latin text of heresy also, which they use yet daily in the church, and have used, I suppose, this fourteen hundred years. For that text doth call it an elder likewise."

Another passage occurring in the same tract,† and indicated in the margin as "A good admonition to M. More," will show that Tyndale could also dip his pen in gall.

"Let, therefore, M. More and his company awake by times, ere ever their sin be ripe, lest the voice of their wickedness ascend up, and awake God out of his sleep, to look upon them, and to bow his ears unto their cursed blasphemies against the open truth, and to send his harvestmen and mowers of vengeance, to reap it."

The Preface to this tract abounds likewise in good sense and keen satire, mingled with the quaint humor of the times. A single extract must suffice.‡

* The Works of the English Reformers: William Tyndale and John Frith. Vol. II. p. 16.

† Ibid. p. 15. ‡ Ibid. pp. 6-8.

“ And likewise of the holy-day: he knoweth that the day is servant to man, and therefore, when he findeth that it is done because he should not be let from hearing the word of God, he obeyeth gladly: and yet not so superstitiously that he would not help his neighbor on the holy-day, and let the sermon alone for one day; or that he would not work on the holy-day, need requiring it, at such time as men be not wont to be at church; and so throughout all laws. And even likewise in all ceremonies and sacraments, he searcheth the significations, and will not serve the visible things. It is as good to him, that the priest say mass in his gown as in his other apparel, if they teach him not somewhat, and that his soul be edified thereby. And as soon will he gape while thou puttest sand as holy salt in his mouth, if thou shew him no reason thereof. He had as lief be smeared with unhallowed butter as anointed with charmed oil, if his soul be not taught to understand somewhat thereby; and so forth.

“ But the world captivateth his wit, and about the law of God maketh him wonderful imaginations, unto which he so fast cleaveth that ten John Baptists were not able to dispute them out of his head. He believeth that he loveth God, because he is ready to kill a Turk for his sake that believeth better in God than he; whom God also commandeth us to love, and to leave nothing unsought to win him unto the knowledge of the truth, though with the loss of our lives. He supposeth that he loveth his neighbor as much he is bound, if he be not actually angry with him; whom yet he will not help freely with an halfpenny but for a vantage, or vain-glory, or for a worldly purpose. If any man have displeased him, he keepeth his malice in, and will not chafe himself about it, till he see an occasion to avenge it craftily, and thinketh that well enough. And the rulers of the world he obeyeth, thinketh he, when he flattereth them, and blindeth them with gifts, and corrupteth the officers with rewards, and beguileth the law with cautels and subtilties.

- “ And because the love of God and of his neighbor, which is the spirit and the life of all laws, and wherefore all laws are made, is not written in his heart, therefore in all inferior laws, and in all worldly ordinances is he beetle blind. If he be commanded to abstain from wine, that will he observe unto the death too, as the charterhouse monks had lever die than eat flesh: and as for the soberness and chastising of the members will he not look for, but will pour in ale and beer of the strongest without measure, and heat them with spices, and so forth. And the holy-day will he keep so straight, that if he meet a flea in his bed he dare not kill her, and not once regard wherefore the holy-day was ordained to seek for God's word: and so forth in all

laws. And in ceremonies and sacraments, there he captivateth his wit and understanding to obey holy church, without asking what they mean, or desiring to know; but only careth for the keeping, and looketh ever with a pair of narrow eyes, and with all his spectacles upon them, lest ought be left out. For if the priest should say mass, baptize, or hear confession without a stole about his neck, he would think all were marred, and doubt whether he had power to consecrate, and think that the virtue of the mass were lost, and the child not well baptized, or not baptized at all, and that his absolution were not worth a mite. He had lever that the bishop should wag two fingers over him, than that another man should say, God save him; and so forth."

Again; indulging himself in a similar strain in the Preface to The Obedience of a Christian Man,* he says:

"But now do ye clean contrary, ye drive them from God's word, and will let no man come thereto until he have been two years Master of Art. First they nosel them in sophistry, and in *benefundatum*. And there corrupt they their judgments with apparent arguments, and with alleging unto them texts of logic, of natural *philautia*, of metaphysic, and moral philosophy, and of all manner [of] books of Aristotle, and of all manner [of] doctors which they yet never saw. Moreover, one holdeth this, another that; one is a real, another a nominal. What wonderful dreams have they of their predicaments, universals, second intentions, *quidities hæc scites*, and relatives. And whether *specia fundata in chimera* be *vera species*. And whether this proposition be true, *non ens est aliquid*, whether *ens* be *æquivocum*, or *univocum*. *Ens* is a voice only, say some. *Ens* is *univocum*, saith another, and descendeth into *ens creatum*, and into *ens increatum, per modum intrinsecos*. When they have thiswise brawled eight, ten, or twelve or more years, and after that their judgments are utterly corrupt, then they begin their divinity; not at the Scripture, but every man taketh a sundry doctor, which doctors are as sundry and as divers, the one contrary unto the other, as there are divers fashions and monstrous shapes, none like another among our sects of religion. Every religion, every university, and almost every man hath a sundry divinity. Now whatsoever opinions every man findeth with his doctor, that is his gospel, and that only is true with him, and that holdeth he all his life long, and every man, to maintain his doctor withal, corrupteth the Scripture, and fashioneth it after his own imagination, as a potter doth his clay.

* The Works of the English Reformers: William Tyndale and John Frith. Vol. I. pp. 193-196.

Of what text thou provest hell, will another prove purgatory, another *limbo patrum*, and another the assumption of our lady, and another shall prove of the same text that an ape hath a tail. And of what text the gray friar proveth that our lady was without original sin, of the same shall the black friar prove that she was conceived in original sin; and all this do they with apparent reasons, with false similitudes and likenesses, and with arguments and persuasions of man's wisdom. Now there is no other division or heresy in the world, save man's wisdom, and when man's foolish wisdom interpreteth the Scripture. Man's wisdom scattereth, divideth, and maketh sects; while the wisdom of one is that a white coat is best to serve God in, and another saith a black, and another a gray, another a blue; and while one saith God will hear your prayer in this place, another saith in that place; and while one saith this place is holier, and another that place is holier; and this religion is holier than that; and this saint is greater with God than that; and an hundred thousand like things. Man's wisdom is plain idolatry, neither is there any other idolatry than to imagine of God after man's wisdom. God is not man's imagination, but that only which he saith of himself. God is nothing but his law and his promises; that is to say, that which he biddeth thee to do, and that which he biddeth thee believe and hope. God is but his word, as Christ saith, (John viii.) I am that I say unto you; that is to say, That which I preach am I, my words are spirit and life. God is that only which he testifieth of himself; and to imagine any other thing of God than that, is damnable idolatry. Therefore saith the cxviiiith Psalm, Happy are they which search the testimonies of the Lord, that is to say, that which God testifieth and witnesseth unto us. But how shall I that do, when ye will not let me have his testimonies or witnesses in a tongue which I understand? Will ye resist God? will ye forbid him to give his Spirit unto the lay as well as unto you? Hath he not made the English tongue? Why forbid ye him to speak in the English tongue then as well as in the Latin? Finally, that this threatening and forbidding the lay people to read the Scripture is not for love of your souls (which they care for, as the fox doth for the geese) is evident, and clearer than the sun, inasmuch as they permit and suffer you to read Robin Hood, Bevis of Hampton, Hercules, Hector, and Troilus, with a thousand histories and fables of love and wantonness, and of ribaldry, as filthy as heart can think; to corrupt the minds of youth withal, clean contrary to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles."

During the interval of which we are now speaking, Tyndale found time to prepare and publish Expositions of several por-

tions of the New Testament; two of which, *An Exposition upon the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Chapters of Matthew*, filling one hundred and fifty-four octavo pages, and *The Exposition of the First Epistle of St. John*, filling one hundred and five octavo pages, are printed in Mr. Russell's collection. Meanwhile he went on with his version of the Scriptures.

"Having finished, in 1529, his translation of the first books of the Old Testament, he commenced their publication in separate tracts, with ornamental wood-cuts, and with notes, which gave great offence to the clergy. When the manuscript of Deuteronomy was ready for the press, thus completing the Pentateuch, a severe and trying dispensation of Providence awaited him. Purposing to print it at Hamburgh, on his way thither he was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, and lost his books, money, and manuscript; happy in so escaping, for it was a special mercy that he was not thrown on the English coast, where, if spared by the sea, it had only been to feed the fires of Smithfield. He continued his journey, and Coverdale having joined him, they repeated their labor on Deuteronomy, and with a pious lady's assistance, Mrs. Van Emmerson, it was printed; thus completing the first portion of the Old Testament in 1530. At Hamburgh, the same providence which preserved him in shipwreck, armed his body against the pestilence. 'They went through the work in safety, while the sweating-sickness swept away thousands in the city with a general mortality; as if the useful sweating of their brains were a preservative against the hurtful sweating of their bodies. And indeed close application to a lawfull calling, is the best antidote against a public infection.' This is the only portion of the Old or New Testament, in the translation of which Tyndale and Coverdale assisted each other." — pp. 47, 48.

Mr. Ofor tells us, in another part of the Memoir, that "it is impossible to decide, without the discovery of new evidence, whether he [Tyndale] translated the whole of the Old Testament: the similarity which pervades it leads me to conclude that he did, and that Coverdale profited by his manuscripts." He adds, immediately, "It is plain, that from Esdras to Malachi it is one translation, published by Coverdale in 1535, and by Matthew in 1537, with such alterations as pleased the respective editors: from Genesis to Esdras, and the whole New Testament, are distinct translations." We are not certain that we understand this; but if it means that the translation of the Old Testament from Esdras to Malachi, in the

Bibles referred to, is evidently by one hand, and that the translations of the rest of the Old Testament, and of the whole of the New, are by another hand, or by other hands, it would seem to prove the direct contrary to what Mr. Offor had just asserted. However this may be, it is easy to account for the suppression of Tyndale's name in the Bibles of Coverdale and Matthew, though these were little more than republications of his version, as far as it went, when we call to mind the rancorous hostility still entertained against him by Henry and others. Mr. Russell has inserted in his collection Tyndale's Prologues to the Five Books of Moses, and his Prologue to the Prophet Jonas. In the last, which fills twenty pages, he finds or rather makes occasion to speak with unmitigated severity of the false doctrines and evil practices of the papists. Hence More says of it,

"Then haue we Jonas made out by Tyndale, a booke that whoso delyte therein, shall stande in parell that Jonas was neuer so swallowed vppe wyth the whale, as by the delyte of that booke a mannes soule maye be so swallowed vppe by the deuyll, that he shall neuer haue the grace to gete out agayne." — p. 57.

To each of the other Prologues is prefixed a Table expounding certain words in the book following it. We give a single specimen of these expositions from the Table on *Genesis*.*

"CAIN. So is it written in Hebrew. Notwithstanding, whether we call him *Cain* or *Caim*, it maketh no matter, so we understand the meaning. Every land hath his manner: that we call *John*, the Welchmen call *Euan*, the Dutch *Haunce*. Such difference is between the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and that maketh them that translate out of the Hebrew vary in names from them that translate out of Latin or Greek."

Mr. Offor, as might be expected, is jealous of Tyndale's honor as a translator from the Hebrew and Greek originals of the Scriptures. In a passage cited above, Cochlaeus makes the printers of Cologne call his New Testament "*Luther's New Testament, translated into English*," and this opinion is also taken up by Le Long, but apparently on no other authority. Fuller, on the contrary, says: "*I presume he trans-*

* Works of the English Reformers: William Tyndale and John Frith. Vol. I. pp. 12, 18.

lated from the Latin." Notwithstanding these statements, however, we think with the writer of this Memoir that Tyndale had the originals of both the Old and New Testaments before him, and that he was doubtless competent to render them into English without assistance; so that if, as is certain from comparison and otherwise, he availed himself nevertheless of the aid of Luther and the Vulgate, and also of Pagninus and Wiclif, it was only as any other translator would have done in like circumstances, in order to make his version as perfect as possible.

Meanwhile the circulation of Tyndale's books in England, which was greatly increased by at least three large Dutch pirated editions of his New Testament, gave great offence, and measures the most energetic were resorted to for suppressing them, although to but little purpose. More says in his Confutation, "that some of these pestylent bookes were throwen in the strete and lefte at mennys dores by nyght, that where they durste not offer theyr poyson to sell, they wolde of theyr cheryte poyson men for nought." The king and his advisers were convinced at length that there was no other way of arresting this flood of heresy, but by gaining possession of the heresiarch himself, and several emissaries were accordingly employed on the continent, to seek out his retreat, and endeavor to lure him home by false promises of royal clemency and favor. Mr. Offor has found among the state papers a fragment of a well-written and touching letter, wanting the date, from one of these agents, who in a very singular and even romantic manner obtained an interview with Tyndale. We copy a part.

"The day before the date hereof, I spake with Tyndall without the town of Andwerp and by this means. He sent a certeyne person to seke me, whom he had advysed to say, that a certeyne frend of myne, vnknownen to the messenger, was very desirows to speke with me: praying me to take paynes to go unto him to suche place as he should bryng me. Then I to the messenger (said) what is your fryend and where is he? His name I know not, said he, but if it be your pleasure to go where he is, I wilbe glad thider to bryng you: thus dobtfull what this matter ment, I concluded to go with hym, and folowed hym till he browght me without the gate of Andwerp into a feld lying nyghe unto the streme, where was abidyng me this said Tyndall. At our metyng, do you not knowe me? said this Tyndall. I do not well remember you, said I to hym; my name, said he, is Tyndall. But

Tyndall, said I, fortunate be our metyng. Then Tyndall : Sir, I have bene excedyng desirous to speke with you. And I with you ; what is your mynd. Sir, said he, I am enformed that the kynge's grace taketh great displeasure with me for puttyng furthe of certeyne boke which I lately maid in these partes, but specially for the boke namyd the Practise of Prelates, whereof I have no littell marvail considering that in it I did but warne his grace of the subtile demeanor of the Clargy of his Realme towards his person, and of the shamefull abusions by them practised, not a littell threatnyng the displeasure of his grace and weale of his Realme. In which doyng, I shewed and declared the harte of a trew subiect which sowght the saluegard of his Riall person and weale of his commons, to thentent that his grace thereoff warnyd mygt in dewe tyme prepare his remedies against the subtile dreames." * * *

"The agent used 'gentyll persuasions' to induce him to come into England, meaning soft words and tempting promises, but Tyndale roundly rejected such offers, 'albeyt' his 'grace wolde promes him neversomuch the surtye;' well suspecting that no pledges wolde be proof against the importunity of the clergy, 'whiche wolde affyrme that promyses made with erytykes ought not to be kept.' 'After this he told me how he had fynysched a worke agenst my Lord Chansellars booke, and wold not put it in printe till suche tyme as your grace had sene yt, becawse he appersevyth your dysplesure towards hym for hasty puttynge forthe of his other werkes, and because yt schold appere that he is not of so obstynate mynde as he thynketh he is reported unto your grace. This is the substaunce of his comunycasion had with me, whiche as he spake, I have wrytten to your grace, word for word, as nye as I cowlde by any possible meanys bryng to remembraunce. My'trust, therefore, is, that your grace will not but take my laburs in the best part. I thought necessary to be wrytten unto your grace. After these wordys, he then beyng some thyng fearfull of me, lest I wold have parsuyd hym, and drawyng also towards nyght, he toke his leve of me, and departed from the towne, and I toward the towne, saying I schold shortly peraventure se hym agayne, for if not, here from hym. Howbeyt, I suppose, he afterward retornyd to the towne by a nother wey, for there is no lyclyhed that he schold lodge withought the towne: hastie to parsew hym I was not, becawse I had some lyclyhod to speke shortly agayne with hym, and in perswing hym, I myght perchaunse have fayllyd of my purpose, and put my selfe in dawnger.'" — pp. 61 – 63.

There is also a letter to the king, dated May 20, 1531, from another of these emissaries, Sir St. Vaughan, a short extract from which will be read with interest.

"I have agayne byn in hande to perswade Tyndall, and to draw hym the rather to favour my perswasions, and not to thinke the same fayned, I shewed hym a clawse conteyned in maister Crumwell's lettre, conteynynge these words followinge. 'And notwithstanding other the premisses in this my lettre conteyned, if it were possible, by good and holsom exhortacions to reconcile and conuerte the sayde Tyndall from the trayne and affection whiche he now is in, and to excerpte, and take away the opynyons and fantasies sorely rooted in hym, I doubte not but the kynge highness wolde be muche ioyous of his conuersion and amendement. And so beinge conuerted, if then he wold retorne into his realme, vndoubtedly the kinges royall magistie is so inclined to mercie, pitie, and compassion, that he refuseth none which he seythe to submyt themself to the obedyence and good order of the worlde.' In these wordes I thought to be suche swetness and vertue as were able to perse the hardest harte of the worlde. And as I thought, so it cam to passe. For after sight thereof, I perseyued the man to be excedinge altered, and to take the same very nere vnto his hearte, in suche wise that water stode in his yees. And answered what gracious wordes are these. 'I assure youe,' sayed he, 'If it wolde stande withe the kinge most gracious plaisur to graunte only a bare text of the scripture to be put forthe emonge his people, like as is put forthe amonge the subiectes of the emperour in these parties, and of other cristen princes, be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his magestie, I shall ymedyatlye make faithfull promyse neuer to write more, ne abide two dayes in these parties after the same: but ymedyatly to repayre into his realme, and there most humbly submytt myselfe at the fete of his roiall magestie, OFFRYNGE MY BODYE TO SUFFER WHAT PAYNE OR TORTURES, YE WHAT DETHE HIS GRACE WILL, SO THAT THIS BE OBTeyned. And till that tyme, I will abide thaspect of all chaunces what so euer shall come, and indure my lyfe in as many paynes, as it is able to bere and suffer.'" — pp. 65, 66.

The impression left on the mind by the perusal of these contemporaneous documents is most favorable both to the head and heart of the noble spirited confessor. That he had some of the faults common to his age, and to confessors of all ages, is more than probable; it is plain, however, that he was not one of those who have thrown themselves in the way of martyrdom from a pragmatistical temper, or a love of excitement, or a passion for distinction, but in the pursuit of a worthy and commanding object.

Tyndale was now settled at Antwerp, as chaplain to the

company of English merchants, whose esteem and confidence he had so entirely won, that they were willing for three or four years to afford him an asylum, and conceal his retreat as far as might be from his pursuers. 'Here he composed a short treatise on the absurdities and idolatry of the mass, defended himself against the incessant attacks of Sir Thomas More, and went on with his translation of the Old Testament. Here also he prepared, and sent out, in 1534, the Revised Edition of his New Testament, in small octavo, with such corrections as had approved themselves to his mind, whether suggested by the criticisms of friends or foes. We give from the Memoir the title page of the volume, and a general description of its contents.

" 'The New Testament, dyligently corrected and compared with the Greke, by Willyam Tindale, and fynnesshed in the yere of oure Lorde God, A. M. D. and xxxiiij. in the moneth of No-uember.' It has wood cuts and ornamented letters. The title and prologues comprise sixteen leaves, followed by a second title and list of books. The text occupiess cccclxxxiv leaves, the two last being numbered wrong. The Pistles of the Olde Testament end on folio cccc. The table follows on ten leaves, the last two pages contain 'thinges to fill vp the leffe withal.'" — p. 74.

The prologues in this edition, and in the quarto of 1526, are very similar to those of the German, by Luther. It is remarkable that the most grotesque rendering in the whole volume is continued in all the editions; Death in the Revelation is mounted on a *green* horse. Select collations of the first and the revised Editions are appended to the Memoir and Historic Notices, from which it appears that the alterations were neither very numerous nor important, and that they were not in all cases for the better.

Hardly had the edition appeared, before Tyndale himself was arrested and thrown into prison. The Romish party in England, despairing, it would seem, of being able to decoy him thither, began to plot his destruction where he was, in which they were but too successful.

" Sir Thomas More, in examining suspected heretics, was very inquisitive with such as had come from Flanders or Germany, as to their knowledge of Tyndale; and was thus made minutely familiar with his person, dress, habits, friends, and places of resort. His lodgings were in the English house or factory, which was kept by a merchant, Thomas Pointz. Henry VIII.

and his council suborned and employed one Henry Phillips, the son of a custom-house officer at Poole, of gentlemanly appearance, who, with a valet, came to Antwerp: here he made acquaintance with some of the merchants, and meeting Tyndale, the latter gave him so far a fatal confidence, as to invite him, nothing doubting, to his apartments. Pointz, being somewhat suspicious, asked Tyndale how they became acquainted; to which he replied, that he was an honest man and handsomely learned; and perceiving that he had made so favorable an impression on his inmate, the inquiry was pressed no further. Phillips, after having for some time dined at his table and shared his hospitality, went to Brussels, and with great pains and expense obtained a warrant to apprehend Tyndale for heresy. To execute it, he brought back with him the procurer-general and his officials, such being the popularity of Tyndale, that he would not venture to trust the officers of Antwerp. He detained these persons in the city until Pointz, on some call of business had left it, and then repairing to his dwelling, Tyndale invited him to go and dine with him at the house of one of his friends, assuring him of a hearty welcome. The miscreant next, under a pretence of having lost his purse, borrowed of his too credulous victim all his money. In passing through the narrow entry of the hotel, Phillips, with apparent courtesy, insisted on Tyndale going first; who being much shorter than himself, he, by pointing down upon him, when they came to the door, gave the signal to the officers who had been there secreted. He was immediately seized, together with all his books and papers, and in this pennyless condition conveyed to prison at Vilvoord, a village at the ford between Brussels and Malines, on the road to Antwerp."—pp. 75, 76.

The most zealous and unremitting efforts were made by the English merchants, and especially by Pointz, to rescue their beloved pastor, which are recorded circumstantially in the Memoir; but all in vain. The narrative then proceeds:

"Tyndale's imprisonment lasted nearly two years. The interval was diligently bestowed upon his great business of extending the influence of true and pure religion. He had the address, or the happiness,—another still more unsuspecting testimony, perhaps, to his personal qualities—to obtain whatever indulgences a prisoner could look for: at any rate, enough for him, though with his hands thus bound, to enter the lists with the professors at the neighboring university at Louvain. Here, too, he redeemed his pledge given to the priest in Gloucestershire so many years before, and which the reader has not forgotten, that

the ploughboys should have the New Testament to read. In 1535, was printed a very curious edition of Tyndale's version. In this he imitated the plan of Luther, who published the New Testament in three different dialects of Germany. Following this plan, he printed the revised version of the preceding year in a provincial orthography, probably that of his native county; peculiarly adapted to agricultural laborers. To this book was added the heads of chapters, as there is reason to conclude, for the first time.

"His invaluable life was now drawing to a close; which had been so far shaded by the circumstances in which his lot was cast, that to its natural termination he might well have been reconciled, though premature. The formalities of a trial were gone through, and he was condemned by virtue of a decree made at Augsburg against what was called heresy. In September, 1536, he suffered the dreadful sentence, of which the horror is in some measure softened by knowing that it was prefaced by the act of strangling. In that appalling moment, he exhibited the firmness and resignation only to be found in the certain confidence of having his portion with those 'shining ones,' in Bunyan's phrase, who had 'come out of great tribulation,' and who had

for Jesus' sake,
writhed on the rack, or blackened at the stake.

With the dread preparations of death and burning around him and in view, his last thoughts were turned upon the welfare of the country which had driven him forth a fugitive, and his dying voice was that of intercession for his royal persecutor. **LORD, OPEN THE KING OF ENGLAND'S EYES,** were his well-known words at the stake." — pp. 78, 79.

Thus fell one of the earliest, most enlightened, and most single-minded of the English martyrs to the Reformation. His biographer notices the singular coincidence, that the prayer which was upon his lips when he died was almost immediately fulfilled. Henry assumed the title of Head of the Church of England, in the presence of his whole court, January 18, 1535. Sir Thomas More, the able and indefatigable opponent of Tyndale, was beheaded on Tower-Hill, on the fifth of July following; the first edition of Coverdale's Bible was also published this year; and in 1536, the same in which Tyndale suffered, royal injunctions were issued, ordering that a copy of the whole Bible should be placed in every church for the free use of the people. In this year, too, according to Mr. Offor, were published seven or eight editions of the New Testament

in English, one a peculiarly beautiful specimen of black letter typography, executed probably at Paris. Only one of these editions is noticed by Lewis, and only two of them are inserted in Bishop Newcome's catalogue. Again, he says: "The New Testament of this translation was most extensively multiplied. Twenty-three different editions are in my library, besides ten of Coverdale's translation, printed *during the same period*;" that is, as we understand him, between the years 1536, and 1543 when an act of parliament was passed, utterly interdicting Tyndale's version, and restricting the perusal of all others to certain privileged classes. Afterwards, in speaking of Tyndale's New Testament, in the list of that writer's works, he says: "Not less than eighty distinct editions were printed." On these statements Mr. Dabney comments as follows:

"Mr. Ofor, with strange and wild extravagance, affirms not less than fourscore editions of this Testament to have been printed; and elsewhere speaks of having in his own library *twenty-three* distinct editions! This is not the place, and as little is there room, to expose in detail the absurdity of such statements; his authorities for which, if he had any, nowhere appear. As to 'his own library' treasures, it is not so very easy to ascertain what are 'distinct editions' of antique English Bibles, (of all books,) nine-tenths of them having lost their title-pages. What alone seems to be sure is, that he had so many distinct *copies*. As to the other particular, it must suffice to reply, that Lewis (*History of English Biblical Translations*) and Bishop Wilson (*Ed. of the Bible 1785, 3 vols. 4to.*) — if there are better authorities, the present Editor never heard of them — in their complete Tabular Lists of the successive editions of the English Scriptures from 1526, to nearly the close of the last century, very nearly agree in the number assigned to Tyndale. That is, but little more than *twenty* (the pirated Dutch impressions and all); and it was issued, it would seem, for the last time, by Jugge, in 1566, 4to. Why did not Mr. Ofor, who has shown in some things such a love of *minutiae*, favor his readers with a like Table of these Tyndale impressions? Let the Editor mention but a single fact. When, in the fall of 1835, he projected the present Re-print, he was, after announcing it, utterly at a loss where, in the length and breadth of the land, to find a genuine, or more than one even, professed copy of Tyndale: — a very curious fact truly, as to a work of nearly an hundred impressions! But the Genevan Bible, first issued but little more than one generation after, and which was thought *to have singu-*

lar popularity in reaching THIRTY editions, is yet so common among us, that to the writer are known (who can doubt there are still more?) some twelve or fifteen copies within even the limits of the State." — p. 83.

We must think that these strictures are expressed somewhat unguardedly, especially as they depend, for the most part, for evidence of their correctness on a want of evidence to the contrary, — a want of evidence, too, which can be accounted for, to a certain extent, in other ways. The "Tabular Lists" by Bishop Newcome* and Bishop Wilson do not profess to be absolutely complete, and under the circumstances must be quite incomplete, being made up solely out of what the authors happened to know of copies still extant. It is not surprising that further researches should extend the list. And as for the circumstance of the present extreme rarity of Tyndale's New Testament, both in England and in this country, it is explained in some measure by the fact, that this version was never liked by the court party, and was entirely supplanted by the Geneva among the Puritans. Besides, it is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Ofor, with his antiquarian tastes and habits, could have confounded the meaning of "distinct editions" with that of "distinct copies." Still we strongly incline to Mr. Dabney's opinion, that he has considerably overstated the number of these editions; an error into which even accomplished antiquarians are liable to fall, not only from the defect of title-pages mentioned above, but also because very old copies are often made up, or eked out, by parts of several editions, so that as the entire copy differs from any other entire copy, it is apt to be set down as representing a distinct edition.

In collating for the present edition Mr. Dabney has used Thomas Matthew's Bible, fol. 1549; Taverner's, fol. 1551; Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, small 4to. 1541; the Geneva, 4to. 1579; and the Bishops', fol. 1575. For Coverdale's variations he has had to depend on the marginal readings in Bishop Wilson's Bible. Of the merits and characteristics of these different versions, or rather of these different revisions of Tyndale's version, we have written sufficiently at length in

* Not by Lewis, as Mr. Dabney intimates, though appended to the Third Edition of Lewis's Complete History of the Several Translations of the Holy Bible and New Testament into English, 1818, which probably led to the mistake.

another place;* and it greatly increases our confidence in the opinions there expressed, to find that they are concurred in substantially by the accomplished Editor of this work. In the "Historic Notices of the early Vernacular Versions," appended to the Memoir, he says:

"Boothroyd, an English Orthodox Dissenter of our time, in the Preface to his 'Family Bible,' a work of merit [3 vols. 4to.] gives indeed the first place to the Genevan, compared with its predecessors as well as its successors. After sketching its history, he adds, 'and produced, take it altogether, *the best English version that has yet appeared*. It is more literal than the like works of Tyndale and Coverdale; but not so absurdly literal as the Version in common use.' He goes on to say, that the passages are next to numberless in which, for *propriety, noble simplicity, and perspicuity*, the Received translation yields to that under review. The Editor—with the impression fresh on his mind, from the long process of collating the variety of Bibles embraced in the following work—cannot but feel that no *dictum* so sweeping ever contained less extravagance. He will venture to say further,—that of the very few among us, whose peculiar turn of mind and course of studies warrants them to speak to this point, and yet more, warrants them to be heard, he knows of no one who fails to coincide with the trans-atlantic testimonies already cited.

"These references as to *comparative merit* are not, it may be observed in passing, to be carried to the sole account, the exclusive honor of the Genevan. They have been occasionally expressed as to some of the other Bibles; by one authority among us, of high name and place, yet not to be cited here, it was said of the T. Matthew Bible. That superiority has indeed, for Tyndale, been claimed by many voices; and Geddes, among others of that opinion, extended the compliment, without any reserve, to all the ante-James translators. Adverting to a then recent article [1790] in that feeblest of journals, the *Monthly Review*, but (as regards the Public Version), strong in panegyric, he says,—'So far from admitting any such positions, I will venture to affirm, and that with fullest conviction, that James's translators have less merit *than any of their predecessors*, and that the version of Tyndale, revised by Coverdale, is a far juster representation of the Original.'"—pp. 94, 95.

In comparing with the text of this edition the marginal vari-

* Christian Examiner. Number for July, 1838. Vol. xiv. pp. 335—353.

ations, we are to bear in mind that they are not necessarily variations from Tyndale. Many of them, we have reason to believe, were made by Tyndale himself in his Revised Edition of 1534, from which they were copied by his successors. It would have been better if Mr. Dabney had noticed this in his "Tabular List of the distinctive expressions of Tyndale, as regards the later English Versions, of most common occurrence." They are sometimes probably the distinctive expressions of the *first edition* only of Tyndale. Also in comparing the text of this edition with that of the Common Version, it will be found that the difference is often rather apparent than real, growing out of a difference in orthography alone. Modernize this in Tyndale and in all the successive versions, as we have had occasion to intimate before, and they will then be seen, in long passages, to do little more than copy one another, word for word. For those who value a reprint like the present as an antiquarian curiosity, and also for some philological purposes, it is better that the old, barbarous, and unsystematic mode of spelling should be retained; but it is not to be disguised that for general reading the book is thus rendered much less available. In the Advertisement to the English edition, Mr. Bagster holds out the encouragement that Tyndale's Testament would soon be followed from his press by a reprint of the first English version from the originals of the entire Bible, by Bishop Coverdale, the loan of the Duke of Sussex's celebrated copy having been obtained already for the purpose. We hope that one impression at least of this Bible, or, which would be better still, of Matthew's Bible, will be given to the public, divested of its antiquated, uncouth, and utterly obsolete modes of orthography and punctuation, that no unnecessary obstacle may be in the way of its passing into general circulation. Even if in consequence of such a step, King James's Bible should be supplanted to a certain extent among all classes by one of the Ante-James versions, we suppose that the most inveterate of conservatives would not be likely to take much umbrage at the innovation, as it would consist in "advancing backwards."

We subjoin a few passages in which Tyndale's rendering is more just than the common translation.

"Acts vii. 59. *Common Version.* And they stoned Stephen, calling upon *God*, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

Tyndale. And they stoned Steven callynge on and saying. Lorde Jesu receave my sprete.

2 Timothy iii. 16. *Common Version.* All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

Tyndale. For all scripture geven by inspiracion of God, is profitable to teache, to improve, to informe and to instruct in rightewesnes.

Hebrews i. 8. *Common Version.* But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

Tyndale. But vnto the sonne he sayth: God thy seate shalbe for ever and ever.

Hebrews x. 38. *Common Version.* Now the just shall live by faith: but if *any man* draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.

Tyndale. But the iust shall live by fayth. And yf he with-drawe hym silfe, my soule shall have no pleasure in hym.

1 John iii. 16. *Common Version.* Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

Tyndale. Hereby perceave we love: for he gave his lyfe for us."

We also give Tyndale's rendering of the first five verses of the Gospel of John, which will be found to accord better with the Improved Version, and with Cappe's and Wakefield's, than with the Common Bible.

"In the begynnyng was that worde, and that worde was with god: and god was thatt worde. The same was in the begynnyng wyth god. All thynges were made by it, and with out it, was made noo thinge: that made was. In it was lyfe, And lyfe was the light of men, And the light shyneth in darcknes, and darcknes comprehended it not."

It is a singular fact, that Tyndale's style, especially in the use of particles, and the grammatical construction of sentences, generally offends less against modern usage, than that of King James's translators who wrote nearly a century afterwards; a circumstance attributable in part to the excess to which the latter carried their purpose to give a literal version. Thus in John vii. 49, the Common Version reads: "But this people, who knoweth not the law, are cursed." Tyndale renders it more grammatically: "butt the commen people whyche knowe not the lawe are a cursed." Also, as regards obsolete words, Acts xxi. 15, which reads in the Common Version, "And after those days we *took up our carriages*, and went up to Jerusalem," is thus given by Tyndale, "After those

dayes we *made oure silfes redy*, and went vp to Jerusalem." Cranmer and the Bishops' say, "*took up our burthens*;" the Genevan, "*trussed up our fardeles*." Some of Tyndale's renderings are not so happy. As was noticed above, he seats Death in the Revelation, vi. 8, not on a "pale" but on "a grene horsse." Again; in Luke ii. 13, instead of "the heavenly host," we have "hevenly sowdiers."

Tyndale appears to have depended on Erasmus's third edition, 1522, for the text of the original; in which from prudential considerations the spurious passage, 1 John v. 7, was inserted, though it had been left out in the two preceding editions. This circumstance, considered in connexion with the fact that the interpolated verse was also found in the Vulgate and in Wiclif, sufficiently accounts for Tyndale's giving it a place. It was likewise retained by Coverdale, Matthew, Cranmer, and Taverner, though printed within crotchets, or in a smaller type, to denote its doubtful authority, or probable spuriousness.

To advert again to the obligations under which the present Editor of Tyndale has laid the public, we are constrained to say that the preliminary matter is not so satisfactory as we are sure he might have made it. It would have been better, if Offor's memoir was to be given substantially, to give it just as it was; and better still, if, instead of adopting that memoir with but slight modifications, Mr. Dabney had prepared an original life of the martyr, and appended to it a more full and exact criticism on the merits of the version itself, compared with those that have succeeded it and been founded upon it. But as to the body of the work, which is the main thing, the judicious arrangement of the page, the care, fidelity, and good sense manifested in the selection of the various renderings in the margin, the easy and clear mode of reference by which the reader can bring together the collated passages, and the compactness and completeness of the whole, are worthy of all praise, and place the American edition, in every point of utility, incomparably above the English.

J. W.

ART. II. — 1. *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Effingham Wilson. 1830.

2. *Poems*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon. 1833.

ALFRED TENNYSON is a poet ; — at least was made for one. Yet he is scarcely known by name in this country. Our enterprising booksellers give us prompt republications of whatever trash is cried up in England ; but a real poet, until, like Coleridge and Wordsworth, he has risen to be one of the fixed stars, has about as much chance of present fame with us, as have Marryatt and Blessington of immortality. The poet speaks to the universal heart and soul of Man. He speaks the word which is eloquent always, which was true in the days of Homer, and is now, and will be ages hence. What he utters will not be lost. But *men* are dull of hearing what is spoken to Man. With them the heart and soul are asleep, and do not listen ; only the senses and self-interest are awake and watching ; and these, when the heart's heavenly visitants come, care not to announce them, scarcely deign to recognise them. Men, as they actually are, listen only to what flatters them, — what helps perpetuate their own vain illusion, that *their* view of life is the complete and true one, that the world is only what it is to *them*. The world is what we make it. Nature and life and history are all things to all men. At present nearly all men view them in the light of mere utility or agreeableness. Let a man talk skilfully of machinery, of fashions, of local interests and popular demi-gods, — let him cunningly combine pictures, not of the world, but of what men see of the world, and he will be heard, he will be popular, he will reign in the Lyceum and in print so long as this present phase of being lasts, — so long as mechanics are glorified above "soul-labor," utility above Beauty, and prudence above Love. The man of to-day is heard now ; but meanwhile Humanity is going forward, and the men of another age will perhaps respond to nothing of his. The word which is first caught up, first vanishes into air. It is but a *fashion* of speech which charmeth now. What pleases the eager ears of to-day's multitude shall be put off with their garments. But there are those who speak to the soul. They send their message far into the depths of the inner man, and must wait long till it return

answered. Yet let them not despair — they *will* be answered, as they have faithfully spoken. Their word will slowly work within men, and transform them into ready listeners, anticipating the word henceforth. Unpopularity and derision are the last things which should discourage an honest man in these days. These are almost the envied prerogatives of real men, the very ensigns of honorable martyrdom. The true man takes no offence at the sneers which first greet him; he “lets patience have her perfect work, till he is perfect and entire,” and so gradually wins all hearts, and soon finds that, whereas he relied on himself for all, the whole world come and volunteer to help him. He sets out to do his own work, and lo! the world are working for him.

But we do not speak to find fault with our age. Much less to imply that Alfred Tennyson is a Milton and a martyr; but only to show that, among swarms of lesser occupants of the world's favor, a good poet may be overlooked. For true poetry is not what most men are looking for, nor is any thing which is everlasting and universal, and which cannot be exclusive property of theirs. Therefore no wonder that our author is not known. Moreover he has been demolished for a time by the *Quarterly Review*. The review is witty, and really makes out an imposing case against him. The easy reader is so well satisfied with the humor of the thing, that he thinks not to inquire into the justice of the satire. It is easier to laugh, than to judge; and to have a witty reviewer do one's reading for one is a great gain. This satirizing propensity is sharpened by success; it is fond of tyrannizing, there is something so sweet in the conscious exercise of power; and, though it is not always honestly exercised, though it is often put forth to crush helpless innocence and blast the promise of young merit, yet will it repeat the experiment without remorse, knowing well that in the world's eye it atones for all by the amusement it creates. Thus the *Quarterly* took occasion to sing over our author the *palinode* of that deadly song, in which it had before triumphed over the unfortunate Keats. It had thought to have laid forever the shade of Keats some dozen years ago; but now must needs make war upon this new-risen modest bard, in whom it shrewdly affects to discover some lineaments of its old enemy. It treats him with unqualified ridicule; this is more than any man can in any circumstances deserve. With a great parade of fairness

it sets about what seems a thorough critical analysis of the poems, taking them up line by line, and showing what ludicrous constructions *can* be put upon them, with such a charming irony, that one forgets that they may be capable of any other. It finds much undoubtedly that is fair game. Our poet, though we call him a genius, has yet most of the faults of geniuses. With great sensibility, great impatience of conventional restraint, and all the restlessness of early aspiration, his independence oftentimes becomes oddity, his simplicity tameness, and his fervor drivelling extravagance. His fine ear, too, is dainty to a fault. Yet has he a spirit, we should think, to work itself clear of all this, and with its "native lustre unadorned," dazzle and repulse the fault-finding critic.

Tennyson has much to outgrow, much to acquire. If he have not fulfilled his calling, yet the specimens we shall exhibit show that he has a poet's faculty to answer for. To him has been given some of the true inspiration — to see nature transfigured and idealized, and find inexhaustible beauty and meaning in the vulgar and unobserved. From the everyday world of contradictions and deformities he aspires to a world of beauty and harmony. From a phenomenal world of business and of things he delights to return to the real world of thoughts and feelings and innate eternal instincts; from contracting, soul-starving artificial circles to get back to nature, and throw himself trustingly into her arms. His thoughts are original, if not new. He writes as he feels, without timidly, slavishly consulting the proprieties in every case. What his own heart tells him, that he knows *must* at length pass for something, though not now in the world's received catalogue of ideas. He feels the deep mystery of nature. What to most men is no strange thing, is to him a constant miracle. The world to him is more than what he sees. He describes minutely; but each minute figure in his pictures stands as the monument of dear, deep feelings on the fresh green of memory, whereby ever murmurs the mystic river of childhood's faith. With reverence he pronounces the common names of common things, as if the commonest were a sign of eternity. This we cannot but feel much of the time that we are with him. This is the true foundation of a poet. This is the poet's nature. Let him be true to these instincts, and universal consent will at length crown him poet. These tendencies we think we discern in him. Why then take advantage of

some vapid productions, in which his own soul seems not to have been present, to indulge a mischievous wit, caricaturing his best, and leaving a ridiculous halo about his name? The criticism of the satirist can never be depended upon; for he can ridicule the best poetry as easily as the worst. He writes, not so much to correct the faulty, or to warn back from the holy precincts of literature any who have blindly wandered too near, as that he may be called witty himself. The frank confessions of the poet are a noble voluntary exposure of himself to the easy misrepresentations of irresponsible wit. The poet speaks out his feelings; the satirist hides his. The poet must love and trust, or he dies; the satirical man of the world subsists upon denying. The poet generously commits himself; the critic coldly takes advantage of it, to show off his own shrewd style of sophistry, and tyrannize a little over one better than himself. For the present the man of the world has the better of him; but, in return, the poet's triumph will be forever. Poor indeed then must be the rhymester, who can materially suffer by being so exposed. If there be true life in his verses, he will outlive the temporary wrong, and come out the purer from the fiery trial.

The reviewer in *Blackwood's Magazine* treated Mr. Tennyson's first volume much more kindly and discriminatingly, making merry with its faults, but at the same time paying due reverence in it to the genuine poetic spirit, which always finds its way into the warm poet's heart of Christopher North. With his sanction we have no misgivings in introducing the poet to the American public. We do not feel called upon to drag to light his least successful attempts. It is enough that we acknowledge that too large a portion of these thin volumes is absolutely silly; fruit not worth the gathering. He seems often to have descended to the mechanical task of trying to make up something, which may look like the living product of some old remembered inspiration. He is not always true to himself. One day he feels all the poet within him, and another day, on the strength of that, writes, when the vision is past, and he is but a common mortal with the rest of us.

And yet even in these pieces we notice one excellence, which pervades every thing of his. They charm by their mellifluous sound. He has the true instinct of rhythm, that he cannot write unmusically. Now music, in itself, is expression; it is full of meaning, felt to the soul, though the soul can

give no definite account of it. It is vague and mysterious ; and yet it is something. The whole charm of many of the best ballads, in this or in any language, consists, so far as we can see, almost entirely in this. Goethe delighted in these fantastic nonsense verses ; and no reader escapes their magic power. Shall we, then, deny that there is any value in all that refuses to be reduced into sensible prose ? Is there nothing worthy conveyed into the mind through the subtle melody of mere verse ? Who shall say there is no meaning at all in this ?

“CLARIBEL—A MELODY.

“Where Claribel low lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose leaves fall ;
But the solemn oak tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low lieth.

“At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone ;
At noon the bee low hummeth
About the mossed headstone ;
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone ;
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear voiced mavis dwelleth,
The fledgling throistle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth,
Where Claribel low — lieth.”

Here is more than music to the ear. Observe here, as in all which we shall quote, the Wordsworthian truth and freshness of his diction — one sure sign, among others, of the poet's intimacy with Nature. There is a minute reality in his pictures of the outward world ; a dainty selection, as by the surest instinct, of the most delicate and significant features of nature. He has looked on her calmly, with an eye of his own, till all that is common place vanishes, and the thing appears as it *is*, with a renovated beauty, so perfect that the

heart is never weary of it. So vivid are his allusions to natural sights, that we know that all this is the poetry of experience;—it was lived first, and then written. This poet, we know, must have been an observer. He has the true insight, or *onsicht*, (*Anschauen*,) as the Germans call it. Hence the transparency of his style. Every phrase is genuine; it stands for something felt; it is frank and out-speaking, shunning neither homeliness nor strangeness, unlike the empty phrases which pass current often where poetry will not. Every word stands for a thing; remove a word, and you erase a feature. How often verbal descriptions are mere word-woven frames, into which we may put any picture we please!—for, in fact, the poet had no picture in his mind, but only strung particolored words together at a venture, trusting to some plastic, unifying power of the reader's own imagination for their effect. But here each word is one point in the very picture; we have not to ask what it *may* mean; we *see* the scene, and feel it, and do not have to make it ourselves. Often we are struck by the solid masonry of his language, every word substantial and well-set, and telling satisfactorily upon the ear and upon the mind;—massy forms, musically moulded together;—the strength combined with the sweetness of the German, and yet thoroughly English. Witness an instance:

“A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished brass,
I chose, whose ranged ramparts bright
From *great broad meadow-bases of deep grass*
Suddenly scaled the light.”

His descriptions of nature are minute without being tedious. Those few minute features he seizes, which imply the whole, which cannot be left out. No art could do this well. Nothing but genuine impressions of nature upon a heart, which truly *loves* nature, can enable one to paint her just image. Enthusiasm, after all, is the soul of knowledge and of art. He who has it not sees never more than the shadow of truth. But enthusiasm transforms and idealizes and exalts things *seen*, till they stand as types of the eternal *unseen*, which the heart has ever silently *believed*. Then the outward corresponds to the inward; experience interprets faith. Literal description is always false; for it cuts a thing out of its connexion, as if it were complete in itself, which nothing is. But to the true poet, the genuine lover of nature, every outward form stands

related to some inward feeling or thought. When he would utter himself, his joys, his sorrows, his longings, his hopes, nature supplies the words; what he has seen in his walks passes into his vocabulary, and comes up when a feeling must be uttered. Every image serves the poet's predominant mood; it is spiritualized into an ideal living form, the object of his present idolatry. Tennyson's minute fidelity to nature in all his descriptions, direct or allegorical, must have its origin in this. Some early affection, some passage in the heart's history has hallowed certain of nature's common sights and sounds to him; and these become ever after a language of the heart. Interpreted by this feeling, much of the apparently studied quaintness and homely simplicity of his pictures reveals itself in its true character, and interests us. All things in nature are beautiful, when once beautiful feelings have become associated with them; and without this there is no beauty. The mind and heart create the beauty they enjoy. Every thing is vulgar till we *know* it. But all which we have learned to truly *know*, that is, to *love*, shines evermore with the beauty of the stars. Our poet seems to have recognised this, or, what is still better, to have unconsciously practised it. Without stopping to inquire what might shock a conventional taste, he uses those images, and specifies all those little scenes and circumstances, which have become sacredly associated with the feelings in which he writes; and he shows more of the poet in uttering that feeling truly, than he would by any careful consideration of fitness according to received notions. Is the feeling genuine? If so, however strangely uttered, it appeals to all hearts, which prejudices have not locked. We have an illustration of this in the poem called "*The Miller's Daughter*," which has been ridiculed, perhaps, as much as any other. It is a love poem, of as much overstrained sentimentality, some will say, as the perfumed love ditties of Cowley. Yet we cannot help thinking, that the tenderness pervading it is genuine, and its simplicity not affected. The miller's daughter has become the wife, and the happy lover is recounting to her the scenes and circumstances of their first fond attachment, when he was an idle swain of high degree, the "son of the squire," and used to angle summer afternoons in her father's mill-pond. Take the first three stanzas for just description.

1.

"I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,
The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the moon in an ivy-tod.
He looked so jolly and so good,
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

2.

"I see the wealthy miller yet —
His double chin — his portly size ;
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes,
The slow wise smile, that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world ?

3.

"In yonder chair I see him sit —
Three fingers round the old silver cup :
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest — gray eyes *lit up*
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound and clear and whole,
His memory scarce makes me sad."

This is description such as only the memory of deep feelings can write ; listless observation does not so ponder a face, as to recall it in this way. Even the strange simile in the fourth line shows how the poet's verse catches some of the droll humor of the person described, and is very naturally betrayed into the grotesque. And here for an instant a shadow crosses those sunny recollections. The old miller is gone ! and they too must sooner or later think of death.

4.

"Yet fill my glass, — give me one kiss ;
My darling Alice, we must die.
There 's somewhat in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and by.

There's somewhat flows to us in life,
 But more is taken quite away.
 Pray, Alice, pray, my own sweet wife,
 That we may die the self-same day."

Then he goes on describing his father's mansion, and his own listless wanderings, only redeemed by his love of nature, dwelling dotingly upon each old familiar spot, till he comes to the mill.

8.

"How dear to me in youth, my love,
 Was every thing about the mill, —
 The black and silent pool above,
 The pool beneath that ne'er stood still,
 The mealsacks on the whitened floor,
 The dark round of the dripping wheel,
 The very air about the door
 Made misty with the floating meal!"

There as he lies "upon the slope so smooth and cool," angling in the stream, he catches the first glimpse of her, mirrored in the water, as she sits at her window above:

"With idle care,
 Down looking thro' the sedges rank,
 I saw your troubled image there.
*Upon the dark and dimpled beck
 It wandered like a floating light, &c.*

* * * *

13.

"That slope beneath the chesnut tall
 Is wooed with choicest breaths of air:
 Methinks that I could tell you all
 The cowslips and the king-cups there;
 Each coltsfoot down the grassy bent,
 Whose round leaves hold the gathered shower,
 Each quaintly-folded cuckoo pint,
 Each silver-paly cuckoo flower.

14.

"In rambling on the eastern wold,
 When thro' the showery April nights
 Their hueless crescent glimmered cold,
 From all the other village lights

I knew your taper far away.
 My heart was full of trembling hope,
 Down from the wold I came and lay
 Upon the dewy swarded slope.

* * * *

16.

" Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,
 And, in the pauses of the wind,
 Sometimes I heard you sing within,
 Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind.
 At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
 And all the casement darkened there.

17.

" I loved, but when I dared to speak
 My love, the lanes were white with May,
 Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
 Flushed like the coming of the day.
 Rose-cheekt, rose-lipt, half-sly, half-shy,
 You would, and would not, little one,
 Although I pleaded tenderly,
 And you and I were all alone."

Then he calls upon his Alice to repeat two little songs, which he had made for her at the time of their wedding. They are exquisitely musical, — rare products of the over-refined ingenuity of love. Yet they are delicate and true, — so delicately true, that they shiver and tremble in the cold daylight of criticism. *Serious* extravaganzas never please the common reader. Though they have their truth, as the feelings which dictate them, yet it is a question, as a matter of taste, whether they ought ever to be published. Our deepest feelings are naturally modest. They instinctively shrink from publicity. Lovers' fond parley is not for all ears. We pass by the songs, then, and give the last verses of the piece.

23.

" Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
 Round my true heart thine arms entwine,
 My other dearer life in life,
 Look thro' my very soul with thine,

Untouched with any shade of years,
 May those kind eyes forever dwell ;
 They have not shed a many tears,
 Dear eyes ! since first I knew them well.

24.

" I've half a mind to walk, my love,
 To the old mill across the wolds,
 For look ! the sunset from above
 Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
 And fires your narrow casement glass,
 Touching the sullen pool below.
 On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
 Is dry and dewless. Let us go."

In the same style of simple feeling are two exquisite little pieces called "*The May Queen*," and "*New Year's Eve*." The first is the mingled pride and joyousness of a young girl charging her mother to wake her early on the morrow which shall see her made Queen of the May. We extract a single verse of it.

IX.

" The nightwinds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
 There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of
 the May."

The other is pathetic, the more so from its sad contrast with the first. It is the dying song of the same to her mother. We regret that we cannot quote it all.

IV.

" There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high —
 I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

V.

" The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

"Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o' mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

* * * *

VIII.

"Ye 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And ye 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

IX.

"I have been wild and wayward, but ye 'll forgive me now ;
Ye 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow ;
Nay — nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
Ye should not fret for me, mother, ye have another child.

X.

"If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting place ;
Tho' ye 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
And be often, often with ye when ye think I 'm far away." &c.

Passing by a variety of pieces, all more or less interesting ; some pathetic ; some marvellous, as *Mermaids* and *Krakens* ; some of exquisite beauty of imagery, yet of most obscure meaning, as the "*Lady of Shalott* ;" some filled with the music of sweet recollections, as the "*Ode to Memory*," and the "*Arabian Nights*," we hasten to present a few things in his highest style. The "*Ballad of Oriana*" is thoroughly tragic, and moves our deepest sympathies. The struggle of a true heart with destiny, becoming the unconscious instrument of a dark deed, and in the depth of its own self-condemnation revealing its own immortal energies, was never more touchingly brought before us.

"THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana,
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
 Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
 Oriana.

“ Ere the light on dark was growing,
 Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
 Oriana,
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
 Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
 Oriana.

“ In the yew wood black as night,
 Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
 Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By starshine and by moonlight,
 Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
 Oriana.

“ She stood upon the castle wall, —
 Oriana ;
She watched my crest among them all,
 Oriana ;
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stepped a foeman tall,
 Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
 Oriana.

“ The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana ;
The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana ;
The damned arrow glanced aside
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

"O narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana,
Loud, loud rang out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana,
O! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle *deepened in its place*,
 Oriana,
But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

"They should have stabbed me where I lay,
 Oriana;
How could I rise and come away,
 Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
 Oriana;
They should have trode me into clay,
 Oriana.

"Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
 Oriana;
Oh! pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
 Oriana,
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
 Oriana;
What wantest thou? Whom dost thou seek,
 Oriana?

"I cry aloud; none hear my cries,
 Oriana.
Thou com'st atween me and the skies,
 Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart into my eyes,
 Oriana;
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
 Oriana!

"Oh! cursed hand! oh! cursed blow!
 Oriana!
Oh happy thou that liest low,
 Oriana!

*All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
 Oriana ;
A weary, weary way I go,
 Oriana.*

"When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana ;
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I *dare not die and come to thee*,
 Oriana,
I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana."

This is all but perfect. Why shall we not call it one of the best ballads in the English language? There is not a line or a phrase which we would willingly spare. In what bold relief he stands forth! what a holy calm invests him! It is the height of the passive heroic. We feel ennobled as we look upon him; our pity becomes reverence; for his anguish is not of time; it is the direct out-flashing of an immortal nature. We see him, the sublime sufferer, standing like another Laocoön, in his generous remorse forgetting to challenge Heaven for that justice which is his due. Most poetry is painting; but this is sculpture. Here painting has only lent the vague, gloomy, Ossian-like back ground. Singly he stands forth in front, while a mysterious light, we know not from what heavens, plays athwart his noble brow, and shows the dusky warrior transfigured. From the agony of that true heart flashes a ray, which cleaves the veil of the eternal world. In such suffering the soul discovers its own deep resources; it plants its foot upon the Rock of Ages. This is the poetry which inspires. It more than lulls the ear, and pleases the fancy; it shines in upon the deep obscure fountain of faith in our souls; it makes us feel the *necessity* of immortality. Why cannot our poet always write thus? Too often he is only out upon the rocks, hanging over some still scene in an exquisite æsthetic trance, or wandering by the river-side to cull nosegays, or hunting in the daintiest recesses of nature for choice images, wherewith to image forth some ideal mistress, — a holiday poet, beguiling listless hours, — amusing us as he

tells of these pretty adventures, and displaying all a poet's art in arranging his fantastic flower and shell-work. But why will he not put forth a poet's might, and work the miracle which he can? Why this idle dallying? Why will he not feel that there is something to *do*? What care we for his pretty fancies, which belong only to *him*, the individual, when he should be speaking out of the depth of the universal Spirit, and waking our own spirits within us? But we are anticipating our final judgment. At present we wish not to judge, but only to pass in review some of his most interesting productions.

The tragic, as seen in the above ballad, is not a common vein with our author. There is very little of action or event in his poetry. Human *will* plays little part in it. It is mostly calm, contemplative visions of beauty which he gives us. Perhaps the best of all his poems are a series of female portraits; a gallery of lovely ideals, which all but breathe from the canvass, but not quite. They fix the beholder in a trance, but address no active principle in his mind. Beautiful they are outwardly and morally. But then they are curious refinements of moral beauty; we cannot pronounce them

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

They are rare gleams of moral expression *arrested*, detained after the life has gone out of them. Such are his "*Isabel*," "*Eleanore*," "*Marianna*," and the following.

"ADELINE.

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair.
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?
Whence that airy bloom of thine,
Like a lily, which the sun
Looks through in his sad decline,
And a rose bush leans upon,

Thou that faintly smilest still,
 As a Naiad in a well
 Looking, at the set of day,
 On a phantom two hours old
 Of a maiden past away,
 Ere the placid lips be cold?
 Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
 Spiritual Adeline?

“What hope or fear or joy is thine?
 Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
 For sure thou art not all alone.
 Do beating hearts with salient springs
 Keep measure with thine own?
 Hast thou heard the butterflies
 What they say betwixt their wings?
 Or in stillest evenings
 With what voice the violet weos
 To his heart the silver dew?
 Or, when little airs arise,
 How the merry blue-bell rings
 To the mosses underneath?
 Hast thou looked upon the breath
 Of the lilies at sunrise?
 Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

“Some honey converse feeds thy mind.
 Some spirit of a crimson rose
 In love with thee forgets to close
 His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
 All night long on darkness blind.
 What aileth thee? Whom waitest thou
 With thy softened, shadowed brow,
 And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
 Thou faint smiler, Adeline?
 Lovest thou the doleful wind,
 When thou gazest at the skies?
 Doth the low-tongued Orient
 Wander from the side o' the morn
 Dripping with Sabæan spice
 On thy pillow, lowly bent,
 With melodious airs love-lorn,
 Breathing light against thy face,
 While his locks a-dropping, twined

Round thy neck in subtle ring,
 Make a carcanet of rays,
 And ye talk together still
 In the language wherewith spring
 Letters cowslips on the hill?
 Hence that look and smile of thine,
 Spiritual Adeline!"

This is a beautiful and pure conception. It is sensibility embodied; a fair spirit, so pure in herself, so partaking of the life which flows through all around her, so in harmony with the beauty of nature, that she is never alone. Heart, soul, and sense are always occupied like childhood's. Something whispers to her always; and her faint smile betrays her "honey converse" with unseen spirits; while the serious melancholy of her "dim looks" shows that her soul flutters as in the presence of the Infinite. She is indeed "*spiritual Adeline*." No one can fail to recognise the poet in this creation. Here are all things instinct with life, and a human soul in quick sympathy with all, tremulously alive to every faintest whisper. It is full, to be sure, of exquisite conceits of fancy; but it is fancy subserving a spiritual sentiment. Look now at another portrait.

"MARGARET.

"O sweet pale Margaret,
 O rare pale Margaret,
 What lit your eyes with tearful power,
 Like moonlight on a falling shower?
 Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
 Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
 Your melancholy, sweet and frail
 As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
 From the westward-winding flood,
 From the evening-lighted wood,
 From all things outward you have won
 A tearful grace, as though you stood
 Between the rainbow and the sun.
 The very smile before you speak,
 That dimples your transparent cheek,
 Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
 The senses with a still delight
 Of dainty sorrow without sound,
 Like the tender amber round,
 Which the moon about her spreadeth,
 Moving through a fleecy night.

" You love, remaining peacefully,
 To hear the murmur of the strife,
 But enter not the toil of life.
 Your spirit is the calmed sea,
 Laid by the tumult of the fight.
 You are the evening star, alway
 Remaining betwixt dark and bright;
Lulled echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
 Float by you on the verge of night.

* * * *

" A fairy shield your genius made
 And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
 You move not in such solitudes,
 You are not less divine,
 But more human in your moods,
 Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
 Your hair is darker, and your eyes
 Touched with a somewhat darker hue,
 And more aërially blue,
And ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-woeful sympathies." &c.

There is a sweet, sad beauty in "*Marianna in the South*,"
 so too in the lament of "*Enone*." This is a tale of classic
 lore. The love-lorn maid pours forth her complaint against
 her false Paris to the guardian Deity of Mt. Ida, in a sort of
 Idyll, in which the invocation, "*Dear mother Ida, hearken*
ere I die," recurs constantly as the burthen of her song. It
 is natural, and conceived in the spirit of the classic mythology.
 In despair at her earthly disappointment, with no inward
 source of consolation, yet her heart *must* have sympathy, and
 betakes itself to the hills and groves; for they at least are
 patient listeners.

Other more sparkling and dancing figures relieve this series
 of dim and dreamy portraits. "*Rosalind*" and "*Kate*" are
 of the gayest and the boldest. But even these are as shadowy
 and unreal as the rest. They flicker and dance upon the
 wall, as dazzling jack-a-lanterns cast from troubled waters in
 the sun.

Many more things we would notice, but for want of room. And now what shall we say of Alfred Tennyson?

His great excellencies, remarkable everywhere, are: sweetness; freshness of diction; truth of description; a power of steadily beholding and reflecting images—of always seizing the unity of an object—collecting all its rays into a focus, so as to present it to us simple and whole; a nicest sense of beauty; and a power to arrest and embody the most delicate and evanescent emotions of the heart. So should a poet be organized. Without such a system no poet can work. He must have nerves the finest strung, curiosity inexhaustible, observation and fancy ever on the alert.

But this rare poet's *organization* of his, is it informed with the true poet's *spirit*? With this exquisite eye for nature and this keen relish of her, is he permitted to know the depths of nature? Has he been baptized into the mysteries of the inward life? Does he commune with the *soul* of things? Does he live in the life of things? Does he feel with the eternal *heart* of humanity, so that, when he speaks, it is as the echo of our own souls, "deep calling unto deep?" Or is he but a butterfly flitting over the surface; all sense, with neither feeling nor faith? What he speaks, is it true always, or only once? Does he utter what is in *all* men, or only the one mood of *one* man? Is he prophet-eyed? Is it a beatific vision of man's destiny, which sheds this serene stillness over his soul? The constant smiles with which he looks at beauty, are they to us smiles of promise? Does he turn round to us as a brother, beckoning us to the glories which await *us* also? Or is he only revelling in the bliss of his own happy temperament? Does he fulfill a poet's mission to his age, inspired and inspiring, cherishing in men's hearts the divine idea of a man?

We cannot deny him all this; and can only ascribe it to him faintly. Poet he is by nature. Such a sense of beauty, such a devotion to it, such a power to create it, and clothe with it the dull forms of life, could not well exist without a large heart, and some discernment of the spiritual. He, who can so weave an ideal world around him, who can so rise above material necessity, that, let what will be the actual aspect of things, he still has his feast of beauty, must have felt the superiority of spirit over matter. Moreover, such steady contemplation of the outward could not but let him into the

life of things. Man cannot look long with his eyes, before his heart will be moved. God is not concealed by his works. He that looks upon them, until he sees their beauty and how all together harmonize, cannot but feel the one Spirit working in all. Strike down wherever he will, if he sound but deep enough, he must come to living waters. And then his heart will glow, his knees will bend in reverence, and when he rises, it will be to look and speak prophetic things. We repeat, then, that Tennyson has a poet's nature to answer for.

But we cannot think him true to himself. Taking his poetry together, we must own that it does not often inspire us. He has sought out for us the loveliest; but we fear he has too much of the *amateur*, and not enough of the *lover*. He abstracts himself too much from man. He has cultivated the ideal side of his nature to excess, and so almost forfeited his right to human society. Dearly he loves to look at things; he finds a beauty in all; but then all he cares to see is their shadows in the magic mirror that hangs before him. He claps his hands in glad surprise as each still form of life passes over the mirror, but he will not turn round and shake hands with the reality. There is nothing which he so shuns as *life*. He seeks repose — not always the repose of harmonious action, but sometimes of absolute suspension of the vital functions. He converts life into an æsthetic feast; he would fain lull the universe to sleep, that he may look at it, without having to *do* with it. He will not himself circulate with the current of universal being, but would lift himself out of it and look on. This is effectually shutting himself out from human sympathies. Many of his most finished and beautiful poems, so far as sound and image are concerned, yet make no appeal to any active sentiment within us. They shine for nothing — insulated as in a vacuum. Such are "*The Lotos Eaters*," "*The Hesperides*," "*The Dream of Fair Women*," and others. It may be supposed that he would fail in a patriotic song. Several which he has given us are mere sound without meaning. And an indignant sonnet to Napoleon rebukes him, not in the name of outraged humanity, but of mere vulgar English pride.

He is a dainty, contemplative, curious poet. Active enthusiasm he has almost none. He does not excite, nor get excited. The sphere of active interests, the momentous struggles of great principles, the tragic situations of the human heart he avoids. He seeks to *unrealize* things and view them

as phantoms. Thus his female creations, we have said, are as lovely as angels, but they scarcely *live*; they are shadows. His Claribel lives only in the watchful care of the elements, the leaves, the waters, and the stars, about her grave. The most warm and lovely of all these ideal beings, his "*Sleeping Beauty*," is doomed to eternal slumber.

"Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light."

* * * *

"She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

The great fault then with Tennyson is that he has sacrificed too much to beauty. The best will always be beautiful; but beauty is not always to be directly sought, any more than pleasure. It does not come at our calling; it surprises us. He finds himself most blessed with it, who, without seeking it, *acts* according to the noblest impulse. But the exclusive pursuit of beauty becomes idolatry. Tennyson seems to be conscious of this. One of his longest poems, "*The Palace of Art*," is an allegorical history of a mind entirely, selfishly devoted to beauty. The Poem itself is dull, and overwrought in some passages, till it is reduced to metaphysical abstractions, the very opposite of poetry. But the idea of the piece, as described in some prefatory lines, is worth any one's serious study. He calls his hero

"A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love beauty only, (beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind,)
And knowledge for its beauty; or if good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out by Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness."

Such a "glorious devil" it were not worth while to become, even to enjoy as many Elysian trances, and be the same sweet singer, as Alfred Tennyson. But his seems a spirit pure as yet, only given too much to mere æsthetic enjoyment. What he has yet done is not worthy of himself. Let us hope for better things.

J. S. D.

ART. III.—*The Ends of a Business Life.*

THE past summer has been one of great commercial distress. This distress was brought on by many causes, among which speculation stood eminent. It may be well, then, at this time, to look at the moral bearings of speculation and business.

In all business transactions there is more or less of risk, more or less calculation of the probable turn of the market, and, of course, more or less speculation. This makes it impossible to draw a clear line between regular commercial operations, and speculative ones. If we say that these last are gambling in their nature, meaning thereby, that their results depend on chances of which we can know nothing, we exclude most of the transactions called by the world speculative, for it is rarely the case that all in them is as uncertain as the turning of the dice in our favor; and if we do not use terms thus, who shall say what amount of probabilities takes an operation out of the class of speculations, and makes it one of regular business?

But the sense in which we shall use the term speculation, and to which we wish it were confined, is easily given:—we mean by it, an operation which produces upon the operator the same effects that gambling produces on the gamester.

The chief evils of gaming are these:

It unsettles the mind; produces an excitement that interferes with regular duties, habits, and labors; and destroys the zest of common and wholesome excitements. It causes an undue love of acquisition as an end, and leads men to drop higher pursuits. It sooner or later tempts men to risk all they

have, and thereby endangers poverty and suffering, whence come anxiety, despair, idleness, and gross crime.

Now any one acquainted with the business world knows, that while some operations cause none of these effects, others produce one or all of them; and, that while this man is affected like the gambler by a particular transaction, his neighbor is nowise harmed. We make the essence of speculation, therefore, to lie not in the nature of the transaction, but in the influence it exerts. "What is one man's food is another's poison." To purchase a section in Illinois neither excites nor otherwise injures the man that dwells by it; but to buy the very next one may be the moral and worldly ruin of the Wall Street small capitalist, who knows nothing of what he is buying, but hopes through it to make his million. To say that speculation, in this sense, is of evil influence, is but repetition; and to say that it must be the duty of all to avoid it, is to start no new dogma in ethics. As to what is speculation each must judge for himself; but whenever he finds effects like those above described following his business, he may rest assured that wisdom bids him turn to other courses. This country, at this time, to go no further, is filled with men engaged in transactions which produce the worst spiritual evils of gaming; and it is to be feared that when the present pressure ceases, thousands more will rush to speculation to regain what they have lost. The present subject, then, is one of deep interest to all that care for the spiritual well-being of their fellows. Our clergy, and lay moralists should wake to a full sense of this evil, which, more subtle and wide-spread than intemperance, is chilling and withering the best affections and energies of millions among us. Let any one that has watched its course, either among the sugar and pork speculators of our wharves, or the Mississippi and Wisconsin land dealers of the West and South-West speak, and he will tell you that even political and literary ambition yield to this more potent spirit, fallen angels as they are, all three. He will tell you that the love of self-improvement and disinterested effort, which lived in the breast of many a man before he stepped within the charmed circle, has been frozen into a love of self-aggrandizement; and that the hope of aiding others, to which, at first, the desire for wealth clung for support, has now, like the oak in the folds of the ivy, lost its beauty and power, and pains the eye with the mockery of life. Let any man

look round upon his friends, and note how many have been injured by their ventures in trade, whether called or not called speculations, and he will see how wide-spread must be the spiritual evil that will threaten, if it do not overwhelm a commercial people.

But all these things are known by every one ; and who is not ready to declaim against the evils of speculation ? Yet, while thus forward to condemn this monster, few think why it is that he deserves condemnation ; and the consequence is that thousands are engaged in transactions which do them all the spiritual harm of speculation, nor yet dream that they are in danger. It is to this that we would call attention ; to the false views of business, and to the almost total forgetfulness of the real ends for which men were so placed, as to make a business life the inevitable lot of so large a number.

Such a life, properly used, offers more opportunities for spiritual growth, and the exercise of the best faculties and powers than almost any life that man can lead. But it is not, by most, so regarded ; professional and literary men, especially, are apt to underrate business talents, and to regard the merchant or tradesman as a worldly drudge, whose vision is, by his occupation, limited to this little island of time. But however true this may be of most business men, it is, by no means, the necessary result of their position, and it is not, probably, more true of them as a body, than of lawyers, doctors, writers, and idlers.

The complete man should be energetic, efficient, bold, decided ; and where can we become so more readily than in the bustle and rush of commercial life ? We are too apt to retire in disgust from the very course which duty would bid us pursue. Our tastes, we say, are averse to law, physic, or business, and so we turn from them ; but our tastes are thus averse because we have not the habits, qualities, and energies that these things demand, and this should lead us to seek, not shun them. As well might the mathematical scholar read Shakespeare instead of Euclid because it suits his taste better, as the seeker for perfection turn to that which he likes, rather than that which will develop the powers that yet sleep within him. Few even in theory, very few, in practice, take as their guide that which was the beginning and sum of Christ's teaching, "Be ye perfect even as God is perfect" ; a saying which at once teaches the God-tending nature of man, and

the only end of life, which is not also a mean. The timid, shiftless, inefficient student, whose life is given to books and thought, very likely has never dreamed that in shrinking from every form of active business, he commits sin. He has not considered that courage, energy, decision are qualities of a divine nature ; so divine that their presence makes even Satan godlike, and that if he would aim at the perfection of his Father, he must gain these things. It is very hard for him to realize that the tradesman plodding in search of money, and the mechanic toiling for his bread, may be doing more wisely and rising heaven-ward more rapidly, than he with his Arabic, his Astronomy, his Theology even. Neither does the merchant easily realize these truths ; he does not often recognise the dignity of his calling, its power, or its responsibility. He is too apt to go forward with his eyes fixed on the will-o'-wisp of the earth, fortune, influence on 'change, momentary power, rather than with them raised to the Star of Bethlehem, which can alone lead him aright ; and so he sinks into rank worldliness, wild speculation, and loses even the power of seeing heaven and its ever-burning fires.

It is needless to hint how vast would be the change, if those views of life and business, which we have referred to, were held and acted upon by even a respectable minority of prominent men. Few seek wealth as giving physical enjoyments ; as it has been expressed, few would toil for a fortune, or have the care of a fortune when gained, for the board and lodging it would give them ; it is the love of influence, the thirst for power, exercised or acknowledged, that causes the struggle for money ; it is one of the many forms taken by the universal instinct that marks man, the instinct for preëminence of will, for power ; the instinct to become like to the Almighty. This instinct, this longing, lies at the root of all hopes, plans, and labors that look to a future, either on earth, or beyond ; in the ambition of a Napoleon and Wolsey, it works blindly and toward a wrong point, and finds not what it seeks ; in the love of fame that urges on a Byron or Bulwer, it is the same instinct with its face still earthward, seeking in notoriety the evidence of power, and finding it, when gained, worthless ; and it is this misled instinct that makes the mass thirst for wealth, which, like every other false object of its pursuit, is found false as soon as possessed. But were this instinct guided aright, and made, as it may be, the spring of high aims, pure

actions, and a Christian life ; were it directed to seek the only power that can satisfy it, moral power, the power of faith, hope, purity, and love, how would the whole world change ! That which now spurs men on to gain the empty influence of political place or popularity, which to-day is, and to-morrow is gone, would then prompt every effort to reach that perfection which should enable us to rule worlds, or systems of worlds, and that not for a year or a life, but for ages, for an eternity, growing ever more Godlike, and therefore ever more mighty.

To become thus Godlike is the ambition of the Christian. That thirst, which is not quenched by knowledge, or political influence, or intellectual superiority, or the might of gold — yields to the well of water of which Jesus spoke to the woman of Samaria, which “springeth up into everlasting life.”

To him that sees and feels all this — to him that lives for a future of endless moral and intellectual growth — to the Christian — a life of active business is of infinite value. Too often those, who in other points are best fitted to go forward toward perfection, are wanting in those powers of action, combination, presence of mind, and concentration of energies, which mark all those mere mortals who nearest approach perfection — Howard, Washington, Jay, Oberlin, and many of the Jesuit missionaries. Take from these men the qualities to which we have referred, and there would be left but fragments of what they were — pieces of men. And in our great Exemplar, who can fail to see that these powers were all present, though ever under the guidance of higher principles and unimaginable wisdom ? Too often we forget this ; in his love, kindness, gentleness, and humility, we lose sight of that calm decision and efficiency, which went straight on through contempt, hatred, disregard, persecution, and death, ever adopting, and unweariedly pursuing means fitted to bring about the end in view ; and so we forget the importance of these qualities to the Christian character, and despise and shun those lines of life which best develope them.

We have spoken of the moral importance and dignity of a business life in one point of view only ; but there are many others. The visible antagonism of worldly and spiritual pursuits is a great safeguard against that worst form of self-deception, which is so common among men whose profession is of a less earthy outside than business ; that self-deception which

makes them think they serve God, when it is Mammon or Lucifer that they, in truth, bow to; that self-deception which inspires many a clergyman in his ear-taking harangue, which wakes many a moralist to his fame-seeking toil, and leads thousands to acts of charity "that they may have glory of men." The active man of the world, whose occupations are all dragging him earth-ward, may and must, if he think, be led the more strongly to struggle heaven-ward; though he must, perforce, turn his eyes from the sky, the very dust may, if he will, become a mirror in which to see his home and his father; he may, if he will, command that the stones be made bread, such is the miraculous power of spiritual energy.

But we need not detail those powers to which an active life gives scope and exercise, nor dwell on the too common selfishness and pettishness of those otherwise noble spirits that dwell too much alone. The difficulty is not that men are unable to see the spiritual education given by a business life, but they are unapt to look at that life as connected, naturally, with spiritual matters at all; whereas, to us, a full perception of this connexion is the ground of morals as applied to the mass of men. It is not true that the student only can have it ever before him, that time and earth are but perishable planks on which we float to the firm land. Every man may make this truth his guide in life. The merchant may as certainly look forward to futurity, and act upon a faith therein, as base his operations of to-day upon the probable markets of a year hence. But even those that see clearly the value and purpose of the lives, which so many lead, do not realize that they are as much bound to pursue the spiritual ends of their mission and devote themselves thereto, as the minister is bound to toil in his vocation. When the professed servant of God swerves from the path, a world cry "shame"; but does his profession add any real force to the high duties imposed on him at birth, or is its only purpose to show his sense of those duties? And we are all called to do God service as truly and as unceasingly as he is, and if we fail, our shame and our fall is as great as his. The merchant that gives all his thoughts to gathering wealth and influence; the lawyer or physician that seeks but worldly standing; the statesman who looks not beyond political economy, the present age, and the interests of time, all not only err, but, if they recognise the truths taught by Jesus, are as impious and shameless as the ordained preacher that

steeps his body in sensuality, or his soul in selfishness. Were this felt, many a bold heart would grow sick with horror; for thousands, who shudder at the thought of rank worldliness or vice in the open professor of Christianity, never dream that they, in so far as they see and do not come up to the standard of Jesus, are, in the eye of God, as sacrilegious as the forsworn priest. They have a vague idea that the service of God may be, or not be, assumed, like that of an earthly king, and shun the sacrament, and sometimes prayer itself, lest it be interpreted into taking the oath of allegiance. They do not see that every man is born the servant of Christ, and is bound to obey all that he knows of his Lord's law, whether he will or not; that he may as well hope to escape the law of gravitation by failing to acknowledge it.

After expressing such views of the purposes of a business life, and the obligations to keep those purposes in view, we need say nothing more of speculation, as we have defined it, nor use any argument to prove that thousands are engaged in transactions which exert all or many of the worst spiritual effects of speculation, though not so called by the world. The sudden accumulation of wealth by any means is apt to bring about at least one great evil, the subjection of all other passions and pursuits to the worship of Mammon. He that gains sudden wealth has Aladdin's lamp put into his hand, and it must be a strong spirit that the Genii will serve, and ask no service in return.

To him that has used business as one mean of spiritual exercise, times like the present are not what they are to others; he has disarmed misfortune. Over his ships and his goods he had no certain rule, and feeling that, he ruled what was wholly within his grasp, and the only thing that was so—his own heart. Behold the end! while others have failed, he has succeeded; the storm, or the earthquake, or political revolution has swept the wealth of all away, but that for which he labored, no storm nor government can touch; his mean is lost, his end is attained. Every great commercial earthquake shows us a few such men. One such is worth a library of writings toward proving to the souls, not the intellects, of men, that great truth, that life need not be a shadow, nor any pursuit a shadow; "for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

ART. IV.—1. *The Prose Works of CHARLES LAMB*, in three volumes, 12mo. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1836.

2. *The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life*, by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. In two volumes, 12mo. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1837.

SOME years ago we took up a volume of *Elia*, and, having glanced over a page or two, laid it down with a mental ejaculation at the artificial taste of the times. We recollect thinking (the truth will out to our shame) that, in the article of wit, our American periodicals had furnished as good and even better. And so we "went on our way, light of heart," indifferent and contemptuous towards Charles Lamb, only compassionating his admirers as they now and then crossed our path. But Hazlitt's "*Spirit of the Age*" brought us light and a better mind. In that brilliant work we found the author of *Elia* represented as so unquestionable a classic, his claims to an enduring fame were so set down as beyond all controversy, that grace was given us and opportunity to revise our impressions. It is hardly necessary to say, a becoming change was wrought in us.

We should reluct at this confession, had not the shame of our early judgment vanished in thankfulness for the rich enjoyment the writings of Charles Lamb have brought us acquainted with. We are indebted to him for a new sense of the pleasures of reading. He has made us doubt sometimes whether we ever really read before. Certain it is that we should but dimly understand the regret he expresses at the prospect of exchanging hereafter "this familiar process of reading for some awkward experiment of intuition," were it not for his own delightful works.

We make our confession the more readily because we know that others, and persons of undisputed taste, will own to a like experience. And our case may edify. What Hazlitt did for us, perhaps, through a bountiful providence, we may do for some other. When we fail to be pleased or instructed, it is not to be questioned that matter of objection exists somewhere. But it is a question to be asked whether the fault be not in ourselves. "It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye."

The reviewer usually wears, in reference to his author or his book, the air of a maker and a god. He analyzes and dissects with so familiar a hand, as to insinuate the impression that he has always been in the secret, and that here is a writer who might do as well as the best, would he only try. He contrives somehow to rise above his author—to belittle him in some way. We are not qualified in any case, certainly not in the present, to take any such stand; and why should we pretend? We fancy ourselves to belong to that "order of imperfect intellects, suggestive rather than comprehensive," which Lamb has described with his matchless felicity, and in which he has (few could better afford it, by the way) ranked himself. We are seldom able to master whole ideas. "Our intellectual wardrobe," like his, "has few whole pieces in it." But then his fragments were of royal apparel, curiously gemmed. "Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system is the utmost we pretend to." "We seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. We delight to impart our defective discoveries as they rise, without waiting for their full development." Few subjects "present a full front to us—a feature or sideface at the most." Incapable of judging "systemwise" of things, we shall not undertake a portrait of Charles Lamb, but merely point here and there in his writings with the hope of causing them to be more thoroughly read, and attracting to these treasures a stray reader or two hitherto unacquainted with them.

No one has ever read Lamb, if he has not learned to love him with all his heart. His works become to us living friends. We love them as he loved "The Complete Angler." They have wrought on us like living features and audible tones. They almost supply the place of the "recognizable face, the sweet assurance of a look." And it is hard to place ourselves at a distance from them, where we may calmly view their parts and take their measure. We would fain avoid the homely phrase, but Elia is one of our hobbies. We say one, for we keep a stud. And we can never stand by, like a stranger, to scan their graces. We must mount and ride. Of course the chance is, that, lost in the pleasure, forgetting the lookers-on, we only expose our own ungracefulness and bring our favorites no increase of reputation. We must cease to be moved, before we can tell coherently what it is that affects us.

When Charles Lamb wrote his dissertation on the "*Princeps Obsoniorum*," it was the cool season of retrospection, not the hour of fruition. We still read Elia as we ought to read our Bible, and have as little inclination as ability for criticism. Our sight is never very keen nor comprehensive; and when we are moved by gladness as well as by grief, we can scarcely see at all for tears. We wholly decline the office of an impartial reviewer. We shall speak in praise of Charles Lamb, not that he needs it, but we can do nothing else; and perhaps we shall only show the warmth of our admiration, and put the sympathy of our readers to the trial.

Elia refreshes our whole man. We read it not for the style, all but faultless, not for the sentiment, humor, or pathos, not for the manly thought, the genuine philosophy, the moral sense, wonderfully delicate and true, not for the admirable criticism, but for all these richly intermingled. Lamb is generally regarded as one of a school or clique, and yet if there is a writer who is himself and no other, it is he. Conceits he has in abundance; but then they are honest, natural parts of the man, alive with his own spirit, oftentimes more quaint in the expression than odd in the essence, and a conceit which is genuine has a relish to which the most approved common-places can make no pretence. However peculiar, he is always human, and of course sure in the end of the sympathy of a healthy reader. The Prince of Essayists, he has above all his order "planted a fixed foot" among our home affections. Like his favorite "delicacy," "he is good throughout. He helpeth all round. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare." But we must try and be more specific.

We love Elia, then, for his rare sympathy with childhood. We speak considerably. Our ears are not closed to the thousand beautiful things said and sung of the glory of life's first dawn. The world hardly contains the books that are written for children and about them. The sketch-book and all albums are fresh in our remembrance. So fashionable a theme has childhood been of late, that it is almost as much as one's character is worth not to be a caresser of babes. Still we say, Charles Lamb was rarely constituted in this particular. For there is no concealing that much of the feeling and the praise lavished upon childhood is the sickliest sensibility, the merest affectation. We forget not what sacred

authority there is for regarding the young with a feeling almost of awe. And well too hath the poet said,

“—— the heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could we but teach the hundredth part
Of what from them we learn.”

Too much, we are wont to feel, cannot be said, for truth, of their loveliness. But a great deal more may be said and is said than is unaffectedly felt. The self-compliment implied in much of this sensibility for “the childlike” is a little too bare. It is not so easy to sympathize truly with children as seems to be supposed. The feelings of childhood must be fresh in us to recognize its real attractions, consisting in something beyond personal beauty, bright eyes and golden locks, and yet not by any means in absolute freedom from moral blemishes. We must retain those native tastes which very rarely survive, in any strength, “the decay of the first innocence.” So, with no inclination to censoriousness, we cannot help thinking that there is a superfluity of cant about childhood, and that genuine congeniality with the young is about as rare as fervent charity for the old. The world sympathizes with neither, overmuch.

By numbers imperfectly acquainted with Lamb, we shall be thought to prefer a doubtful claim in his behalf. The very names of Lamb, Wordsworth, and others, suggest to many persons a class of writers, remarkable for little else besides affected puerilities. They are set down by the good old readers, with whom Pope’s *Essay on Man* is the first of poems and the last, as a school, naturally produced by the recent and feverish revulsions of the public taste, the lake school contrasted with the Satanic, the mincers succeeding the mouthers. That there has been a violent swinging to and fro, all may see. The thirst for extravagance and monstrosity, to which such actors as Napoleon and such writers as Byron ministered, was in the course of things to be followed by an opposite extreme, and this speedily. When men had been trying to thunder with the gods, it is no marvel that, when they grew tired, they should take to prattling like babes and sucklings. But readers as well as writers have been involved in the general perversion of sentiment, and are equally unqualified for sound discernment. So that on all hands, natural feeling is likely to be confounded with its numerous counter-

feits. Even the admirers of Lamb do not always do him justice. In a recent English Review, not designed to derogate from his merits, we are told that "he never grew up to adolescence," that "in all he has done there is a lisp and prattle," as if his utterances were incoherent and little. And yet in the same breath, completeness is represented as the characteristic of all his performances. The fact is, his childishness, as it is called, was not only consistent with—it fostered a remarkable manliness of thought. The child was father of the man, and a hearty man too, both morally and intellectually. The early impressions which he retained so vividly inspired his manhood, and he had the gift of describing them with a wonderful distinctness and force of phrase.

The trait of which we speak appears most strikingly, not in the passages where childhood is his theme, but where he gives himself up to those impressions of infancy, which, as he says, "had burnt into him," and which he delights to revive, not to gain favor with children, or to attract infant readers, but simply because they come over him with a power not to be put by. And he would still have given them utterance "had childhood died and the world all grown up." He was no indiscriminate fonder of children. He would not suffer a friend's offspring to claim a place in his favor under cover of "Love me, love my dog." He hides not his dislike of "the things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play—too raw for conversation, that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance." He is free to declare that even "a child, that plaything of an hour, tires *always*." He loves to hear the sound of children playing at a distance, while he is at his desk. "It is like writing to music."¹ But then he does not hold that his character for amiability is concerned to rush into every group of little ones. "He would but spoil their sport, and diminish his own sympathy for them by mingling in their pastime." He professes himself nice to fastidiousness in his women and children.

Still those first impressions haunt him like spirits, and enliven all his thinking, and suggest exquisite illustrations. By a single phrase, as with a magician's wand, he transforms us into children, and we tremble and glow again with young wonder, and superstition, and awe. In "witches and other night-fears," in which he glances into the very heart of our nature, he tells us how his infant mind was wrought upon by

that "detestable picture" of the witch of Endor in old Stack-house, and he makes no pretence. For from the feeling to which that print appealed, and which it aggravated, he draws the inspiration to portray in another essay the awful form of Thomas Coventry, whom he conjures up — whether out of the shadowy recollections or the creative depths of his own mind, or from both, we know not, perhaps he knew not himself; and we dwindle into children as with all a child's heart and eyes, but in no lisping, unmanly tones, he describes the Old Bencher, who stalks before us like "the old man covered with a mantle," making wherever he goes "a solitude of children who fly his insufferable presence as they would shun an *Elisha* bear." Again in "*Amicus Redivivus*," when G. D. walks into the river, and is in danger of drowning, and Elia has nothing but water in his head o' nights after the frightful accident, his dreams are "of Clarence, or of Christian beginning to sink and crying out to Hopeful 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all the waves go over me. *Selah.*'" The accident, we suppose, is fictitious, "only what might have been." But we fail to understand our author if we laugh only, and sigh not for the reverence-stricken child's heart, with which, in our infant reading of the Bible, we were wont to sound forth that mystical ending. In like manner he "reduces childhood" in all its freshness, when, in speaking of his friend N.'s capital organ by which he converted "his week-days into Sundays, and these into minor heavens," he quotes, in a note, aside, the hymn of our infancy,

"I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Must we pause to defend these allusions against the charge of irreverence? It would seem to be necessary, since even Southey, a dear friend of Lamb's, deplored the absence of a sound religious feeling in Elia; and Lamb himself confesses that he was wont "to interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest," and "to treat subjects, serious in themselves, non-seriously." For a reply to Southey we refer our readers to "the Letters," (vol. II. p. 112,) where they will find Lamb's defence of himself and his friends in an Epistle to the Laureat, which, as Mr. Talfourd remarks, was "the only ripple on the kindliness of Lamb's personal and literary life."

and which flows and sparkles, a stream from the purest wells of English, with 'all his inimitable grace and beauty. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a portion of it. After professing himself at a loss what particular essay his friend Southey had in view as objectionable, he goes on :

“ Was it that on the ‘ New Year ’ — in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene? If men would honestly confess their misgivings (which few men will) there are times when the strongest Christian of us, I believe, has reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith — others who stoutly venture in the dark (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith); and, investing themselves beforehand with cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar, and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday. Some whose hope totters upon crutches — others who stalk into futurity upon stilts.

“ The contemplation of a Spiritual World, — which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation — is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little bark of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

“ One man shall love his friends and his friends’ faces; and, under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, &c., as upon earth — in a moment of no irreverent weakness — for a dream-while — no more — would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue, (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances,) to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows — which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision — so that he might receive indefinite additaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, &c. — is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble Mind or Mr. Great Heart is born in every one of us.”

Although, as Mr. Southey himself declared, no resentful letter was ever written less offensively, yet Lamb bitterly re-

proached himself for having written it, so generous and delicate was the temper of his mind. We are insensible to the wrong done by the common habit of decrying and vilifying this world "created so lovely beyond our deservings." Is it not worth while to be brought to a better estimate of this life, even though it be done somewhat humorously as in "The New Year?" If the repugnance there expressed so curiously at death provokes a questionable smile, the after-impression is salutary, and our eyes are opened to the thousand comforts and innocent pleasures provided for us here, and not to be received "with dispassionate services."

Lamb's confessions respecting his own humor are accompanied with important salvos. His unseasonable jests, he takes care to observe, were "not wholly irrelevant to ears that could understand them;" and again, if he treated serious subjects non-seriously, it was "after his fashion." The truth is, we may laugh if we will at the small occasions that awakened and fed the pure religious reverence of our infant years. Many of us recollect, no doubt, when the minister of the parish was to our childish imaginations scarcely less than the awful representative of the Highest—a very Sheekinah. We have heard of a little fellow who mistook a venerable gentleman, arrayed in old-school fashion (smile not, O reader, or if you smile, consider,) for a personage wholly supernatural. These things may be derided by grown up people as matters of the merest mirth; but we might well weep for joy, could we not only learn to regard the worthier symbols of our maturer years, with one half the faith and feeling which the homeliest incitements to reverence kindle in the bosom of infancy. For ourselves, we are thankful for the simplest remembrance of that early sensibility, even though we may not but smile at the incongruity of the feeling with the things that awakened it. The laughter that these allusions of Lamb's produce is in our apprehension akin to tears. We could not enjoy his humor, if there were not stirred within us a deeper feeling than mirth, and the laugh flits while the better sentiment lingers. By means of his light jests—his fashion of treating serious subjects, *every dreg of manhood purging off*, (to fashion a phrase after him,) we receive into ourselves Very Childhood. He makes the man laugh for a moment, that for a longer space he may feel and cry once more like a child. "After his fashion"—in his peculiar vein, he men-

tioned Judas Iscariot once as among the persons one would like to have seen. A light wish it will be pronounced. And yet it is not without weight. What a vivid faith does it imply and create in the existence of the traitor, suddenly and for a moment dissipating the visionary air—the haze which bedims the persons of Scripture, and brings them within the sphere of reality.

That a deep feeling was flowing underneath Lamb's light humor even upon this very occasion, we learn from Mr. Talfourd, who speaks of "the suffused eye and quivering lip with which Lamb stammered out a reference to the name which he would not utter. 'There is only one other person I can ever think of after this,' said he. 'If Shakspeare was to come into the room, we should rise to meet him; but if *That Person* were to come into it, we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment.'"

But what we have been trying to say, Lamb has himself said in his *Essay on the Genius of Hogarth*; an *Essay* which, for its noble moral sense, entitles its author to be listened to as a teacher. We quote the passage referred to chiefly as it elucidates our meaning. But it reveals also the healthy heart of the writer, his manliness, a trait not less conspicuous than his childishness, of which we would speak by and by.

"In the perusal of a book or of a picture, much of the impression depends upon the habit of mind which we bring with us to such perusal. The same circumstance may make one person laugh which shall render another very serious; or in the same person the first impression may be corrected by afterthought. The mis-employed incongruous characters at the *Harlot's Funeral*, on a superficial inspection, provoke to laughter; but when we have sacrificed the first emotion to levity, a very different frame of mind succeeds, or the painter has lost half his purpose. I never look at that wonderful assemblage of depraved beings, who, without a grain of reverence or pity in their perverted minds, are performing the sacred exteriors of duty to the relics of their departed partner in folly, but I am as much moved to sympathy from the very want of it in them, as I should be by the finest representation of a virtuous death-bed surrounded by real mourners, pious children, weeping friends,—perhaps more by the very contrast. What reflections does it not awake, of the dreadful heartless state in which the creature (a female too) must have lived, who in death wants the accompaniment of one genuine tear. That wretch, who is removing the lid of the coffin to gaze

upon the corpse with a face which indicates a perfect negation of all goodness or womanhood — the hypocrite parson and his demure partner — all the fiendish group — to a thoughtful mind present a moral emblem, more affecting than if the poor friendless carcass had been depicted as thrown out to the woods, where the wolves had assisted at its obsequies, itself furnishing forth its own funeral banquet.

“It is easy to laugh at such incongruities as are met together in this picture, — incongruous objects being of the very essence of laughter; but surely the laugh is far different in its kind from that thoughtless species to which we are moved by mere farce or grotesque. We laugh when Ferdinand Count Fathom, at the first sight of the white cliffs of Britain, feels his heart yearn with filial fondness towards the land of his progenitors, which he is coming to fleece and plunder — we smile at the exquisite irony of the passage; but if we are not led on by such passages to some more salutary feeling than laughter, we are very negligent perusers of them in book or picture.”

To revive and describe without exaggeration and distinctly the experience of our childish years, demands of most men an effort difficult, almost impossible. Our early impressions commonly lie buried under the sophistications of maturer years. But Lamb unrolls them, and with the articulate voice of a man reads them off without loss of a syllable. Those feelings which so often prove, in other hands, “sulky aborigines, refusing to be naturalized in another soil,” he masters and translates. See the “Recollections of Christ’s Hospital,” and “Christ’s Hospital five and thirty years ago.” In “The Old and New School Master,” a paper of kindred character, when he quotes from the solemn “preface of Colet’s (or as it is sometimes called) Paul’s Accidence,” which sets forth “the king majesties wisdom in having caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of school maisters, wherein it is profitable that he [the pupil] can orderly decline his noun, and his verb,” how significant of the boy’s feeling is his echoing exclamation, “*His noun!*” The last sort of property boys covet.

Where shall we find so true a picture of childhood as in “My First Play.”

“I never pass it (the old doorway) without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first* play. The afternoon had been

wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it. * * I remember the waiting at the door — O when shall I be such an expectant again! But when we got in and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed — the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida* in Rowe's Shakspeare — the tent scene with Diomede — and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening. The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass, (as it seemed,) resembling — a homely fancy — but I judged it to be sugar-candy — yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy. The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again — and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up — I was not past six years old — and the play was *Artaxerxes*!

"I had dabbled a little in the *Universal History* — the ancient part of it — and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import — but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in visions. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams."

In "dream-children" the very finger of genius is visible in the delicate and incidental delineation of his little listeners, John and Alice. One has to recur by a positive effort to the well known fact of his bachelorship to keep in mind that it is only a reverie. We see his little daughter spreading her hands in amazement, or, with her little right foot playing an involuntary movement, or the boy smiling in contempt, or trying to look courageous with the changes of the story. We

must put a restraint upon ourselves, and quote only a portion.

"Then I told how good she (their great grandmother Field) was to all her grand-children, having us at the great house (of which she was the honored keeper) in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about the huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then; and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant."

In "Blakesmoor in H—shire" he mourns over the destruction of the same old mansion; but his busy remembrances repair the waste of "the brick-and-mortar knaves," and build it up again, and now it defies the ravages of time forever.

"I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plate before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp, that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now as oft as summer returns, or a pannel of the yellow room.

"Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots, at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colors vividder than his descriptions. Actæon in mid-sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

"Then, that haunted room, in which old Mrs. Battle died, whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear, and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past. *How shall they build it up again?*"

In his "talk of fountains," in the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," what a rare mingle is there of wit and pathos! The fountains themselves were not more refreshing.

"The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's-inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring is choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent, as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?"

In this way by quaint and vivid descriptions, in which no other writer approaches him, of his early feelings, he touches our hearts, and makes us feel that we are kith and kin to him. He takes us by the hand and leads us back—or rather, by a

word, he transports us at once among our old objects of curiosity, and we shake off our years with him, and our eyes expand and our bosoms heave again with the fresh sensibilities of childhood. The times return when we thought life to be infinite ; when venerable forms were here to sanctify existence and give it dignity ; when the simplest occasions and the commonest things were hallowed in our regard by awful associations suggested almost at random by our teeming fancies.

The papers we have quoted were written in his mature years. We cannot break off our present train of remark better than with a quotation from one of his letters to Coleridge, written when he was just past one and twenty.

“ Oh, my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those ‘ merrier days,’ not ‘ the pleasant days of hope,’ not ‘ those wanderings with a fair hair’d maid,’ which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother’s* fondness for her *schoolboy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain ; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come — there will be ‘ time enough ’ for kind offices of love if Heaven’s ‘ eternal year ’ be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me.”

Delighting chiefly in reminiscences of his childhood, Charles Lamb has touched upon manly topics, and with manly, original power. His tone of thinking is no echo. It is his own. A good sign of manhood. We doubt whether there be any other writer of these days as little influenced either directly or inversely by prevalent fashions of taste and sentiment. He was neither awed into imitation nor exasperated into extravagance. Amidst the excitements of a rare literary intercourse, the associate of celebrated men, men as passionately admired by a few as vehemently ridiculed by the many, he maintains entire self-possession — always remains himself, and the friend never degenerated into the partisan. He was in fact amply protected against undue contemporary influences by his sympathy with the noblest English writers of a bygone age. These were his gods. But then his worship of these was not idolatry — the offspring of conformity and prescription, but a service which implied and produced intellectual strength and freedom. His spirit was kindred to theirs ; and we perceive,

as he discourses of them, that he possessed intelligent, un-borrowed knowledge of their claims to reverence — of the grounds of their greatness. How he would have routed the herd of Shakspeare's commentators, had he devoted himself to the Divine Poet, we may learn from his Essay "on the Tragedies of Shakspeare," his notices of the "characters of Dramatic Writers contemporary with Shakspeare," and the exquisite criticisms scattered through his works upon Shakspeare, Spenser, Cervantes, Hogarth, Titian, Raphael. Here at least is no childish prattle, but the work of a man. But we are impatient that the reader should judge for himself. The passages we quote are not new, but none, we apprehend, are so familiar with them as to tire at their repetition. How shall the faultless style cease to delight?

"But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear. They might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimensions, but in intellectual. The explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; — they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage [age?]; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear; we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms. In the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old." What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and strong; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers,

the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending! as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation — why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station; as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."

Who reads Don Quixote without a perpetually recurring sorrow that his dream of chivalry was only a dream? In the case of youthful readers especially, how is the interest of the work alloyed by pain as often as the knight is betrayed into ludicrous situations. Hence the truth of the following.

"Deeply corporealized, and enchained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote — the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse — has never presented itself, divested from the unhalloed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante. That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was — tears. The artist that pictures Quixote (and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see *that* counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the 'strange bedfellows which misery brings a man acquainted with.' Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the mouth of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a superchivalrous galantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty networks, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: 'Truly, fairest lady, Actæon was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty. I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me; for my profession is this, to show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank

that your person shows you to be ; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them ; and (he adds) that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.' Illustrious Romancer ! were the ' fine frenzies ' which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and serving men ? to be monstere'd, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men ? Was the pitiable infirmity which in thy First Part misleads him, *always from within*, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifices must devise and practise upon the humor, to inflame where they should soothe it ? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls and at the hands of that unworthy nobleman."

The ethereal creatures of Genius, the Lear of Shakspeare, the Quixote of Cervantes were to Lamb realities, claiming as true a respect as personal friends, part of the actual brotherhood of humanity, members of our human family, and against the treachery or negligence of the creative artist, or the ill-treatment of uninformed admirers, he pleads for them with all the warmth of personal friendship, like a very Christian brother. He recognises, as the law of his judgments, a truth of nature, not to be violated without sacrilege and the " falsifying of a revelation." This living, human interest in the offspring of Genius distinguishes " the Tales from Shakspeare," the joint work of Lamb and his sister, between whom and him there existed stronger sympathies than those of blood. Amidst the profusion of books for children, we have been surprised at the limited circulation of this last named production. All the world talks about Shakspeare, but how few really read him ! Something we might do for our children to fit them for a right perusal of the poet, by putting these Tales into their hands first. Breathing a maiden purity and the truest delicacy, they exhibit Shakspeare's characters, not in their (to us, moderns,) frequently unintelligible and offensive accidents, but in their worthy and loveable spirit. They are spoken of and entitled as personages, having a veritable existence, and commanding

due regards. It is ever "the dear lady Desdemona," and "his own dear lady, the fair Imogen."

As a specimen of Lamb's exquisite powers of criticism, we must refer to the Essay on the "Sanity of true Genius," and to another upon the "Barrenness of the imaginative Faculty in the productions of modern Art." We quote from the latter a passage of surpassing beauty of sentiment and expression. We assure the reader, by the way, (that is, if we have chanced upon a stranger to Lamb,) that our quotations are honest *specimens*, that what remains behind, unquoted, is of the same costly material, the same rare texture.

"Is there anything in modern art — we will not demand that it should be equal — but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the 'Ariadne' in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his reeling Satyr rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuminating suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story — an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain richly proud. Guido in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depths of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and laid it contributory with the present to one simultaneous effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad cymbals of his followers, made lucid with the presence and new offers of a god, — as if unconscious of Bacchus, or but idly casting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant — her soul undistracted from Theseus — Ariadne is still pacing the solitary shore, in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same local solitude, with which she awoke at day-break to catch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

"Here are two points miraculously co-uniting; fierce society, with the feeling of solitude still absolute; noon-day revelations with the accidents of the dull gray dawn unquenched and lingering; the *present* Bacchus, with the *past* Ariadne; two stories with double Time; separate, and harmonizing. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where would have been the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous? merged in the insipid accident of a flattering offer met with a welcome acceptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a God."

In these days of a prolific Press, when the number of genuine books bears no sort of proportion to the multitudes of

"things in books' clothing," Reading, which, when faithfully done, partakes of the nature of study, has become sadly superficial. We do not note the fact as surprising. What with the common indisposition to labor and the difficulty of keeping tolerably up with modern Literature, it would require some invention beyond steam to enable readers to work with any thing like thoroughness. Besides while the sea of mind casts forth so few of its hidden treasures, and is covered far and wide with foam and froth, there is little else to do but to skim. But the misfortune is, that good books share the fate of the rest, and we dream that we have read them when we have read them not. Thus numbers profess an acquaintance with Charles Lamb who scarcely know him, except as the author of that humorous paper on Roast Pig. All such will be inclined to treat his serious claims (he has serious claims) with incredulity and surprise. And yet in a moral point of view, the writings of Lamb deserve special notice, and are not without solid edification; not that in any thing he has produced, an express moral aim predominates, but his works are pervaded by a moral tone, positive, healthy, and enlightening. In his "horror of looking like any thing important and parochial," he never could have prevailed on himself to assume the chair of moral instruction. An unseasonable disposition to levity would certainly have come over him. He deplores the lot of the modern schoolmaster to whom nothing comes "not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses;" not that "moral uses" were light things in his esteem. Quite the contrary. Religion and morality he deemed too highly of—they were too great and sacred to be treated mechanically. "I think you are too apt," he remarks in a letter to Southey, "to conclude faintly with some cold moral, as in the end of the poem called 'The Victory'—

'Be thou her comforter, who art the widow's friend;'

a single common-place line of comfort, which bears no proportion in weight or number to the many lines which describe suffering. This is to convert religion into mediocre feelings, which should burn, and glow, and tremble. A moral should be wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency, of a poem, not tagg'd to the end, like a 'God send the good ship into harbor' at the conclusion of our bills of lading."

We know nothing of the kind, which for moral interest surpasses the account of the temptation of little "Barbara

S——." The words at the close of the following we have italicized. We know not how else to characterize them.

" Now virtue support Barbara !

" And that never-failing friend did step in — for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her — a reason above reasoning — and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages, *and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.*"

Let the questioner of the moral power of this writer read his "Confessions of a Drunkard," with which no temperance-tract is to be named. He never could have written that paper, had he ever been reduced to the frightful state which he depicts. He could not have lifted up so calm and clear a voice of warning, had he spoken out of that awful depth. And yet nothing but personal and bitter experience, though far short of that last extreme, could have given him such an insight into the ruin of intemperance. It is not mere admiration of his genius, but sincere respect for his character, love for him as for a personal friend, that here arrests our pen. We have no vociferous apologies to make for him. When he yielded to a self-indulgent habit, he mourned over it in bitterness of soul, as these "Letters" testify. He struggled against it and with success, and abjured Tobacco because it led to something worse.

We refer the reader, who would know more of Lamb's moral sense, to the essays upon "Modern Gallantry," and "The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis." But it is as a critic and judge of the old dramatists that his fine moral discernings stand him in stead. We observe in him not merely the absence of a conventional morality, but a moral feeling, as rigorous as it was delicate, not evaporating in barren sentimentalities, but controlling his judgments, and investing his speech with the authority and sanctity of law. In publishing his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," "his leading design was to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors — to show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying cir-

cumstances, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swollen joys abated." In fulfilling this design he speaks not from hearsay, but we listen to the living voice of a man, and we feel that he knew the quality of right. Weigh the following.

"The old play-writers are distinguished by an honest boldness of exhibition; they show every thing without being ashamed. If a reverse in fortune is to be exhibited, they fairly bring us to the prison-grate and the alms-basket. A poor man on our stage is always a gentleman; he may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black. Our delicacy in facts forbids the dramatizing of distress at all. It is never shown in its essential properties; it appears but as the adjunct of some virtue, as something which is to be relieved, from the approbation of which relief the spectators are to derive a certain soothing of self-referred satisfaction. We turn away from the real essences of things, to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties; whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science."

But even when he appears to be merely indulging his humor, when we are following him in his idlest vein, we come again and again upon the everlasting rock, and the moral effect is not the less for its unexpectedness. Is no serious impression left by "Grace before Meat?" In "The Convalescent," where he would seem to be run away with by the fantastic conceit of dignifying sickness, and transforming the sick-bed into a throne, how delicately does he insinuate the simple lesson that suffering teaches sympathy!

"He (the sick man) makes the most of himself; dividing himself by an allowable fiction into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates — as of a thing apart from him — upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity and tender heart."

Again; where is the whole question about oaths so well spoken to as in his defence of the Quakers in "Imperfect

Sympathies." Even in the "Essay on Roast Pig," a mere epicure's dream, it would seem, the moral truth and delicacy of his mind appears in that story of his boyhood about the plum-cake, consecrated (Corban) to his individual palate by his affectionate aunt, but in "the coxcomby of taught-charity" given away by him to a beggar, the whole cake. Not altogether prepared for a moral discussion, however brief, the reader lets the story go with the bundle of conceits with which it is wrapt. But in his letter to Coleridge, (*Letters*, Vol. II. p. 72,) the germ of the "Dissertation," we find that the giving away of the cake was a clear case of conscience with him, and that he bitterly felt he had done wrong. And he did right to feel so. The sacred purposes of affection are not to be frustrated but upon the most unquestionable emergencies. Is it irreverent to fancy a slight resemblance between the moral aspect of the little incident related by Lamb, and that divine sensibility, which, defending the generous homage of the sister of Lazarus, postponed the claims of the poor and allowed the waste of that costly ointment?

But we are transgressing our limits, without any prospect of doing justice to the manifold attractions of our author, without a word about the noble philosophy of "Old China," without a look into the "South Sea House," or a bow to "The Superannuated Man" as "he walks about" no longer "to and from." His style we have pronounced all but perfect; the true picture of the thought. It is a style that may safely be proposed as a model. Let those imitate it who can. The attempt will do no injury. It is scarcely possible to study it in order to the appreciation of its beauties, without benefit to one's taste. It feeds as well as pleases us. Unlike the style of some other popular works that we might name, the reading of which is "a pleasure bordering almost on pain, from the fierceness and insanity of the relish," the style of Elia is healthy and invigorating, "no less provocative of the appetite and wholesome for the whole mental constitution," than it is "satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate." The longest periods are never tangled or involved, and yet they go winding on into a thousand little delicacies and qualifications, as, to mention one out of many instances at hand, in "The Chapter on Ears," when he describes the effect upon his undeveloped musical sense of his "good Catholic friend's" organ.

"But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me,—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me,—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils,—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-pope too,—tri-coroneted like himself!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Edion, and Cerinthus,—Gog and Magog,—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine untrifling aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess."

The defects of Lamb's style are chiefly those of carelessness. When he errs, we are persuaded he knew better. His negligence, however, heightens rather than injures the general effect. An air of extreme accuracy would have led to the suspicion that the singular beauties of his style, his old-English modes of expression, were the result of hard study rather than the inspirations of his own mind, cast from the first in the same mould with those racy old writers.

We have room only to say a word of his biographer. He has executed his work with entire affection, and with the poetic grace to be looked for from the author of *Ion*. We have the impression that his language is sometimes a little too tender and fine. Lamb is dead; and that perhaps makes all the difference. But we are reminded of his earnest expostulation with Coleridge, "For God's sake (I never was more serious) don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print. * * My *sentiment* is long since vanished. I hope my *virtues* have done *sucking*." We are not compe-

tent to say whether Mr. Talfourd has used judgment in his selections, for it would seem that he could scarcely fail. Every line of Lamb's, which he has given us, is characteristic and worth preserving. On the whole, we have a couple of rare volumes in "The Life and Letters." They show us, what indeed we could not have doubted before, that the Essays of Elia were not "put together like clockwork," but grew, like all nature's planting, and we welcome the corroboration; and they make us to know still more intimately, and love still more warmly, the beautiful Essayist, the contented Londoner, the toil-worn clerk of thirty years' standing, the finest of humorists, the most faithful of brothers.

W. H. F.

ART. V.—NOTICES OF THE LATE REV. NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

THE memory of Dr. Worcester is entitled to special honor in the pages of this Journal. He was the first sole editor of the "Christian Disciple," of which "The Examiner" is the successor, or continuation; and, for now more than a quarter of a century, has he been laboring by his persuasive writings and life, to promote those great principles of truth and charity, to which our work is devoted. That we might with some tolerable fidelity discharge what we counted but a just debt of respect and gratitude, we had collected the leading incidents of his history, and were just setting them in order, when we were informed, that with other manuscripts, Dr. Worcester has left behind him for the benefit of his children an Autobiography, which, we are gratified to learn, will shortly be published. To that, as of course the most authentic, and, it may easily be anticipated, the most satisfactory account that can be furnished, we take pleasure in referring our readers. And, though at some effort of self-denial and serious sacrifice of our choicest materials, we must content ourselves with only adverting to those prominent incidents, which contributed most to the development of his faculties, and led to the adoption of those enlightened views of truth, and engaging traits of character in the defence of them, which have given to his

name its wide reputation, and in the enduring power of which he still lives and will long continue to instruct and bless.

Noah Worcester was one among the signal examples, which it pleases God, the Father of our spirits and the arbiter of our lot, not seldom to exhibit, of an individual rising from an obscure condition, and amidst what are usually counted disadvantages to eminent usefulness and fame. The bare mention of the books of which he was the author, and of that truly philanthropic association, of which he was the founder, is sufficient to establish his claims to more than a common respect. Among works of controversial theology, his "Bible News" will readily be numbered with the most ingenious and skilful, even by those whom it fails to convince. And, when we have mentioned him also as originating the "Massachusetts Peace Society," we have pointed to his peculiar and appropriate distinction, on which, combined with his faithful and successful efforts in its cause, will rest his permanent and incontestable claims to a place with the benefactors of mankind. Of this society he was absolutely the founder. We shall have occasion to refer to it again. We may now only remark, that its object, being nothing less than the extermination of war and the diffusion of peace and good will among nations and individuals, was altogether in accordance with his own benevolent spirit, and seldom is there to be traced in the offspring so exact a resemblance of the parent.

Of an individual, who has already exerted, and we make no pretensions to prophecy when we say, who is destined to exert so beneficial an influence on the opinions and interests of his fellow-men, it cannot be a subject of indifference to know, that his origin was exceedingly humble, and his early advantages few. He was the eldest of sixteen children of a farmer in a small village of New Hampshire, a man of unusual vigor of mind, but without any opportunities of education for himself, and without the means of furnishing them for his children. It is one of the few incidents which cannot be passed over in the early life of one, who afterwards contributed so much by his pen to the instruction of others, that "his father being too poor to furnish him with paper, Noah learnt to write principally on birch bark." And we commend, in passing, this circumstance to the consideration of those of our children and youth, who enjoy the very profusion of the

means and implements of instruction, and whose danger or temptation seems to lie not in the want, but in the fulness of their privileges. May it not be feared of some, that, while a bountiful Providence is giving them "their heart's desire," and multiplying the resources of their knowledge and enjoyment, there may be found, as with his favored children of former days, insensibility of heart and "leanness of soul?"

Were we not unwilling to anticipate Mr. Worcester's own recital, we should here detail some of the touching incidents of his youth. And possibly we should amuse some of our readers with the contrast of "the Friend of Peace" and the meek "Patriarch" they have seen, with the youthful soldier, or rather we must say "Fife Major" (for that was his department of military service) at sixteen, quickening by his stirring melody the troops at Bunker Hill in 1775, and afterwards at the memorable fight of Bennington in 1777. He was attached to one of the regiments quartered in Cambridge under General Washington, and this, which could have amounted at most to being lodged within the enclosures of Harvard College, was, to adopt the expression of one, who knew his whole history, "the only taste he ever had of an academic education." Nor, to pass over other occupations of the most secular nature, as of a shoemaker, supplying his family and his neighbors with an indispensable commodity, at the same time that he was cultivating his farm, we may contrast with the quiet and retired habits of his advanced years, the duties of the successive offices he held soon after he had attained the manly age, and before he became established in the ministry. It was his happiness early to acquire the esteem and confidence of the people where he dwelt; so that of the town in his native New Hampshire, of which he was afterwards the pastor, he was first the schoolmaster, and then town-clerk, a justice of the peace, one of its selectmen, and finally its representative to the State legislature. The discernment and partiality of a then aged pastor singled out his young hearer as a fit person for his successor; and it was by his cordial recommendation, and by the no less cordial choice of the people, that Mr. Worcester was ordained the minister of Thornton. Here now the lover of dates and the recorder of seasons, who thinks that nothing is told unless the month and the year are told also, will doubtless be instant with the inquiry, in what year was he settled, and how long was his min-

istry? We heartily wish that for his sake we were not self-forbidden to reply. But we take comfort in referring him once more to a higher authority, and in the mean time assure him that the ministry of our venerable friend, in that peaceful and retired village, was for years what might be counted many in any vocation, and for good influences, though with some common minglings of division within the parish, it was precisely that which we might any of us anticipate from the faithful labors and the peaceful spirit of such a pastor.

"If now," as writes the friend, whose words we cannot refrain from quoting again, "if it be asked when Mr. Worcester studied theology and prepared himself for the ministry, the answer is, that he did it during all the years of his life, and while employed in tilling the ground, *giving the marching movement to a regiment*, making shoes, and teaching school. With him, then and always, religion was not separate from his ordinary duties, and was the life of them all. He could study and practise its principles, and prepare to teach them, while performing a very uncommon share of manual labor. After he was settled in the ministry, his salary was too small for the support of his family, and he continued to labor in his previous occupations. With pen, ink, and paper within reach, he would hammer his leather, or sew upon the shoe, till some useful train of thought was ready to be recorded. And then, he would lay down his leather or shoe, take his lap-board for a table, and write what he had thus prepared. In this manner a great part of his early sermons were formed."

Notwithstanding the serious deficiencies of his education, and the incessant interruptions to his studies, or rather his meditations, inevitable to one who must supply by bodily labor the wants of a numerous family, Mr. Worcester attained a very considerable reputation as a preacher. We have learnt incidentally from individuals within the reach of his ministrations, that he was a favorite in the villages about Thornton, and particularly at a later period, when he resided in Salisbury, and supplied the pulpit for a brother, the Rev. Thomas Worcester. Though at that time much reproached and even persecuted by his orthodox brethren, he ranked among the most eminent theologians and popular preachers of the state. This reputation was to be ascribed, for a great part, to the good sense, solemnity, and importance of his thoughts, and to the acknowledged excellence of his character. But those who re-

member him in the pulpit, will easily admit, that something also was owing to the simplicity even to primitiveness of his appearance, and possibly a little, also, to the quaintness of his style. This last quality was observable rather in his sermons, which were chiefly composed at Thornton, than in his later productions, which bear clearly the indications of a more cultivated manner. We at this moment distinctly recall the impression made by his venerable figure and address, as he stood up—it is more than twenty years since—in the pulpit of Federal Street Church, preaching a sacramental lecture, as it was then termed, for its pastor; nor would it be easy for us to forget either his text, or the manner after which he expounded it. “Your words have been stout against the Lord,” was the text; and he proceeded under various heads and distinct delineations of character to expose the sin of those, “who speak stout words against the Lord.” His style of delivery is represented by one, who heard him at a yet earlier period, “as far more simple, serious, and forcible, than was common in the places where he was most known.” And if, as is added, “his address in the pulpit was the same as in conversation,” nothing could be plainer, and nothing more venerable also than such a manner. It certainly had grace, but it was the grace of a most sincere and humble spirit, and altogether beyond the rules of art. About the period of his removal from New Hampshire to this vicinity, death had made melancholy ravages in our churches. Eckley, Emerson, Buckminster, Eliot, Gary, Lathrop, and Thacher were successively called away; and the pulpits of yet others of the Boston clergy were often made vacant by their infirmities and long absences. Dr. Worcester was frequently invited to supply their places; and whatever the fastidious or tasteful hearer of fashion might object, the serious and judicious listened and were instructed. His own infirmities, however, soon prevailed, and we believe that it is full twenty years since they compelled him to cease from all public ministrations.

We come now to a topic, which can by no means be passed over in any notices of Dr. Worcester,—not of dates merely, or of incidents,—but of the changes which were gradually accomplished in his early religious speculations. “As early as 1801,* his attention became much directed to the doctrine

* See Manuscript Notices.

of the Trinity, as held by the Hopkinsians and Calvinists. He had been educated in this doctrine, and now began to examine seriously, and most patiently, the grounds of his belief. A belief of three distinct persons in the Godhead was rejected, and the doctrine in that form he disavowed as early as 1802. But his inquiries upon this subject were more particularly his work from 1805 to 1813. He had not the means of knowing what others, excepting a very few, had written, and no other author seems to have afforded him any assistance in arriving at the views, which he finally published, in 1810, under the title of "*Bible News*." They are his own inferences from Scripture. While preparing to publish them, *he learned to read the Greek Testament, although he was ignorant of Latin*. The other works, which he afterwards published, defend the views contained in "*Bible News*."

The appearance of this book may be counted as an era in Dr. Worcester's life. It is, perhaps, the ablest, and we are disposed to esteem it the most important of his productions. We have before us a copy of the first edition, as published in Concord, N. H., in 1810; and its plain, antiquated dress is in curious contrast with the elegant typography of later days. Yet, even in this unattractive form, few works of controversial theology have exerted a more direct, or, if we may so speak, an individual influence than this. The simplicity, occasionally enlivened by the quaintness of the style, of which the title itself is an example, the scriptural sources, and clearness of the argument, united with the personal history and acknowledged integrity of the writer,—which still could not avail to protect him from the then customary bitterness of denunciation,—gave it a singular influence on the minds of candid and inquiring men. Many have acknowledged, and not a few in grateful communications to the writer, the effect of its perusal on their minds. They have ascribed to it their first clear perceptions of that doctrine, which lies incontestably at the foundation of all rational religion, but which has been so much darkened by the inventions of man—the simple unity, and unapproached majesty of the Father. Among these, the late Rev. Winthrop Bailey, always a candid inquirer, whose early speculations embraced a firm belief in the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the Hopkinsian Calvinists, was accustomed to express his obligations to the author of "*Bible News*," as opening to him the first satisfactory views he had obtained

of the divine unity, and as giving him a relief most welcome, amidst the conflict of his early and later convictions. Now, to such as have never doubted, because they take their opinions upon trust, it is difficult to understand the trials of a conscientious disciple, just escaping from the bondage of systems, and sincerely seeking for truth, as he finds the foundations of what he once earnestly embraced failing from under him. And he will esteem as of no ordinary value the friend or the book that shall satisfy him, that in resigning his former convictions, which early impressions or religious associations had made precious, and through which, let us bless God, error itself loses half its power to harm, he is but parting with what he had mistaken for truth, that he might be at liberty to embrace, in its purity and beauty, the truth itself.

"The Christian Disciple," to which we have referred, was commenced in 1813, and was at first conducted by several gentlemen, at whose invitation Mr. Worcester removed from New-Hampshire to this vicinity, and whose knowledge of his excellent spirit, no less than of his other gifts, soon encouraged them to commit the work to his faithful hands. Such were the beginnings of this journal, which, first under the designation of "The Christian Disciple," till 1819, when Mr. Worcester resigned the charge; then of "The Christian Disciple and Theological Review, a new series," till 1824; of the "Christian Examiner and Theological Review" till 1829; and now of "The Christian Examiner and General Review," has, through these successive series, and for nearly a quarter of a century, sustained its place as the organ of liberal Christianity. They, who remember "The Christian Disciple" in its youthful day, will not have forgotten how well it sustained its unpretending name, and how faithful, under the guidance of its enlightened and benevolent conductor, was its whole spirit to the great principle it had adopted. Its period was one of no common importance; times, at once of theological and political interest, when the country was involved in war with Great Britain, and Mr. Worcester's known principles of Peace were of necessity disregarded; when the controversy on American Unitarianism, between his own brother, of Salem, and Dr. Channing, of Boston, was going on to an intense interest of the religious community; when the Theological Seminary at Andover was earnestly urging its claims to the public favor; and Harvard College was, in no sparing terms,

assailed ; and still, amidst all these temptations to bitterness and recrimination, "The Christian Disciple" adhered to its motto, "*Speaking the truth in love.*" Upon a tolerably familiar acquaintance with its pages, we cannot recall a single article in that journal, during its term of six years, certainly not one that proceeded from the pen of its Editor, which could justly be reproached for its departure from the law of kindness. He might, with the humility which marked even his most decisive and confident measures, have said, "As of sincerity, as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ." And we take pleasure here in referring our younger readers, with whom the first series of "The Christian Disciple" can be known, if known at all, only as among "the former things," to its unadorned, but instructive pages, not only as an authentic record of the religious history of times, signalized, beyond most others, for the earnestness and importance of theological warfare ; for the origin, and first fruits of those enterprises of Christian benevolence, Bible Societies, Peace Societies, Temperance Societies, and Sunday Schools, which marked the age, and are diffusing now their influences, not through our nation only but through Christendom and the world ; but specially, as an example of the mild and candid spirit, in which religious controversy may be conducted, in which error even in high places may be exposed, and the truth as it is in Jesus defended.

We have mentioned Dr. Worcester as the founder of the Massachusetts Peace Society. To the objects of this institution, and to the diffusion of the general principles of peace, he devoted more than twelve years of his life. By the "Solemn Review of the Custom of War," he awakened the attention of the community, not only to its miseries, which were known before, but to its folly as a popular delusion, and to its sinfulness and inconsistency with the laws of Christ. The effect of this singular production was soon visible. It was first printed in 1815, its author consenting to take half the risk of the publication, while one of the most respectable and flourishing booksellers of that day *reluctantly engaged to take the other half*. Before six months had elapsed, it had passed through its fifth edition, a copy of which lies before us. Before the end of the year 1815, the foundation was laid of the "Massachusetts Peace Society ;" its officers were elected in January, 1816 ; and Dr. Worcester became its first, and for a long

series of years continued, its enlightened, indefatigable, and efficient Secretary. Similar institutions were quickly established in different parts of our own country and in Europe; and the correspondence, which was actively maintained between these distant associations, especially in Great Britain, and the Parent institution, conducted, on the part of the latter wholly by its corresponding secretary, diffused widely the name and the praise of Noah Worcester. He was honored abroad as well as at home. Among his correspondents on the subject, so engrossing to his heart, was no less a personage than the Emperor of all the Russias, who thus, with his own hand, replied to a letter which had been addressed to his Majesty by Mr. Worcester, in the name, and as the corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Peace Society; and fresh to our recollections is the simplicity and child-like rapture, with which the imperial letter was received. Loyalty itself, even to the *beau-ideal* of Sir Walter Scott, could scarcely have expressed more delight at some token of royal favor, than did this humble citizen and postmaster of Brighton, when this precious epistle from the Emperor Alexander arrived. "It is come," said he, as with uplifted hands, after his manner, and with a countenance beaming with pleasure, he expressed to us his happiness.

Having, as we confess, some fellow-feeling with our venerable friend, we take an honest pride in copying the Emperor's letter into our pages.

"Sir, — Your letter in behalf of the Massachusetts Peace Society, with the books accompanying it, were received. The object which this Philanthropic Institution has in view, the dissemination of the principles of peace and amity among men, meets with my cordial approbation. My endeavors to promote peace and good will among the nations are already known; and the power and influence, which Almighty God has committed to me, shall ever be employed, I trust, in striving to secure to the nations the blessings of that peace which they now enjoy.

"Considering the object of your society, the promotion of peace among mankind, as one so eminently congenial to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I have judged it proper to express these my sentiments respecting your labors, in answer to your communication to me on this subject.

"ALEXANDER."

"To the Rev. Noah Worcester, Sec. of the M. P. S.

"*St. Petersburg, July 4, 1817.*"

From Prince Galitzin also, then Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary to Alexander, he received, at the same date, the following letter :

"Sir, — I received your letter of the 9th April, with the Numbers of the Friend of Peace accompanying it, by the hands of Mr. Parsons ; for which I return you my hearty thanks. The object, which your society has in view, is of great importance to the well-being and happiness of the human race. Indeed, it seems to me to be almost the same as that of Bible Societies ; for it is only in proportion as the divine and peaceable principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ prevail in the hearts of men, that lasting and universal peace can be expected. A blessed period is promised in the Word of God, when men shall learn the art of war no more. This period I understand to be the same as that in which it is prophesied, that all men shall know the Lord, even from the least unto the greatest, and that the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord. These latter promises seem to be daily fulfilling in every quarter of the world, by the exertion of Bible and other Christian Societies, to disseminate among men the saving and pacific principles of Jesus Christ. They are preparing the way for your society's gaining its object, — peace, universal peace, — when men shall learn the art of war no more. Most earnestly praying for every blessing to accompany your labors, in promoting peace on earth and good will among men, I shall reckon it a peculiar honor to be among the members of such a humane society. I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant.

"PRINCE ALEXANDER GALITZIN."

"To the Rev. Noah Worcester, Sec. of the M. P. S.

"*St. Petersburg, July 4, 1817.*"

To Dr. Worcester, as we have seen, belongs the distinction of having first excited attention, in this country, to the subject of Peace. Justice, however, requires us to state, what we have ascertained since the foregoing paragraphs were in press, that, at the same period, the minds of many in Europe, particularly in Great Britain, were engaged upon the same subject. And there was much in the then state of the world to conduce to this. Peace had just been proclaimed by the allied powers to Europe, and with the fresh experience of the calamities of a most protracted and desolating war, men were naturally led to the consideration of a remedy. At the very time that the "*Solemn Review*" was publishing at Cambridge, the Treaty of Peace was forming at Ghent. And as

Dr. Worcester remarks, with his customary candor, "The plan, which the Commissioners devised for settling the questions remaining in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, was similar to that proposed in his Treatise, viz., 'that such questions between the two governments as could not be settled by negotiation, should be referred to a high court, appointed for the purpose.'"

There is still another fact, which should not be overlooked, that the formation of the first Peace Society in England was simultaneous with, not as we may have intimated occasioned by, the establishment of the "Massachusetts Peace Society." It was a few weeks previous to this event,* that a short, but well-written Essay on "The Impolicy of War" was sent from London to this country, accompanied by a letter from its author, William Pitt Scarlett, to Rev. William E. Channing. Mr. Scarlett, it seems, had not then heard that the same subject was under examination in America. The object of his letter was to give notice, that it had been taken up in Great Britain, and to excite to similar exertions among us. The date of his letter was June 1, 1815.

"Now, a copy of the 'Solemn Review,'" adds Mr. Worcester, in his faithful account, "was sent to England, accompanied by a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, bearing date April 13th, 1815; the design of which was to excite the attention of that gentleman, and of some others, to the object proposed in the 'Solemn Review,' the writer, not knowing that any thing of the kind had been published in Great Britain, or that any attention had already been excited in that country."

It appears, therefore, that while the Massachusetts Peace Society was the parent of similar associations among ourselves, it was cotemporary in its establishment with the London or British Society,—a coincidence certainly well worthy of remark, and inviting a devout acknowledgment of that Providence, which, partly by recent experience of the miseries of war, partly by joy at the return of peace, and both conspiring to fix attention upon the great principles of our common faith, disposed the thoughts of different and widely separated minds to the same subject.

It has been objected to Peace Societies, that though the

* See *Friend of Peace*, Vol. I., No. II.

principles on which they are founded are indisputable, the end proposed is too vast, and the measures adopted too vague and indefinite, to be accomplished. It is also objected, that operating only on individual mind, they can never prevail in the councils of nations, so as to prevent a declaration of war, when occasion or temptation shall arise. It is still further objected, that the whole scheme is Utopian, inasmuch as it is in vain to think of extirpating the passions of men, and that the passions and principles, upon which war itself is founded, exist in the very necessities of our nature. Beside all this, it is contended, that no nation can remain safe from the ambition or covetousness, or jealousy of its neighbors, but in its known readiness for war, and constant preparation for defence; and that to proclaim peace as its law, would be but to invite insult and aggression. The late President Adams, the father, has expressed, in no doubtful terms, his own difficulties upon this subject, in a letter, addressed by him in reply to Dr. Worcester, who had sent him a copy of the "Solemn Review," with some numbers of "The Friend of Peace," requesting his testimony, as he had also those of Mr. Jefferson and of Mr. Jay, in favor of the object so near the writer's heart, "the abolition of the most fatal custom, which ever afflicted the human family."

As the letter itself is highly characteristic of its distinguished writer, and embodies in clear terms the objections above stated, we will refresh the memory of our readers by extracting the greater part of it.

"Quincy, Feb 6, 1816.

"Dear Sir, — I have received your kind letter of the 23d January, and I thank you for the pamphlets enclosed with it.

"It is true, I have read many of your publications with pleasure. I have also read almost all the days of my life the solemn reasonings and pathetic declamations of Erasmus, of Fenelon, of St. Pierre, and many others against war, and in favor of peace. My understanding and my heart accorded with them, at first blush. But, alas! a longer and more extensive experience has convinced me, that wars are as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes, and Volcanoes.

"Our beloved country, Sir, is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion it ought to be

excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land.

"Universal and perpetual peace appears to me no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience and non resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few.

"I cannot, therefore, Sir, be a subscriber or a member of your society.

"I do, Sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace. I seek only repose.

"With the most cordial esteem, however,

"I am, Sir, your friend and servant,

"JOHN ADAMS."

Mr. Jefferson's reply was more favorable, and whatever might have been his convictions, he probably found it no effort to make it more courteous. Having respectfully acknowledged Dr. Worcester's communications, and remarked upon a part of them, he concludes thus:

"Age and its effects both on body and mind have weaned my attentions from public subjects, and left me unequal to the labors of correspondence beyond the limits of my personal concerns. I retire, therefore, from the question with the sincere wish, that your writings may have effect in lessening this greatest of human evils, and that you may retain life and health to enjoy the contemplation of this happy spectacle; and pray you to be assured of my great respect.

"TH: JEFFERSON."

"*Monticello, January 29, 1816.*"

As some indication, — we do not offer it as a decisive one, — of the extent to which Mr. Jefferson's good wishes for his correspondent were realized, namely, that he might live to see the success of his philanthropic labors, we will here enumerate a few of the treatises or tracts, which in pursuance of the same design were published in Great Britain within no long period after the appearance of the "*Solemn Review.*" The first number in the regular series of the tracts for the British Society "for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace," is, as its title-page designates, "*The Substance of a Pamphlet entitled 'A Solemn Review of the Custom of War.'*" This was followed by an "*Essay on the Inconsistency of War with the Doctrine and Example of Jesus,*" and, thirdly, by an

"*Essay on the Doctrine and Practice of the early Christians as they relate to War.*" This last tract, by Thomas Clarkson, is addressed to those, "who profess to have a regard for the Christian name." These tracts were translated and widely circulated in French; copies of them were received by Dr. Worcester at the time, and by him presented to the Boston Athenæum, accompanied by an essay, also translated into French, "*on Universal Peace,*" and another translation into the same language of his own "*Solemn Review.*"

At a late period appeared "*Observations on the Applicability of the Pacific Principles of the New Testament to the Conduct of States; and on the Limitations which those Principles impose on the Rights of Self-defence.*" The author of this treatise, Mr. Jonathan Dymond, has devoted considerable talent, and an hearty zeal to this and to kindred objects of philanthropy. His writings on various subjects have been favorably received in this country.

Among several other tracts published by the British society, we find also one by a Lady, being an "*Examination of the Principles, which are pleaded in support of the Practice of War:*" and, omitting many others, we find included in the same volume, "*Observations on the Causes and Evils of War; its Unlawfulness, and the Means and Certainty of its Extinction,* addressed to a Friend, by Thomas Thrush, late Captain of the Royal Navy."

This is the gentleman, our readers will remember, who signaled himself as the writer of a letter to the king, George IV., on resigning his commission as a Captain of the Royal Navy. The step, in itself, perhaps of doubtful expediency, drew upon him much reproach, but served by its own singularity and the rank of the personage, to whom it was addressed, connected of course with the importance of the subject, and the tendency of such a precedent, to awaken greatly the attention of the British community to the whole subject of Peace.*

* As an indication of the progress of "the peace spirit," still more decisive than the multiplication of tracts, which may easily be the work of a few individuals, we may state that, within four years from the establishment of the "*Massachusetts Peace Society,*" there were formed twelve auxiliary institutions in New-England; fifteen independent societies within the United States, viz.,

Neither our limits nor inclination permit our entering into any discussion of this question ; nor are we solicitous upon this point to venture any speculations of our own. Dr. Worcester replied with his usual gentleness and imperturbable serenity to the letter of Mr. Adams, and concludes on his part with declaring his conviction, "whether right or wrong, that the more there is of the spirit of Christ in any nation, the greater is its safety ; and the more there is of a martial spirit, the greater is its danger."

But it is of the virtues still more than of the intellectual attainments or public labors of this excellent man that we would speak. For it is by these that his memory and example will be most beneficial to those whom he has left behind. They who remember his venerable form, his locks silvered with time, his humble and benignant aspect as he stood up — it is now many years since — in our temples of prayer, or, as in later times when infirmity withdrew him from all public ministrations, they who resorted to him in his humble dwelling to seek his counsel, to hear his wisdom, or to testify their respect for his character, will easily call up to view its peculiar traits. In the humility and simplicity of his spirit, in the benevolence and heavenly-mindedness of his frame, he bore

one in Maine, one in Rhode Island, five in New York, one in North Carolina, five in Ohio, and two in Indiana.

The formation of the Society in London "for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace," which, as we have seen, was cotemporary with the "Massachusetts Peace Society," was followed by the establishment of many auxiliary, and other independent societies in Scotland, as well as in England.

A society was also established in France, "under the sanction of the French government, for the application of the precepts of Christianity to the social relations of life." This institution appears to have been founded by men of rank and influence, under whose direction was conducted for a time a periodical work, designed to exhibit the salutary influence of the principles of Christianity. And at about the same time, we find in one of Dr. Worcester's own reports a reference to still another society established in France, expressly for "the Promotion of Universal Peace."

Mr. Bowring in a letter dated from Madrid, Spain, Dec. 6, 1821, refers to a Spanish translation of one of the tracts of the British society adding that the whole subject of Peace and War had already engaged the thoughts and the pen of the most eminent literary men in Spain ; and he further states as an interesting fact, that the principal literary publication in Paris, "the *Revue Encyclopedique*," had devoted a long article to the subject.

plainly the "marks of the Lord Jesus." In an eminent sense was he *spiritually-minded*; and as one of the clearest indications of this peace-giving temper, he had acquired in a no less remarkable degree the spirit of *content*. He had learnt with the apostle how "to suffer need"; and though we do not understand that at any period he knew the severest trials of poverty, yet his condition always made precious to him those words of the sweet singer of Israel, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"; and for his cheerfulness amidst straits, he remembered "the Master who had not where to lay his head." His wants, always few, were made yet fewer by his infirmities, which for several years confined him much at home, and permitted only the simplest nourishment. But even when this would seem but scantily supplied, still would he thank God. And well might it rebuke the thanklessness of some, who fare sumptuously every day, and partake of the loaded table without a thought of the hand that hath spread it, to listen, as we have done, to the simple but fervent thanksgivings which this good man — like that venerable pilgrim father who, in sitting down with a numerous family to a dinner of clams, blest God that they were permitted to eat of the treasures hid in the sands — failed not to utter over the humblest and scantiest fare. His was indeed a most thankful and confiding heart. He never doubted that the God, before whom his fathers walked, would be *his* God. He saw a divine goodness in the kindness of friends; and many were they, who deemed it an honor to be thus regarded. But while he cordially accepted, and was even eager to acknowledge the offerings, which a respectful sympathy in his fortunes naturally suggested, there was still mingled with the thankfulness so mild a dignity and modest self-respect, as left it easy to perceive, that the grace and even kindness of receiving is scarcely inferior to the honor and satisfaction of bestowing.

It is very possible that to strangers, and even to friends who were not often with him, there might seem in his address to be some slight affectation of humility or gentleness; something not easily to be described, but seen in an affectionate, or we had nearly said effeminate joining of his hands or lifting of his eyes, accompanied with a tone of voice, not quite in keeping with the real simplicity or absolute honesty of his character. If this were so, and we shall not wonder if it were, it was at worst an infelicity, perhaps growing out of his seclusion from

general society ; and it must have come to him by family inheritance or fraternal sympathy, for each of his brothers might have been known by it, and his distinguished brother, Dr. Samuel Worcester of Salem, more than they all.

We cannot conclude without adverting to another trait in the character of our venerable friend, worthy indeed of our notice, and should there be permitted to any of us a like opportunity for its exercise, worthy also of our imitation. This was the unwearied industry, the conscientious fidelity, with which he improved his time and faculties to the latest period of his life. He fulfilled the command, "Occupy till I come." He counted infirmity and old age to the veriest verge of fourscore no dispensation from labor. He read and reflected much ; he even wrote much, long after the period usually taken for intellectual repose. Of this, his industry and activity of mind, the manuscripts he has left behind him are abundant evidence. His "Last Thoughts on Important Subjects," the title of a volume of more than three hundred pages, was published in 1833, when, according to his own expression, "he was old and on the verge of death."

Dr. Worcester had already attained to his 75th year. But no one, we are persuaded, who shall peruse that work, will regard it as the production of one, whose spiritual eye was dimmed, or intellectual strength abated. We regret to learn, that the book failed to excite the attention to which the importance of the topics, and the ability with which they are discussed, justly entitle it. The author derived from it no other emolument than a few copies for his friends.

Thus did this venerable patriarch bring forth fruit in his old age, fruit that will abide, in his instructive works convincing men of the truth, in his example persuading to goodness, and by the whole influence of his labors and character on the cause of peace and the interests of mankind. And when we consider the extent of his labors, and the blessing so evidently attending them, in the cordiality with which they were welcomed, and in the interest awakened by them in so many minds, not of his own countrymen only, but in Europe, and yet more distant portions of the world ; and when, finally, we connect all his reputation and success with the humility, simplicity, and unfeigned charity of his life, we may not doubt of his having had "within him the testimony that he pleased God" ; and we cannot but adore the Providence, which raised

him from a lot so obscure, and by "a manifold wisdom" not less to be acknowledged than the paternal love, made the very disadvantages and trials of his condition the means of ennobling his faculties, of refining his character, and of qualifying him for distinguished service in the church and in the world.

It is recorded of certain worthies, who had approved the sincerity of their faith by their patient sufferings and heroic deeds, that "God was not ashamed to be called their God." He recognised in them his image. He saw that they entered into his designs and promoted his glory, while they were blessing his children. And as the good earthly parent takes pleasure in the resemblance of his offspring to himself, and feels a generous pride in their attainments, so our heavenly Father is represented as rejoicing in his children, and as bestowing on them the name and the privileges of his sons. He is not ashamed to be called their God. Of this number we may not hesitate to believe was our venerable and lamented friend. Even with the imperfect notices we have given, it must be evident that he was indeed a servant of God, and that he had within him "the mind of Christ." His faculties and life were in a remarkable degree devoted to the promotion of the same great objects, for which the gospel itself was given, and for which its author died. His history should not be forgotten, for it is fruitful of instruction. It speaks encouragement to them whom it pleases God to set in obscurity, for it shows that in patient well-doing there is reward, even in this life. It rebukes them who presume to despise the day of small things, either in themselves or in others, or who forget, that before honor is humility; and in the respect and favor shown to this good man, as the just reward of his services and virtues, we see another beautiful illustration of those words of the Savior, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

F. P.

ART. VI. — *A new Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in chronological order.* By GEORGE R. NOYES, Vols. II. & III. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1837. 12mo. pp. vi., 293, 295.

WE heartily congratulate the Christian public on the completion of this version of the Hebrew prophets. They have remained far too long, as sealed books to the popular reader; and far too long has their garb of solemn unintelligibility given umbrage for the wildest flights of mystical interpretation, and the most dishonest inferences of the dogmatist. There are, indeed, some intrinsic grounds for obscurity in the prophetic writings. They are isolated relics of a by-gone age, — they refer to long abrogated institutions, to obsolete manners, to buried nations, to an archeology, of which the surviving documents and monuments are few and sparse. They abound also in oriental imagery, and in views and feelings, which must needs seem natural only to residents of the East. The prophets are poets too, and exhibit all the peculiarities of a highly poetic diction. They avail themselves of a greater variety of idiom, a wider range of metaphor, a loftier flight of fancy, than the sacred historians. These things rendered them no less easily understood by their contemporaries, who were familiar with the full scope and power of their vernacular tongue; but they greatly enhance the difficulty under which we labor, now that the Hebrew has become a dead language. To all these inherent and permanent obstacles in the way of a right understanding of the prophets, King James's translators added a large amount of theological prejudice, a strong prepossession in favor of previous versions, and great and unavoidable ignorance on points of philology, now fully illustrated and settled. We accordingly find in our common version very few passages of any considerable length, which convey a coherent and continuous sense, while we often meet with verses, nay, with whole chapters, from which it is beyond our power to eliminate any meaning.

To vindicate the prophets from ambiguity and misunderstanding, has been the successful effort of such men as Lowth, Newcome, and Blayney, — men, whose learning, candor, and liberality cannot be appreciated too highly; but their labors have appeared in such a form as to invite the attention only or

chiefly of the learned and inquiring. Nothing of this kind has appeared in England for the use and benefit of common readers. We should, therefore, were Mr. Noyes's works entitled on other grounds to no superior praise, feel deeply indebted to him for having taken the key of knowledge from colleges and libraries, and thrown it to the whole company of the devout and truth-loving. Nor can we eulogize too highly the self-denial exercised by an accomplished scholar in suppressing all show of arms, and all feats of scholarly gladiatorship; in omitting or crowding into a line the discussion of points, which have claimed engrossing interest and arduous toil; in amassing materials ample enough for a *monumentum ære perennius* in the temple of learning, and then compressing them all into a duodecimo so unpretending and simple, that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." All this Mr. Noyes has done. His work is just what was needed for the people, — a new and correct translation of the sacred writers, divided into sections and paragraphs according to the sense, without note or comment, except an occasional and very brief illustration of a difficult or doubtful passage. The distinction between the poetical and the prose portions is preserved throughout, the former being broken into versicles corresponding to the rhythmical divisions of the original. The few annotations that are given, are thrown into an appendix to each volume, thus leaving the page entire and clear for one, who wishes to hold unaided and undisturbed communion with the sacred authors. The results of study are exhibited without its parade; and the fruits of learning are so set forth as to preclude the fault-finding of those who are wont to quarrel with the tree.

In a new translation of the scriptures, the mere English style is a matter of no small moment. There are two opposite extremes to be avoided, — the affectation, and the contempt of ancient and time-hallowed words and idioms. By the former, ignorance and error are perpetuated; for when a word or phrase has grown obsolete in common use, it becomes indeterminate, and, if retained in the sacred volume, it remains there only as a pliant and many-edged weapon, in the hands of sectarianism and priestcraft. On the other hand, a new-coined phraseology lacks dignity and impressiveness, and is sure to offend both taste and piety. From both these extremes, into one or the other of which most of his precursors

have fallen, Mr. Noyes has steered clear. Without professing any slavish attachment to our authorized version, indeed, with the profession of decided and strong disrespect for it, his good taste has led him to adhere in general to its forms of speech, where they convey to a modern reader a definite and just signification. He has rarely made a change, except for the better, and often by the transposition or inversion of particles alone, he has made obscure passages coherent and intelligible, without disturbing the sacred associations, which must always cling around the language, in which the word of God first reached our infant minds. The style of Mr. Noyes's translation is throughout pure, classical, and majestic, — precisely the medium through which it was meet that the richest poetry, and the most sublime theology of the old world, should become the property of posterity.

With regard to the critical merits of the work before us, we cannot express ourselves in too strong terms of approbation and gratitude. In no department of literary labor is it so true, as in that of translation, that the perfection of art is to conceal art. It is easy so to translate, as to make the reader sensible at every step, that he is perusing a labored version. It is very easy to Anglicize an ancient author, as one sews new cloth upon an old garment. But to make one forget that he holds not an original in his hand, and at the same time, to transfuse into the version all the essential characteristics of the original, demands consummate skill and untiring industry; and yet, so easy and delightful is it to read such a version, that its inherent difficulties are charmed out of sight, and few reflect on their vast indebtedness to its author. But in order to a clear, coherent, and satisfactory translation of an ancient work, there must be an intimate familiarity with the genius of the language, the circumstances, feelings, and sentiments of the writer, the aim and scope of the work, and "the shape and pressure of the times." In such a literary enterprise, there are also numerous philological difficulties connected with particular passages, there are doubtful etymologies to be settled, anomalous constructions to be solved, elliptical phrases to be supplied, and threads of association, which were dropped ages ago, to be gathered up. In all these respects, the labor of translation from the Hebrew poets and prophets is peculiarly severe, both on account of the affluence of their thoughts, and the poverty and flexibility of their language. Then, too, it must be al-

ways borne in mind, that the books of the Old Testament are the only Hebrew writings extant; while the translator from other ancient languages has a large field for the comparison of *usus loquendi*, the elucidation of difficulties, and the verification of results. These considerations may help those, who shall be edified by Mr. Noyes's labors, to appreciate them, and may serve as an exhortation to our readers to "esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake." And we cannot but hope that this and his preceding versions may ere long find their way, wherever there exists a reverence for God's earlier revelations, and a desire to understand their contents. We trust that our author may yet be enabled and encouraged to go on in the work of biblical translation; and shall await with confidence the early forth-coming of the writings of Solomon or of Moses, under the same auspices. To our apprehension, our language has been enriched by no versions, either from the Old or New Testament, which unite equally with his, fidelity to the original and diligent heed to the laws, proprieties, and graces of English composition.

Our proposed limits will not permit a full discussion of any of the numerous points of intense and exciting interest, which the appearance of these volumes suggests. We hope to avail ourselves of an early opportunity to bring distinctly before our readers the whole subject of prophetic inspiration. We would at present barely indicate one strong *a priori* consideration, which renders the divine inspiration of the Hebrew prophets intrinsically probable, and makes it the part of credulity in a Christian to doubt or deny this doctrine. God's whole plan of physical and moral government is of a gradual and progressive character. In the course of nature and of providence, the future casts its shadows long before; every thing great becomes so from small beginnings, and by small increments; every thing perfect appears first in embryo, and is developed little by little. The same is the case with every instrument of mental and moral progress and elevation. Every happy epoch, for the human mind or heart, has first its grey and misty dawn, then its faint and dewy morning beams, then a gradual waxing brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Now Christianity is entire, perfect, unimprovable. Its radiance is not that of the day-spring, or sunrise; but of bright and cloudless noon. And if it sprang forth at once into noontide splendor, if it were preceded by no dawn or morning, it is an ex-

ception and an anomaly ; it is opposed to the whole analogy of God's works and ways. And equally improbable in the nature of things is it, that there should have been a sudden transition from a revelation so imperfect as the Mosaic, to one so full and thorough as the Christian ; — that the vast distance between the law and the gospel should have been crossed at a single leap. Much more in accordance with the usual course of the divine operations is it, to suppose that the true religion was gradually unfolded and shaped by successive revelations ; — that the prophets were ordained and inspired to connect the Mosaic with the Christian dispensation ; — that it was their mission to reflect, upon the formalism and sensualism of the Levitical code, rays from the far off dawn of evangelical light.

We are confirmed in this view by the progress of spirituality, which we think that we can trace in the prophetic canon, when chronologically arranged. The earlier prophets are, for the most part, strictly national and local in their representations and predictions. They confine themselves (with few exceptions) to the illustration and enforcement of the Jewish law, and to predictions, promises, and threatenings to the Jews, their friends, and their enemies. Isaiah is indeed commonly spoken of as the most spiritual of the prophets ; but wrongly so. His imagery is gorgeous and grand, his conceptions are noble, his word is with power ; but in his views of the divine requirements, he goes hardly beyond the "righteousness of the law," and the Levitical altar and David's throne are always his radiating points. But in Ezekiel, Daniel, and Malachi, we discern manifest traces of a loftier and more spiritual dispensation. The discovery is distinctly announced, that paternity by Abraham conveys no exclusive or inalienable title to the divine favor ; that sacrifice and obedience are distinct and separable ; that God is better pleased with the submission of the will and life, than with any merely ritual service. And in no part of the Old Testament are more truly evangelical sentiments to be found, than in the very brief prophecy of Malachi, which forms the last of the series.

This idea of the gradual unfolding of divine truth and diffusion of heavenly light is with us a favorite one ; and having indicated its application to the series of revelations, designed to prepare the way for the Christian, we shall employ the residue of this article in illustrating the same principles, as

manifested in the fortunes and prospects of the religion of Jesus. Before Christ, God communicated truth by little and little, as men were able to bear; since the Redeemer's advent, he has propagated by little and little the truth then made complete and perfect. Christianity, as it came from the Divine mind, and was incarnate in its Author, was too pure and heavenly to be at once embraced and diffused in its simplicity and fulness. In the apprehension and lives of its disciples, it has been subject to the same gradual process of development and growth, which up to the date of its birth we may trace to the history of revealed religion. We might take, for the exponent of the past and a key to the future fortunes of the Christian church, Christ's own words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We can trace a series of successive seed-times and harvest-seasons, with intervening periods of apparent desolation and death, while the seed is germinating and fructifying.

Christ himself was the first seed of his gospel; his death the seed-time. His religion was embodied in him. It consisted of those maxims of holy conduct, that sublime faith, that perfect love, which were exemplified in his character. He thus held in his own hands the seed of the word; and there human wisdom would probably have left it. But what were the results, while he retained it? Few and small. Twelve apostles and seventy other disciples were nearly all the converts made by his personal efforts; (for the five hundred brethren once mentioned were probably converted to his faith after his resurrection.) He "fell into the ground and died," and, in thus doing, he sowed the seed of the kingdom. When he was lost to sight, his sayings and doings became the subject of rehearsal and history. His death sealed up the volume of his gospel, put a finished testimony in the mouths of his apostles, and enabled them to clothe his religion in a form more complete and definite. And then, instead of coming to him as the sole fountain head of his doctrine, men could have access to scores of faithful witnesses, who stood in Christ's stead, but who could not have thus stood, had he still lived. He thus, in dying, multiplied himself by sending abroad to every city and land men, who should fully represent in preaching, and in living too, so far as human infirmity would permit, his own spotless character, and who should thus be his instruments

in renewing human souls after his own image. The first fruits of the harvest thus prepared for were reaped on the day of Pentecost, when, by the preaching of the cross, more souls were regenerated in one day, than had been during the whole of Christ's ministry. And from that time the gospel had free course, and was glorified, numbering daily among its proselytes multitudes of such as should be saved.

But with this rich harvest of pure and pious souls commenced a second seed-time. The seed of the gospel was now sown broad cast, and by sowers of every class and kind; "some," as St. Paul says, "preaching Christ of contention and strife, others of good will." "Yet, in every way Christ was preached;" into every form of words some little of his spirit was infused; in every professedly Christian discourse some knowledge of him was conveyed. But the truth embodied and diffused by the propagators of the faith was soon too vague and too much alloyed with error, to serve the purpose of individual regeneration. We must regard our religion therefore as then sown, not in Christian principles, but in Christian institutions. The latter were diligently founded; the former were almost universally forgotten. The pure seed of spiritual doctrine fell into the rough ground of formalism and sensualism, and died. To human appearance it was utterly extinct, Christians being hardly more spiritual in their habits of mind and life than the surrounding heathen. Yet, because it died, it brought forth much fruit. Pure Christianity, as it distilled from the Savior's lips and breathed in his life, could not have been generally diffused in that unrefined and corrupt age; but Christian institutions could be. It was practicable and easy to spread far and wide the outward forms and symbols of the new faith; and by means of these was the name of Christ transmitted, and the bounds of his empire enlarged. It would have been impossible to have made pure Christianity the religion of the Roman empire, or to have communicated it to the ferocious hordes that overran the empire, or to have imbued with it the sensual and profligate nations of Asia. But Christian institutions, decked as they were with the spoils of paganism, were universally popular, inviting and fascinating; and they soon became the property of every nation in Europe and its confines. These institutions were indeed embraced as inane and dead forms; yet proved themselves far otherwise. The spirit of their founder overshadowed

them; his accents of love breathed through them; they wrought gradually, imperceptibly, yet surely, upon the genius of the people who embraced them, softening their manners, refining their feelings, purging their civil and international codes from much that was oppressive and sanguinary, elevating the social rank of woman, and little by little developing the germs of pure and sound morality and piety. The age, while this process was going on, is commonly termed dark; but it is dark only to a superficial reader of its history; — to one, who looks beneath the surface, it is the bright and hopeful interval between a propitious seed-time and a joyful harvest. The fields were all the while ripening. There was throughout Christendom a growing spirituality, — a gradual transition of Christianity from a mere outward form to a life-giving principle. Of this harvest, Wiclif, Huss, Jerome, and the rest of the van-guard of the Reformation may be regarded as the first fruits; Luther and his compeers as its ripened sheaves; the faithful of later times as its rich gleanings.

But the harvest of the Reformation was one of faith and truth, not of liberty and love. Its chief result was the fixing of a personal, vital, operative faith as the great essential of the Christian character. It left the throne of bigotry unshaken. It undermined the seat of one pope; but in synods and presbyteries it erected hundreds of hydra-headed popes, each no less arrogant, potent, and intolerant than he, whom they all anathematized.

With this harvest of faith, however, commenced the seed-time of religious liberty. There were some few, like Melancthon, who, at the very outset of the Reformation, cherished and diffused just views of man's fallibility and his accountability to God alone. And the number of the friends of freedom, though till recently small, has been continually increasing. They have diligently sowed the seed of independence and toleration; and some of them have been indiscreet and over-zealous sowers, letting their liberty degenerate into licentiousness. But the seed has, through their industry, fallen into the bosom of every church in Christendom, not excepting even the venerable mother church of Rome, which numbers among the assertors of the right of free inquiry and private judgment, not only many individuals of eminence and worth, but the whole body ecclesiastical of France. The seed has fallen into the ground and died; and this is the reason why

the present age seems dark, and portents of ill omen cloud the firmament. The present is indeed a troubled epoch, because of the fermentation of the elements destined to cherish the germination of this precious seed, and to bring it to an abundant harvest. There is abroad in our land, and in every land, a wild self-will, an impatience of restraint, a spurning at the bonds of antiquity and prescription, which often leads to deplorable results and sad forebodings, but which may yet be hailed as a token, that the individual mind is just beginning to recognise and seize its birth-right of mental freedom. The first moment of possession is too frequently a moment of delirium ; it too often drives the phrensied soul into lawlessness, skepticism, or infidelity ; the gift must needs be abused, before men can learn to use it. May we not rejoice that they have it to abuse, and are thus in a sure way of attaining to its just use ? May we not rejoice that the earth is violently upheaving, since it teems with so glorious a harvest ? This, we are well convinced, is the case. Old ecclesiastical foundations are breaking up. Antiquated opinions are set aside. The sway of man over faith and conscience is subverted. Existing religious institutions, which have been used as prisons for the free-born mind, have their walls thrown down by the very war-cry of liberty. But we trust that old things are passing away, only to prepare for the descent of the "new Jerusalem from God out of heaven." The power of a titular priesthood is undermined ; but it is to hasten the day, when every man shall be a king and a priest unto God. The thrones are cast down ; but it is only that "the Ancient of days may sit, and the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom may be given into his hands." Then will the harvest of liberty be fully reaped.

But the work will not then be done. Men will not at first move in their several orbits without clashing. They will not understand the divine chemistry, whereby liberty and love are to be combined. Though no one will dare to interfere with his neighbor's faith, or to fulminate wrathful anathemas against dissenters, the unity of the spirit will not be complete, nor the bond of peace perfect. But love will then have its seed-time, and its benign and self-sacrificing sowers. Its seed will fall into the ground, and die. It may lie for ages, extinct except to faith's keen vision, beneath the cold, rough soil of an unsympathetic church. But it will germinate under the sun of

God's love and the still small rain of his spirit. It will work its way little by little into the institutions, lives, and hearts of Christians, until at length a golden harvest waves over a regenerated world. And that will be the last great harvest of nations, when the remnant both of Jews and Gentiles shall be gathered into the fold ; for it is the lack of love alone that retards the conversion of the world. When this principle pervades and triumphs, nations will be born in a day. Nay, that "mighty angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," is no other than the spirit of love.

Thus in the whole history of the church, we have four successive seed-times and corresponding harvest-seasons. First, the Savior sowed his own body in the grave, and the harvest was a visible and rapidly increasing church. Then the seeds of spiritual faith were sown all the world over, in the outward forms and institutions of Christianity ; the harvest ripened not till the Reformation. Then the seed of religious liberty was sown ; and "the fields are white already to harvest." Lastly, in the general seed-time of love, our near posterity will be the weeping sowers ; their descendants of little faith will mourn over the teeming soil as desolate and barren ; distant generations will shout the glad harvest-home.

A. P. P.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

Historical Causes and Effects from the Fall of the Roman Empire, 476, to the Reformation, 1517. By WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, &c. Boston : James B. Dow. 1838. 12mo. pp. 615. — We have seen several abstracts of history, and yet do not remember to have met with one, embracing a period of equal length, and taking in the whole world, so satisfactory and so interesting as this. The title of the volume might lead one to suppose, that it contained a philosophical discussion of history, rather than a condensation of historical facts ; but it is what we have termed it, an abstract of the world's history for the space of a thousand years, illuminated by such remarks, naturally interspersed, and

pointing at the several events, as light it up with a moral effect. We have not had time to peruse the whole work, but we draw the conclusion from the parts we have read, that the whole is felicitously executed. Wherever we have opened, among the wars of the Roses, the Crusades, or the Popes, we have been irresistibly drawn on to finish that scene of the great drama. It is not only a convenient book of reference, but an entertaining book to read, and, moreover, we should think, an excellent class-book for schools. It is, indeed, a continuation, with some alteration of plan, of the Historical Class-Book by the same author. The following summary of the present work we copy from the preface.

"*First.* The state of society is examined at the close of the fifth century, when a new condition arose among nations on the fall of the Roman Empire of the West.

"*Second.* Events which had permanent effects on moral, social, and political condition, are treated of separately and continuously, as to each nation.

"*Third.* International events are treated of in the territories in which they principally occurred.

"*Fourth.* The order of treatment is to begin with the most westwardly of European nations, and proceed thence through each nation to the eastern end of Asia.

"*Fifth.* To preserve the connexion of events, it has been necessary, sometimes, to transcend the limits of these ten centuries."

And we are happy to read further, that "There remain, as the subjects of another volume, causes and effects among European nations, and their colonies, during the last three centuries."

Poems. By WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 134. — The advertisement to this volume is not so long that we cannot quote it entire. "These poems are the results of my leisure at College, and published for experiment. If the public find any thing worth the reading in them, they can be followed up by another volume." Now though we have found several things worth the reading in this volume, we do sincerely, and in all friendliness advise Mr. Bacon not to follow it up by another at present. We entertain none but a respectful and kindly feeling for a young man who can present us on his very first page, with such lines as these;

"'Tis Autumn — not when the remorseless winds
Voiceful and loud are up, and the old wood
Casts down its foliage, and the birds go off
Unto a sunnier clime — but in that flush

And glory of Autumn, when the foliage shows,
Stained by a few slight frosts, its thousand hues,
Making the landscape gorgeous as a world
Decked for some ritual men have not named."

And there are many other lines as good, and some, perhaps, better. But still we say to him, this is enough as a specimen of what you can do. And now rest awhile. Or rather do not rest. Read, study, think, write, — but do not print. You have an ear for the music of poetry, an eye for the beauty of nature, a heart for truth and goodness. Be anxious to improve these gifts; and come not before the public with much green fruit. Content not yourself with imitating Wordsworth, Byron, and Bryant. Mature your thoughts in your closet, and then, at the end of years, follow up this by another volume, and it may be such an one as will cause young poets to imitate *you*.

The French Revolution: a History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Boston: Charles C. Little & Co. 1838. 2 vols. 12mo. — We welcome the appearance in this country of this extraordinary work. It is by far the largest, the most elaborate, and the best work which Mr. Carlyle has yet attempted, and although an accurate and extended history, not a whit less original and eccentric than any of his earlier productions. One thing has for some time been becoming plainer, and is now quite undeniable, that Mr. Carlyle's genius, whether benignant or baleful, is no transient meteor, and no expiring taper, but a robust flame self-kindled and self-fed, and more likely to light others into a conflagration, than to be speedily blown out. The work before us indicates an extent of resources, a power of labor, and powers of thought, seldom combined, and never without permanent effects.

It is a part of Mr. Carlyle's literary creed, "that all history is poetry, were it rightly told." The work before us is his own exemplification of his doctrine. The poetry consists in the historian's point of view. With the most accurate and lively delineation of the crowded actions of the revolution, there is the constant co-perception of the universal relations of each man. With a painter's eye for picturesque groups, and a boy's passion for exciting details, he combines a philosopher's habitual wonder as he stands before the insoluble mysteries of the Advent and Death of man. From this point of view, he is unable to part, and the noble and hopeful heart of the narrator breathes a music of humanity through every part of the tale. Always equal to his subject, he has first thought it through; and having seen in the

sequence of events the illustration of high and beautiful laws which exist eternal in the reason of man, he beholds calmly like a god the fury of the action, secure in his own perception of the general harmony resulting from particular horror and pain. This elevation of the historian's point of view is not, however, procured at any expense of attention to details. Here is a chronicle as minute as Froissart, and a scrupulous weighing of historical evidence, which begets implicit trust. Above all, we have men in the story, and not names merely. The characters are so sharply drawn that they cannot be confounded or forgotten, though we may sometimes doubt whether the thrilling impersonation is in very deed the historic man whose name it bears.

We confess we feel much curiosity in regard to the immediate success of this bold and original experiment upon the public taste. It seems very certain that the chasm which existed in English literature, the want of a just history of the first French Revolution, is now filled in a manner to prevent all competition. But how far Mr. Carlyle's manifold innovations shall be reckoned worthy of adoption and of emulation, or what portion of them shall remain to himself incommunicable, as the anomalies of a genius too self-indulgent, time alone can show.

The Sunday School Guide, and Parent's Manual. By A. B. MUZZEY, Author of "The Young Man's Friend." Boston: James Munroe & Co., and Benjamin H. Greene. 1838. 16mo. pp. 219. — This is one of the most valuable works of a practical character, which have appeared on the subject of Sunday Schools. By consenting to be, to use the author's own words, "exceedingly plain in language, and minute in directions," he has escaped in a great measure the besetting sin of the "Guides" and "Friends" and "Manuals" of the present day, — that of running out into vague generalities, and common-place declamation, the most powerless of all modes of acting on the public mind. Scarcely a question has arisen as regards the obligations, method, or objects of Sunday Schools, which is not taken up and discussed in this little volume, as much at length, as the limits will permit. The arguments on both sides are given with great distinctness and candor, as far as they go, leaving us nothing to regret in this connexion, but the appearance of a disposition in some instances to evade or glide over the real difficulty in the case. This remark applies, as it seems to us, to what is said on the introduction of formal religious instruction into the Common Schools, and also to what is said on the use of manuals, and under the head of "Objections to Sunday Schools."

The following passage, taken almost at random, may be given as a specimen of the author's manner.

"It is well to relate Stories and Anecdotes to your class, guarding carefully against the danger attending this practice. Nothing is so agreeable to children as narratives. If at any time you find your class peculiarly inattentive and restless, pause in the lesson, and commence relating some incident you have witnessed, or of which you have read. In a moment every eye is fixed on you, and all is attention and earnestness. They are captivated by the matters of fact, and the persons and places and dates of your story. But if you leave their minds in this state, it is evident you have but gratified a vain curiosity. I knew a Teacher, who was in the habit of actually talking with his scholars about the news of the town, a part of every Sabbath he met them. And they were amused, but were they benefited by it? Yet, I suspect, many Teachers imagine they have done their scholars good by thus merely interesting them for the moment. There is danger of our deceiving ourselves on this point. Be sure, then, that in every anecdote you relate, and in every tale you read to your class, there be some important point distinctly presented before them. And let that point be of a good moral tendency.

"To illustrate my meaning, suppose you wish to relate the story of Daniel from the Scriptures. You may speak of the king's decree, and describe the various musical instruments, at the sound of which all were to worship the golden image; and then picture the den of lions, the fierceness of those animals, and the dangers of Daniel when cast into the den, and how the lions' mouths were shut, and he saved alive. This would excite the children's imagination, and please them exceedingly.

"But, take the other course, and how very different would be the impression you might produce on their minds. Describe the piety of Daniel; show his moral courage in praying to his God, rather than obey the wicked decree of the king. Teach the duty of doing right in all cases, and leaving the event with Providence.

"From the deliverance of Daniel out of the lion's power, show that God will always protect and finally save those, who keep his commands. The story will thus lose none of its interest as a story, while you, at the same time, establish your scholars in the principles of virtue and devotion."— pp. 109, 110.

We take it for granted that teachers and parents, impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities pertaining to the religious training of the young, will be eager to avail themselves of whatever advantage they may derive from the suggestions of so judicious and safe a "Guide."

1. *An Elementary Treatise on Sound; being the Second Volume of a Course of Natural Philosophy, designed for the Use of High Schools and Colleges.* Compiled by BENJAMIN PEIRCE,

A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1836. — 2. *An Elementary Treatise on Plane and Solid Geometry*. By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1837. — The works of Professor Peirce follow so close upon each other, that we have scarcely made up our mind to give a short notice of any particular one, before another appears equally deserving of being recommended to the public. We do not speak of the volumes now before us from a hasty glance, but from careful and repeated perusals. The *Treatise on Sound*, is extremely valuable. It brings into notice a science as yet but little understood, and studied too little by far, when we consider the accurate experiments which have been made in the other hemisphere in its investigation. We know of no other text book exclusively devoted to this subject as treating it in any adequate manner. We are quite sure that the science has been overlooked in our colleges as a branch of instruction, and the only information which the student could obtain has been derived from the lecturer. This book therefore appears very opportunely: nothing stands in its way, and we think it a full and accurate treatise — quite competent to fill the gap that has been so long left open. It was designed chiefly as a text book; and yet we are sure that it will be perused with great delight by the general reader, and reward his curiosity with much valuable and agreeable information. The basis of the work is Herschel's *Treatise*. Mr. Peirce, however, has moulded into it whatever has since been discovered, and given us his own theory of the human voice. Although not claiming originality, there is much which is the author's own property. We hope to find soon that the book has been introduced in all our colleges, as it has already been into one.

It remains for us to say a few words of the second book which has been placed at the head of this notice. The same cannot be affirmed of this as was said of the other, that it discusses a comparatively new subject and stands unrivalled, because, if for no other reason, it stands alone. There are already before the public many valuable treatises on geometry, possessing peculiar merits, and which have received their meed of praise. The works of Simpson and Playfair, of Legendre and Walker, will readily suggest themselves to our readers. The work of Professor Peirce has to compete with worthy rivals, and if the public pronounce it superior, as we think it is, to any of them, its preëminence will be the more praiseworthy. Mr. Walker's treatise was designed chiefly for high schools and academies, and for them we think it better fitted than any other with which

we are acquainted. But something more is expected to be known of geometry by them who graduate at our colleges, whether it be required to fit them for any of the professions, or simply to discipline the mind. Euclid or Legendre might answer; but Professor Peirce has improved upon them. By introducing infinitely small quantities into the lower departments of geometry, he has rendered his demonstration more simple and quite as satisfactory; and, what is very important, accustomed the mind of his reader to a kind of proof with which it ought early to be made familiar. The difficulty which many minds have experienced in reposing quietly upon such demonstration, when they can have no other, as in the calculus, arises from its unusual character, which makes it look like a departure from the rigorous method of geometry. But this is a prejudice which might easily be prevented, if the same kind of evidence were occasionally introduced in elementary works where its truth admits of a clearer test. Professor Peirce has departed on another point from the common method. By introducing a new term, (*direction*,) he has contrived to get rid of the difficulty which has always attended the theory of parallel lines. If any objection should be made to the book, it must be that it is too abstract. Mr. Peirce's reasoning is always very clear, and perhaps a mind differently constituted would not always be able to follow him. Of such, we should say, that they had better study Grund or Walker. But we are not contented with seeing only these studied in our colleges.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society, Boston. Boston: Society's Rooms, No. 51, Court Street. 1837. 8vo. pp. 104. — We always expect gratification, and much valuable instruction and information from the annual Report of this Society, and we are never disappointed. A prominent place is given this year to an account of the steps which have been taken in several of the States, and in the British Provinces, to establish and build up "asylums for poor lunatics." It is delightful to learn that so much has already been done to alleviate the direst form of human suffering by this latest offspring of Christian philanthropy. Our own State continues to take the lead. Every proposition made by Dr. Woodward, the superintendent of the Worcester Asylum, in his last Report, was favorably entertained by the legislature.

"They appropriated ten thousand dollars to finish the north wing of the building, that suitable accommodations might be provided for all, as soon as they should apply for admission. This being done, two hundred can be accommodated.

"They appropriated seven thousand dollars to purchase a farm, where healthful occupation on the land, in farming and gardening, can be more liberally supplied.

"And they appropriated three thousand dollars to build a chapel sufficiently commodious to receive all the patients who might wish to attend on the public and social worship of God.

"Even without the additions and improvements here proposed, let us see what has already been accomplished by this admirable institution, not less successful in execution than beautiful in design.

"The whole number of patients received into the Hospital since its establishment, is 510; the number received last year is 125. Of those received last year, 106 have been discharged;—cured, 57; improved, 15; died, 8; discharged for want of room, 24.

"The proportion cured of recent cases, (i. e. of less than one year's continuance,) was $84\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; of old cases, only 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

"Of all the cases received from the first, of less than one year's continuance, 132 out of 161 have been cured, and 11 more probably will be cured, and 6 have been removed before the effect of remedies had been sufficiently tested; 10 have died, and only 2 have become incurable; while, in the old cases, varying from one to thirty years, the cures have been in an inverse ratio to the duration of the disease.

"The number of deaths, out of the whole number, 510, has been only 28, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while, in a similar institution in France, the number of deaths, out of 2049, has been 546, or 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent."—pp. 104, 105.

On the general subject of the utility of these institutions, we copy a short extract from Dr. Rockwell's inaugural discourse at the opening of the Vermont Asylum.

"The number of the insane, the misery experienced both by the patients and their friends, and the hopelessness of their recovery while they remain at home and among the causes of their insanity, can be conceived of only by those who have given particular attention to the subject. Our minds might shrink from the contemplation of this dreadful disorder, which is so calculated to humble the pride as well as reason of man, were it not for those cheering emotions which are produced by learning what has been accomplished for these unfortunate sufferers in institutions provided for their relief. So long ago as in 1789, the celebrated Dr. Willis, in his evidence before the parliament of Great Britain, stated that, of those placed under his care within three months from their attack, nine cases out of ten recovered. The same flattering result has been obtained in those great French hospitals, over which Pinel and Esquirol have so ably presided. Dr. Burrows, of England, in an extensive practice, has had still greater success. Nor need we look to foreign countries for examples. In several institutions in our own country, similar success has also been obtained.

"There is one circumstance, of which the public are not sufficiently aware, in regard to these institutions, and that is, the necessity of placing the patient in an Asylum as soon as possible after he has become insane. As has been before observed, nine tenths recover when the patient is placed at one of these institutions within three months from the attack ; but when the disorder has passed into a chronic state, only about one fourth are restored. While the patient remains at home, not unfrequently all the causes which produced his disorder continue to operate ; and neglect or improper treatment aggravates his disease, confirms his hallucinations, and precipitates him into that hopeless state from which no power other than divine can rescue him from his deplorable condition. If the maniacs which now reside among us had enjoyed the advantages of a well-regulated Asylum, a large proportion of them might now be useful members of society. In their present condition, they are not only lost to themselves and the community, but are sources of wretchedness and misery to both. We can account for the neglect which this subject has received only on the principle, that we become callous to the miseries we are accustomed to witness. Besides, in all other cases, it is natural for man to seek relief from his sufferings, and excite the sympathy of his fellow-men. But the maniac, unlike all others, shuns the sympathy and assistance he so much needs, and, if it were possible, would bar against himself the doors of charity which are opened for his relief.

"The increase of insanity among us requires the aid of such institutions. One of the greatest evils of civilization and refinement is the introduction of insanity. Perhaps there is no country in which it prevails to so great an extent as in these United States. Among the greatest moral causes, are disappointed hopes and mortified pride. In this country, where all the offices of government are open to every freeman, and where the facilities for accumulating wealth are so numerous, persons even in humble life cherish hopes which can never be realized. Expectations high raised are the usual precursors of disappointment, and the mortified pride thereby occasioned not unfrequently precedes insanity." — pp. 94, 95.

From the statistics respecting penitentiaries and prisons, we gather the gratifying intelligence that crime is on the decrease throughout the country. We have repeatedly borne our testimony in favor of the Auburn system of Prison discipline, and the accumulating weight of testimony on that side has now become too strong to be resisted by any fair mind. In speaking of the new penitentiary in Philadelphia, where another plan is carried as far as possible into effect, the Report makes the following statements.

"Another year's experience has been had of this new system of Prison discipline, which consists in solitary confinement day and night. Its bill of mortality, its reconvictions, and its pecuniary results, are not favorable.

"The average annual mortality in the new Penitentiary in Philadelphia, for 7 years, is 3 per cent.

"The average annual mortality of the Auburn Prison, for 13 years, has been less than 2 per cent.

"A committee of the senate of Pennsylvania, during the last session appointed to visit and inquire into the condition and circumstances of the Eastern Penitentiary, reported on the subject of health, as follows:—

"In the Prisons at Columbus, Ohio; at Wethersfield, Conn.; at Charlestown, Mass.; at Sing Sing, and at Auburn, N. Y.; and at several other Prisons and Penitentiaries, solitary confinement in cells is alternated with labor in the open air during a large portion of each day. A comparison of the bills of mortality of the Eastern Penitentiary with these several institutions will show conclusively, that the unbroken solitude of the Pennsylvania discipline does not injuriously affect the health of the convicts. At the Eastern Penitentiary, the deaths are two five tenths per cent.; at the Sing Sing Prison, four per cent.; at Auburn, two per cent., and so on;—setting the question beyond the possibility of doubt, that as great a measure of health is preserved in the Pennsylvania Prisons, as in other similar institutions in the United States or elsewhere."

"Let us compare this report with the facts in the case, and see what is truth:—

"At Columbus, Ohio, in 1835, the average number of prisoners was 231; the deaths, 6, which is 1 in 38. At Wethersfield, Conn., in 1835 and '36, the average number of prisoners being 204, the deaths were 8, which is 1 in 25; while the average mortality of the 7 preceding years was 1 in 76;—and in the years 1836 and '37, the average number of prisoners being 204, there was but one death. For the whole period of time since the Prison was established, the average number of prisoners has been 184, and the average number of deaths, 3, or 1 to 61.

"In Charlestown, Mass., in 1835, the average number of prisoners was 279; the deaths, 3, i. e. 1 in 93. In 11 previous years, the mortality was 1 in 45. In 1836, the number of prisoners was 277; the deaths, 4, or 1 in 69. The average number of deaths in 17 years has been 1 in 56.

"At Sing Sing, N. Y., the average number of prisoners in 1835, was 819; the deaths, 31, i. e. 1 in 26, which, for that year, was nearly 4 per cent.

"At Auburn, N. Y., in 1835, the average number of prisoners was 654; the deaths, 10, i. e. 1 in 65; while the average annual mortality for 12 years preceding was 1½ per cent., and in 10 years previous to 1835, 1 in 56.

"Now, from all the facts above stated, there are only two, and those relating to Prisons for *single* years, which give the shadow of truth to the statement of the committee of the senate of Pennsylvania; while all the facts from all the other Prisons named by them are in direct contradiction to the statement which they make."

"The recommittals in Philadelphia, compared with the whole number discharged, have been 1 to 12.

"The recommittals at Auburn, of those who have been discharged since the present system was introduced, in 1834, have been only 1 to 14. It is therefore less reformatory than the Auburn system.

"The earnings fall short of the expenses in the Philadelphia system.

"The earnings exceed the expenses in nearly all the Prisons on the Auburn plan.

"Moreover, the great point, on which the friends of the Pennsylvania system have claimed superiority, is not tenable. The warden of the new Penitentiary in Philadelphia says, in his first report to the board of inspectors, —

"To effect the great objects of Penitentiary discipline, it is indispensable to prevent all intercourse among the prisoners. I feel, therefore, much pleasure in adding, that experience has convinced me that the structure and discipline of this Penitentiary have completely accomplished this great desideratum. Conversation and acquaintance are physically impracticable to its inmates."

"And now it is found, according to the testimony of an officer, who has been about two years connected with the institution at Pittsburg, rebuilt on the Philadelphia plan at a great expense, that there are various modes of communication between the prisoners.

"Notwithstanding the proofs of the possibility and frequency of communication between the prisoners, the inspectors of the new Penitentiary in Philadelphia, in their last report to the legislature of Pennsylvania, make extracts from the reports of Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville commendatory of their system, in this very respect, in which its friends claimed for it this great physical advantage, now perfectly known not to be secured. The convicts can communicate from cell to cell.

"In the quotation from the report of the French commissioners, just made, and republished by the inspectors, but not corrected by them, they call it '*absolute solitude*.'"

The testimony of the officer of the Pittsburg institution, referred to above, is given in the following letter.

"BOSTON, December 2, 1836.

"Dear Sir,

"In answer to your request, I make the following statement:—

"I was an officer in the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburg, connected with the reconstruction of the cells, from April, 1833, to August, 1835, and had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the whole plan, both in its construction and practical operation. Having daily intercourse with the warden, there was rarely any thing of moment transpired in the Prison, which did not come to my knowledge. Until the convicts were introduced into their cells, every one connected with the Prison esteemed the new sys-

tem as approaching to perfection ; but the experiment proved, I believe, to the satisfaction of all, that the attempt to prevent communication of sound was a complete failure. For myself, I consider it a *physical impossibility* so to construct a range of cells, as to answer the purpose of *constant confinement*, with suitable apparatus for ventilation, heating, and cleanliness, without affording facilities for conversation between the prisoners ; and I believe this to have been the opinion of the warden and overseers, at the time I was connected with that Prison. For ventilation, there must be an opportunity for the air to pass into the cells, and to escape ; and where air will pass, sound will pass. The prisoners in the Western Penitentiary were in the habit of conversing through the ventilators ; and this could not be discovered by the overseers, unless they were watching *outside of the cells*, as the sound would not communicate to the observatory or the hall, where the overseers are stationed. An amusing incident happened, on one occasion, which will serve to illustrate the many ways of communication, which the ingenuity of men thus situated will contrive. A rat or mouse had been domesticated by a prisoner in one of the cells in the lower story. He was allowed to amuse himself in this way, as no harm was likely to result from it ; but, very much to the surprise of the overseers, the rat or mouse was found in the upper cell. It was afterwards ascertained that the prisoner in the upper cell had attached a weight to a string, and thrown it into the pipe, which is placed in the top of the cell to carry off foul air. This pipe communicates with the one that goes out of the lower cell ; and the weight dropped down below. The prisoner in the lower cell tied the string to the rat, and thus he was drawn up to the second story.

“ Again, for cleanliness, there must be some contrivance for carrying off filth ; and this furnishes another medium for communicating sound. In this prison, large water-pipes run through the whole range of cells. These are designed to be kept full of water, and discharged once in twenty-four hours. But it is scarcely possible to keep a stop-cock so tight as to prevent a little leakage. If there is any sand in the water, it will prevent it from shutting close. The consequence is, that the pipes are never kept quite full of water, and thus a free communication for sound is left, through a whole range of cells. But, if this could be obviated, the prisoners will converse during the letting off of the water.

“ Again, there must be some arrangement for communicating heat to all the cells from a common source ; and wherever heat can pass, sound will pass. Here the cells are warmed by steam, which passes in pipes through the whole range. The expansion created by heat opens a crevice, where the pipe passes through the wall, sufficient to admit of the passage of sound. Convicts have been known to place a tin basin upon this pipe, and to hold the opposite end in their teeth, standing near the wall, in adjoining cells, and thus converse with comparative ease. It has been attempted to prevent this, in the last block that has been built, by

wrapping the pipes in cloth, where they pass through the wall ; but it is probable the heat will soon destroy the elasticity of the cloth, and leave the evil worse than before.

"If this communication can be of any use to the cause of Prison discipline, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you think proper.

"Very respectfully, yours,

"HARVEY NEWCOMB."

A Sermon. By EDWARD, [STANLEY,] Lord Bishop of Norwich ; preached at his installation, on Thursday, Aug. 17, 1837. Norwich, 8vo. pp. 22. — The recollection of the liberality of character and freedom from all religious bigotry or narrowness of mind, which so honorably distinguished the late venerable bishop Bathurst of Norwich, led us to open with a strong feeling of interest this installation sermon of his successor. It is gratifying to find it such as it is, — worthy of the office and of the man who filled it before him. At a time when strenuous efforts are made in many quarters to cast obloquy on all enlargedness of views in the establishment, and it is boasted that "the church" is fast coming under the exclusive dominion of one of the sects which have heretofore divided it between them, it is grateful to find the language of a dignitary, when solemnly setting forth the principles on which he intends to administer his office, altogether free, independent, and liberal. Little as we like the mitre, if it always gave countenance to sentiments like those of this most manly and Christian address, we should apprehend less from its influence. We quote for our readers a few passages, for the sake of putting on record the commendable sentiments of the new bishop. In the first of these passages, beginning with a reference to the example of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, as that which should be his chief guide, he pays a just tribute to the memory of the distinguished prelate who for thirty-one years had held the office before him.

"What course then did he adopt, that all might be brought to a knowledge of the truth and become one fold ; that all people and nations and languages should serve him. He extended the arms of his mercy and loving kindness to all, whether believers or unbelievers, the Jew, the Gentile, the worshipper at Jerusalem, or the Samaritan separatist who worshipped in the mountain. He acknowledged all as claimants alike for his care and attention, and fit recipients for the glad tidings of reconciliation, not for the Jewish nation only, 'but that he should gather together in one, the children of God that were scattered abroad.' " * * *

"With such an authority before us, from which there can be no appeal, from inclination as well as from duty, from long ex-

perience that such is the surest mode of winning souls, am I prepared to act towards all, who, however differing in shades of opinion, and severed from each other in classes of different denominations, have the love of God at heart, and acting according to the dictates of conscience, though not strictly of the fold of our own church, yet form a portion of that community in which all churches, sects, and parties unite under the designation of the Church of Christ.

"And here must be present to your recollection one who went to his grave in a full age, and like as a shock of corn cometh in his season, was gathered into the garner of eternity — my venerable and respected predecessor, who was a proverbial illustration of the character I have described — whose mildness, and meekness, and Christian forbearance endeared him alike to every Christian, were he churchman or dissenter, of ours or of another fold, and whose failings, if such they were, might truly be said to lean on virtue's side. Be it my endeavor to tread in such steps, convinced that by actively, zealously, and perseveringly so doing, I may hope, with all those that have departed in the faith of Christ, when the chief Shepherd shall reappear, to receive a never fading crown of glory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In the same catholic spirit is the passage in which he speaks of the sin of *schism*.

"It is then against the spirit and not the form of division that the denunciations against schism are directed — if the heart of a man be full of love and peace, whatsoever be his outward act of division, he is not guilty of schism. Let no man then think himself free from schism, because he is in outward conformity with this or any other church. Let no man think his neighbor a schismatic, because he is not in outward conformity with this church. He is a schismatic, and he only, who creates feuds and scandals, and divisions in the Church of Christ. He who is quarrelsome, and uncharitable, and unconciliating in public or in private life, in his family or in his parish, in the common occurrences of daily intercourse, or in the political and ecclesiastical questions in which it may be his duty to be involved; whether he has left the establishment for the mere sake of turbulence and mis-called independence, or whether he continues in the establishment and excites animosities either against its members or the members of other Christian communities, — of whichever of these faults he is guilty, it is one and the same sin, showing itself in various forms; the same sin which St. Paul so earnestly rebuked at Corinth; the same sin to which every follower of Christ in this country, whether layman or clergyman, churchman or dissenter, is liable. But he who separates only because he thinks it a painful duty; he who remains because he thinks it his duty, whatever else may be their sins, are not, so far as they separate or remain, guilty of the sin of schism."

It is not surprising, that the narrow-minded sectarianism of

many in the church, referred to above, should have found cause of displeasure in an address containing sentiments like these. It seems to have fastened with particular dislike on the new bishop's remarks concerning education. He complains in a note that his views on this subject have been misrepresented. He had pleaded for an education as extensive as possible, and therefore was reported to have advocated instruction in secular knowledge without religion.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF RICHARD BARTLETT, Esq.

[Communicated for the *Christian Examiner*.]

The public prints have lately given intelligence of the death of Richard Bartlett, Esq., of the city of New York. Some of the newspapers of New Hampshire, of which state, indeed, he was an honored son, and for some time, her Secretary of State, have given considerably extended notices of his life and character. One part of his life only fell under my observation, yet it was sufficient to awaken a warm interest in him; and as it was a period of painful sickness, passed in great seclusion, and some account of it may be interesting to his many friends, I have thought proper to make it the subject of a brief communication for the *Christian Examiner*.

About two years ago, I called on Mr. Bartlett, having been informed that he was very ill. I found that he had just passed through a most painful surgical operation, under the skilful hands of Drs. Bushe and Stevens of this city. The disease was in the head; and the operation was commenced for the purpose of investigation; but it was at length carried, in the attempt to extract a tumor, to a fearful extent. I will not distress the reader with a more particular account of it. All the details were given me by Mr. Bartlett; and the result was, that when he supposed himself compensated for all that he had suffered by having obtained effectual relief, he was informed that the tumor was cancerous, and that he could not live more than two or three months. (The event proved, I may here observe in passing, that the disease was not a cancer, and Mr. Bartlett lived twenty-two months after the operation,—surviving, indeed, one of the eminent operators, Dr. Bushe.) All this account Mr. Bartlett gave me with the utmost calmness, and with equal calmness dwelt upon the fatal results. Indeed, I thought that I had never witnessed an instance of more manly and Christian resignation. As I walked homewards from this interview, I could not help

asking myself, "why is it, that such a man as this, — a man of fine powers, fine person, singularly qualified to improve and adorn society, and even to shine in public stations, — why is it that he is cut down in this sudden and fearful manner?" And the answer came to me, almost, I confess, as a voice; "It is that you and others may see an example of Christian firmness and patience! it is that you may see what a *man* can bear, and how he can bear it!"

From this time, I constantly visited him once or twice a week, till his death. I do not propose to go into the sad and mournful details of that long sickness. The tale of sickness is not fitting, and would be scarcely useful perhaps, for record on an earthly page; but I have often thought, as I have been conversant with those heart-depressing incidents, alternations, and agonies of the sick-room, that they would have another reading, and with other eyes than those which are now filled with intent sadness, or blinding tears. But *now* they wear a gloomy and portentous aspect, and summon all the powers of faith and patience to meet and endure them. For nearly two years, the tumor, with which Mr. Bartlett was affected, increased in size, assailing one sense and faculty after another, destroying in succession the taste, the smell, the eye-sight, the hearing nearly, and almost the power of speech, till I began to fear that the soul would be entombed in the body, before it was set free from it. But it pleased God suddenly to cut the thread of life; and on Monday, the 22d of October, after a brief paroxysm of five minutes, he was released from his pains.

I have spoken of the firmness and patience with which Mr. Bartlett bore all this; but there was a certain naturalness in his feelings, deportment, and conversation, that gave his resignation the highest charm. There was no new character or manner adopted, to suit the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. He did not seem to think that as a doomed man, he was privileged to be singular, or solemn, or oracular. He claimed no deference nor attention on that account. There was no pretension, nor confidence, nor assurance about him, but such as were proper to a modest, sincere, firm, pious, and philosophical mind. He called upon some of his friends in the city, after the operation that decided his fate, and told them, on going away, that he had come to say farewell to them, with an air and manner as calm, simple, urbane, and unpretending, as those of his ordinary intercourse in life. I was scarcely ever with him that he did not let fall some amusing remark, though he seldom failed in any interview to allude to the certain result of his disease. Death, indeed, seemed to have lost all its terrors, I had nearly

said, all its peculiarity, in the presence of his calm and rational discourse. It took its place among the events of our being as one of them, and ceased to be that shock, that catastrophe in life, which it is commonly accounted.

It is a striking indication of this state of his mind, that, although always expecting to die within a few weeks, and, indeed, the prolongation of his life was a constant miracle to those around him, yet that in the early part of his sickness, he undertook a considerable literary labor. During his Secretaryship of the State of New Hampshire, he had been led to take a great interest in the preservation of public documents. He felt that to call public attention to this object, would be a worthy employment of any of his hours, though they were his last. And finding that some intellectual labor was useful in diverting his mind from his malady, he determined to address himself to this. He, therefore, wrote letters to the proper persons in all the States, asking information with regard to the loss of historical archives and State Papers, whether by neglect, or by fire. The answers, together with a valuable prefatory essay, urging especially the importance of fire-proof buildings, were published in the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, for the current year.

Mr. Bartlett possessed a mind singularly acute and philosophical. At the same time, all his conservation bore the strongest stamp of good common sense. He took an intelligent interest in public affairs; and, indeed, the affairs of all mankind touched a philanthropic feeling in his bosom. He was especially devoted to those views of religion which he considered to be rational, and in their diffusion he took the liveliest interest. Every good undertaking with which he was connected, will miss him; but none more than the cause of religious order and social virtue. He has left many to mourn him, but none so much as those who were nearest to him. Beneath the domestic roof a light is put out, whose beams were ever tranquil, cheering, and consoling. But there is no shadow without a correspondent brightness; and for the dark spot here, we trust there is brightness in Heaven.

O. D.

New York, Dec. 4, 1837.

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